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CONTENTS OF No. XXVIII.

ART.		Page
I.	1. Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy. By the Right Hon. Sir J. Mackintosh, LL.D., F.A.S. Edinburgh.	
	2. The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy. By William Paley, D.D. London, 1785.	
	3. Sketches of Moral and Mental Philosophy. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. LL.D. Edinburgh.	
	4. Prelections on Butler's Analogy, &c. By the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D. LL.D. Edinburgh, 1849.	
	5. Christian Ethics. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. London, 1834.	
	6. Introduction à L'Ethique. Par M. Theodore Jouffroy, Membre de l'Institut. Translated by W. H. Channing. Boston, 1840.	
	7. Grundlinien einer Kritik der bisherigen Sittenlehre. Von F. Schleiermacher. Berlin, 1803.	
	8. Entwurf eines Systems der Sittenlehre, aus Schleiermachers handschriftlichem Nachlasse. Herausgegeben von Alex. Schweitzer. Berlin, 1835.	
	9. Die Christliche Sitte nach den Grundsätzen der Evangelischen Kirche im Zusammenhange dargestellt von Dr. F. Schleiermacher. Herausgegeben von J. Jonas. Berlin, 1843.	
	10. Theologische Ethik. Von Dr. Richard Rothe, Ordentlichen Professor der Theologie zu Heidelberg. 1, 2, Bände. Wittenberg, 1845. 3te Band. 1848, .	289
II.	1. Raccolta degli Scritti Politici di Massimo D'Azeglio, con aggiunte e note. Torino, 1850.	
	2. Lo Stato Romano dall' Anno 1815 all' Anno 1850. Per Luigi Carlo Farini. Torino, 1850.	
	3. Scritti Politici di Giuseppe Mazzini. Firenze, 1848-9.	
	4. Delle Cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa: Trattato dedicato al Clero Cattolico, di Antonio Rosmini. Perugia, 1849.	
	5. Giornale di Roma. Anni 1849-1850, . .	319

ART.	Page
III. The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. By Philip Doddridge, D.D. With an Introductory Essay by John Foster. Glasgow,	350
IV. 1. London Labour and the London Poor: A Cyclopædia of the Social Condition and Earnings of Those that will Work, Those that cannot Work, and Those that will not Work. By Henry Mayhew, the Special Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, and originator of the Letters "On Labour and the Poor" in that Journal. In course of publication. London, 1850-51.	
2. Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. London, 1850,	382
V. 1. Neander—Das Leben Jesu Christi in seinem Geschichtlichen Zusammenhange. Hamburg, 1845.	
2. Geschichte der Pflanzung und Leitung der Christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel. Hamburg, 1847.	
3. Allgemeine Geschichte der Christlichen Religion und Kirche. Hamburg, 1825-47.	
4. Julian und sein Zeitalter. Hamburg, 1812.	
5. Antignosticus, Geist des Tertullianus und Einleitung in dessen Schriften. Berlin, 1849.	
6. Der Heilige Johannes Chrysostomus. Berlin, 1819.	
7. Der Heilige Bernhard und sein Zeitalter. Hamburg, 1818.	
8. Denkwürdigkeiten aus der Geschichte des Christlichen Lebens. Hamburg, 1846	
9. Zum Gedächtniss August Neander. Berlin, 1850.	
10. Neander's History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church under the Apostles. Biblical Cabinet, vols. 35, 36. Edinburgh.	
11. History of the Christian Religion and Church during the Three First Centuries. Translated by Joseph Torrey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Vermont, U.S. Bohn's Library. London, 1850,	421
VI. 1. El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire. By Bayard Taylor. London, 1850.	
2. The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains. By Roderick Impey Murchison. London, 1845.	
3. L'Asie Centrale. Recherches sur les Chaines de Montagnes et la Climatique Comparée. Par A. de Humboldt. Paris, 1843.	
4. An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals. By William Jacob, F.R.S. London, 1831,	452

Art.	Page
VII. Remains in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam. 1834. Privately printed,	486
VIII. 1. Thoughts on Self-Culture, Addressed to Women. By Maria G. Grey, and her Sister, Emily Shirreff. Lon- don, 1850.	
2. Woman in the Nineteenth Century. By S. Margaret Fuller. London, 1850,	515
IX. 1. Travels in North America, with Geological Observa- tions on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia, 1841-42. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., Author of the Principles of Geology. London, 1845.	
2. A Second Visit to the United States (in the years 1845-46,) of North America. By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S., President of the Geological Society of London, Author of the Principles of Geology, and Travels in North America. London, 1850.	
3. Principles of Geology; or the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered, as illustrative of Geology. 1851.	
4. A Manual of Elementary Geology; or the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as Illustrated by Geological Monuments. 1851,	541

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18.



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THE sciences which are contained in the intellectual or speculative department of Philosophy are beginning to shew some symptoms of revival in this country. The vigorous impulse given to formal logic by Sir William Hamilton at Edinburgh, is

spreading among the younger men of that university; and has even propagated a sympathetic tremor to Oxford. Whewell has sought to elaborate the logic of induction at Cambridge; while Mill and De Morgan in London are revolving in very different orbits around kindred theories. Psychology, too, has received a large accession to its materials, if not to its scientific form, at the hands of its great northern cultivator, in his recent edition of Reid. The history of philosophy is being re-written by Maurice with depth and graceful simplicity; and the philosophy of religion has been exhibited by Morell in lights which, if sometimes borrowed, are at least new in this country, and tend, with all their imperfections, to direct general attention to this great and as yet unexhausted subject.

While the tread of new inquiry is thus heard all around, the region of Ethics seems profoundly tranquil. The re-awakened mental sciences have not as yet come down upon this field with their generalities from above: the reviving religious speculation has not carried up its concrete facts into it from below. And thus this venerable science slumbers on with its ancient solitary reign unmolested, and its somewhat chilly silence unbroken. We would lament this fact as at once discreditable to our intellectual activity and to our religious feelings, if we had not for it a better solution, and could not draw from it a more pleasing augury. We hope, and would fain believe, that Ethics will never revive in this country in the same form and dress in which they have been laid to rest. We expect for them a resurrection with a new constitution that will better suit the new atmosphere in which they must henceforth live. This science resembles at the present day the seven sleepers of Ephesus that lay down in their cave in the times of the Decian persecution, and awaked in the reign of Theodosius. The world is becoming Christian around it, and doing homage to the Cross, without its being aware of the change, or acknowledging the rising empire. It must consent to be baptized in the swelling tide, and thus rise in newness of life; otherwise the waters will overflow its hiding-place, and sweep away this long preserved relic of Paganism.

The science of Ethics, we verily believe, is now unproductive because it will not consent to be Christian; and even were it resuscitated, we should expect for it no escape from its old dilemmas and barren disputations, except on condition of an entire change of its relations to Christianity. What these relations are at present, none of our readers likely to take an interest in the matter need to be informed. It is not necessary that we should refer to the lengthened and heavy charges preferred in the interest of Christianity by Dr. Chalmers or Dr. Wardlaw. Any one who will recall the systems, or even the names of some of the most distinguished

writers on the science, or who will simply turn over the pages of Mackintosh's "Dissertation," must be struck with the position of absolute independence and imprescriptible right to its own territory which Ethics has assumed, and for generations sought to maintain. It has been the all but unanimous tradition of the schools, that Ethics has a problem to solve distinct from that of religion; and that the science is perfectly equal to the solution of this problem in its own strength. Many definitions of the ethical problem have been given; but we may accept one of the last and clearest—that of Mackintosh, who sums up the work of the science in the settlement of the two questions, What is virtue? and, What is conscience? and manifold have been the answers under both heads, giving rise on the one hand to the systems of selfishness, of utility, of fitness, &c.; and on the other, to the systems of sentiment, of reason, or of both combined. It has always been taken for granted, however, that men could tell what was virtue without knowing anything of God, or without any reference to His will as the immediate source of such knowledge. It might turn out afterwards that the nature which revealed itself, was discovered, from other evidence, to come from God; and then, of course, its voice, making known virtue and the virtues, was His oracle. But if this discovery happened not to follow, the science was not less complete, nor its process less legitimate. In like manner the determination of the action and properties of conscience has been treated as a question of pure analysis and observation. Its origin, structure, and authority have been set forth very much like the phenomena and laws of sense and association, into which, indeed, they have often been resolved; and if the workmanship of God has been acknowledged at all in this great faculty, it has been in shewing of what humble materials it could be constructed, and how well it could be made to go like a watch, without bearing any witness to its author. Even natural religion has not received its due at the hands of natural Ethics, for in such systems as those of Hume and Bentham, it is absolutely ignored; and while others, such as those of Hutcheson, Stewart, and Mackintosh, shew a concern to keep united the great Kantian trinity, "Virtue, God, and Immortality," the first is made the anchor to which the two last are moored, and these grand principles of piety are treated as the more dependent and precarious.

It seems to us that this divorce of Ethics and Religion is one protested against on both sides—on the side of Religion, because the knowledge of God's moral government and moral relation to His creatures is a vital part of the knowledge of Himself; and on the side of Ethics, because it seems to us, whatever it may do

to others, that the immediate knowledge of God revealing a law is given in conscience, and is the only thing that can explain the operations of that faculty; and consequently that a science of duty and of moral sentiment that departs from God flies off from its own centre, and rushes into darkness. It is only a repetition, though it must be frankly declared, it is a great aggravation of this original neglect in regard to religion, when the data of Revelation are also disregarded by ethical science in constructing its theorem of duty and pursuing its analysis of moral sentiment. A reflecting person may well be astonished at the coolness with which Ethics has maintained its independent pretensions notwithstanding the advent of Christianity into the world. For if Christianity be not a body of ethical doctrine, neither Platonism, nor Stoicism, nor any of the modern systems is so. If it is not intended to lead to grand ethical results and changes, they have just as little, and even less, that mission. If it is not manifestly sent from heaven to supplement the gaps and repair the breaches of all natural Ethics together, it has neither room nor welcome in the world. It ought to be seen that the lessons of the Bible extend over the whole range of topics included in the so-called *independent* science of Ethics. The nature of virtue and the specification of the virtues—the structure and authority of conscience—its normal and abnormal working, and the means of its rectification, are surely so plainly set forth in the Christian revelation that he who runs may read, whether he belong to the wise or to the unwise. Either the peremptory assertions of the Divine record on these points tally with the results of independent Ethics, or they do not. If they do, then Ethics ought to resign its place with an expression of gratitude that a higher authority and clearer light has appeared, since surely a Divine revelation would be superfluous that did not at least superadd these qualities; and though it may continue to prosecute its own obscurer methods as a matter of curious knowledge, it ought in all its conclusions to adjust itself to the superior standard. If they do not, then Ethics must either surrender at discretion, and pass under the yoke, or assume with boldness a polemical attitude, and repel Christianity as an aggressor. These seem to be the only forms of relation to Christianity which the very nature of that Divine system has left possible to ethical science—either grateful subordination, or penitent retraction, or uncompromising hostility. And yet another spirit and bearing has been manifested, at once most inconsistent and unphilosophical—that of lofty and serene indifference, as if Christianity had left every question it came to settle open, or as if ethical science, at careless ease, “with a bound could overleap all bound.” One other offence alone exceeds this in magnitude,

where the revealed solutions of ethical problems, unanswerable or wrongly answered in ancient times, have been appropriated without acknowledgment; and some of the fairest stones in the Christian edifice have been torn from their place to surmount the rival pyramid which was built of brick and cemented with clay.

So much for the mal-adjustment of Ethics to Christianity as a theoretical science. It is like a theory of lunar astronomy without the telescope, or of physiology without the microscope—the Christian instrument of rectification and discovery being rejected from the apparatus of the antiquated observatory and dissecting-room. But this is not the worst evil. Ethics is a theoretical science only that it may be a practical. It not only teaches what is virtue, but how we may attain it: not only what conscience is, but how conscience may work in harmony with its own laws and realize its own ends. It is as much a practical discipline as rhetoric, or architecture, or legislation. Nay more, as even systems of natural Ethics cannot ignore the existence of evil and moral derangement, the science is bound to grapple with this difficulty in its hundred forms, and prescribe if it can, effectual rules for its removal and extirpation, so that in this sense Ethics is as practical a study as medicine or criminal jurisprudence. In which of our standard ethical books, however, is this exhibition of morbid phenomena to be found? Their chapters on Nosology are looked for in vain. The whole question of depravity is slurred over: and it is not going too far to say, that many works on logic or criticism enter more fully into the subject of fallacies, or of offences against taste, than moral treatises of as great pretensions to completeness,—into the infinitely more important one of sins. They are, with hardly one exception, of the rose-water school. Virtue is tricked out with a sentimentalism and romance as insipid as that of our third-rate novels: and the works which of all others ought to fathom the moral profound, and reveal humanity to itself in its darker moods and more portentous workings, spread but a thin and watery light along the surface. None of our favourite ethical systems would make a reader start and tremble. None strikes direct at the conscience; none seems written to the watchword of Cæsar—"Feri faciem, miles!" It is submitted to any impartial person at all familiar with this species of literature, whether the Bible doctrine of depravity, in any but its lowest Pelagian form, would not present to a disciple of the ethical school, who had known humanity only from such sun-bright sketches, a look of monstrous and bloated caricature, which could only excite the *Incredulus odi*. But if the Bible doctrine be true, which in a Christian journal like this may well be taken for granted, a so-called science of virtue,

which by mistaking the real condition of humanity, enormously underrates the difficulties in the way of its elevation to excellence, must as a practical science land in utter failure. If there is a prevailing tendency to evil in human nature, a system of Ethics which bases its rules and precepts on the hypothesis that there is a prevailing tendency to good, must fare no better than a theory of projectiles built on the assumption that the force of gravitation is greater upward than towards the earth. Every practical direction found in such a system must be corrected to the extent of eliminating this error : and further, if the rules can only become valid by reversing the gravitation in question, that is, by changing the moral tendency of human nature altogether, Ethics must either come forth with a universal means of such change, or quit the field in disgrace. No such agency has ever been provided by any system of natural Ethics : and hence it is in as helpless a predicament when called to translate man into its old moral world, as the socialism of Robert Owen is when called to translate him into its new. It can only navigate a sea without storms : it cannot battle with and overcome the winds and tides. This fatal defect of all natural Ethics is confessed by one of its greatest teachers.—“Had conscience strength, as it has right,” says Butler, “it would absolutely govern the world.” Very true. But till natural Ethics can secure that strength to conscience which its right warrants, it is as a practical discipline weak and comparatively valueless ; and is chiefly powerful for evil in counteracting by its exaggerated representations the just impression of the Bible doctrine of depravity, and thus closing the heart against the entrance of that new vitality and strength by which the ideal requisitions of the schools are more than realized.

Let then the twofold aim of Ethics be represented thus—to delineate perfect goodness, and to produce a perfectly good man ; its first great offence is, that it still adheres to its imperfect ideal, now that Christianity has appeared with its perfect one : its second, that it virtually denies the moral change which needs to be effected on man as depraved, and supplies no adequate agency by which the real man and the ideal standard may be harmonized. An image of the one error may be found in that misguided procedure which would determine a ship's course by the outline of land and the uncertain stars, after the discovery of the compass ; an image of the other in that which would launch on one of our maritime highways a rotten and unseaworthy trireme with its useless banks of oars, in this age of Archimedes screws and ocean-steamers.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we would wish to banish Ethics from the curriculum of the sciences, because we de-

sire to see a different relation established between it and Christianity. The grand contributions which Christianity has made to this department of knowledge are capable of being exhibited and developed in a rigidly scientific form. The list of duties which the Bible enjoins, now in scattered precepts, and now in more concentrated summaries, may be reduced to the exactness of a code. The combination of all the virtues in the person of Jesus Christ may be scientifically explained, together with the many curious and some difficult questions connected with the subject of a realized ideal. The nature and operation of the peculiar Christian motives which centre in the love of God and the sacrifice of the Redeemer, may be displayed with as much precision and completeness as any other portions of our moral experience. And the connexion of new moral life with the agency of the Spirit of God, including the whole subject of supernatural moral influence, may be discussed in as systematic a manner as the influence of education or government, of climate or of institutions. And if a scientific form could thus be given to the materials which Christianity supplies, not less surely to those which it only pre-supposes, and which must still be sought as of old in the field of nature, natural Ethics would still embrace the whole question respecting the adjustment of its own province as distinct from psychology on the one hand, and from jurisprudence on the other. It would next have to mark out the entire domain of the so-called active powers, to which ethical judgments extend, viz., the appetites, desires, affections, and even the understanding as subject to the will, forming what might be called *ethical psychology*. The whole problem of conscience with all its difficulties would then fall to be discussed, including a complete view of the solutions attempted by the light of nature, at which point the ancient systems would fall in as precious and inestimable fragments; and it might easily be shewn that they had never been surpassed or improved upon apart from revelation. The results of each system in determining its range of virtues and duties, might then be displayed; and the manifold imperfections, contradictions and discordances that would necessarily appear, would form, along with more positive evidence, a natural transition-point to the Ethics of Christianity. The Christian ideal of perfection and apparatus of renovation faintly sketched above being then introduced and scientifically handled, the true catalogue of duties, individual and social, might be drawn out, and the circle of the science completed, by shewing how all the tendencies and desiderata of nature, encountered at first in their psychological rudeness, were so to speak *ethicised*, and carried out to their full and harmonious development, under Christian influences. It is easy

to see how such a discipline would preserve its scientific character, and keep itself from merging in mere Biblical Theology, by a thousand points of contact with moral statistics and the philosophy of history, and by innumerable applications to questions of casuistry in art, in literature, in social economy, in politics, and in religion. So hasty an outline can convey of course a very slight idea of what Ethics ought now to attempt in the present critical stage of its history; and yet, leaving it as it is, we add, with all humility, some encouragements to the rising minds, and especially the speculative youth of the country to labour after this reformation. We say nothing more as to the advantage of extricating Ethics from its present false position, theoretical and practical, and thus bringing it at once into harmony with the highest truth, and making it a *vital* force in the renovation of society. It is to other changes, each of them a clear gain, that we point.

1. The science thus remodelled and affiliated to religion, would be disembarassed of all that motley and heterogeneous matter thrust in upon it from intellectual philosophy by which it is at present crowded. A sharp and strict boundary line would be drawn, excluding the whole range of the intellectual powers, and even the active, except in so far as they tend to be *ethicised*, or brought under the sway of conscience. No subordinate reform is more needed than this. Any one who looks over the text-books of Stewart, Brown, and others, will see, by how vanishing a line provinces so utterly distinct as those of fact and of duty, those expressed by the *quid est* and the *quid oportet* of the Romans, or still more admirably by the *seyn* and the *sollen* of the Germans, are separated. A just alliance with theology would dissolve this unjust one with mental science, and leave Ethics all its own time and space for its own heavy work, which, sooth to say, has been too long delayed.

2. Such a procedure would give to Ethics a less debatable aspect throughout, and especially in relation to the moral faculty. As the history of the science reads at present, it is little else than a narrative of disputes never ending, still beginning. They seem momentous and vast to the combatants involved in the noise and smoke of polemical warfare; but to the calm observer they yield but little issue that is satisfactory. What can seem a more lame and impotent conclusion than the summing up of Mackintosh respecting the results of ethical speculation as unfolded in his Dissertation, viz., that it proves the existence of disinterested affections and the validity of moral distinctions? Here surely is much cry and little wool; a great torrent of sand set a flowing to roll down a few grains of gold. No doubt it would be *sad* to lose these parts of our nature; but Ethics does not

exist so much to vindicate their reality as to explain the conditions and modifications under which they may be recognised as normal, and under which alone they ought to appear. The Christian illumination exalts those who rise to it above all such scepticism, and leaves the endless din and hollow strokes of controversy respecting points so initial to the spectres in the shades below.

3. A reform like this would also turn to higher account than has yet been attempted, the whole series of ethical controversy. As it is, certain systems are criticised over and over, and left by the critic in a mangled and lifeless state, the victims of his ingenuity and skill in the art of fence, till another artist succeeds and occupies himself as laboriously in slaying the slain. It is rare that the higher philosophy, which extracts broader and deeper views of truth out of all the aberrations of speculation, is applied in this field, so as to make the dialectical process at the same time a reconstructive one. And, indeed, this is impossible in the highest sense, till the last moral truth is found, by which, as a standard, the reaction of opinions can be subjected to retrospective judgment, and the portion of truth in every erroneous system separated and referred to its place. Now Christianity, as the key to the moral history of man, as well as to his moral speculations, can alone afford the condition of a genial and thoroughly intelligent criticism of Ethics, in which its very failures may be made profoundly instructive, and its inarticulate cries be interpreted and filled with expression. The baser and more ignoble systems, such as those of Hobbes and Mandeville, which have so long hung in chains, without any great benefit to society, might thus at length be taken down and left to rot under ground instead of above it; while the more generous and enlarged, such as those of Plato and Cicero among the ancients, might be held up to view as unconscious prophecies of Christianity, witnessing to it afar off; and other non-Christian systems of elevated character in modern times, such as those of Kant and Fichte, might be explained as the marvellous gropings of the blind to return to the forsaken path.

4. The projected modification would give to Ethics a much more fruitful and inventive character in recasting the forms and shaping out the arrangements of society. The systems of the past, shut in within the iron laws of mere nature and experience, have, with the exception of some extravaganzas of political dreamers, whom genuine Ethics *have* always disowned, attempted little beyond repeating the traditional commonplaces of duty, to ourselves, to our neighbours, and generally also to God. The "whole duty of man" has been very much a cento of generalities, handed from teacher to teacher, and worn threadbare in the

transition. It could not be otherwise with natural Ethics by its very constitution. The thing which has been with it is also that which must be. Christianity alone has the principle of moral re-organization and infinite development. Even the systems of Utility and General Benevolence have here been found wanting, and have not been able to construct a platform of duties and virtues rising in ever ascending series. The great idea of a kingdom of heaven upon earth, with all the heroic struggles demanded for its extension and establishment, and all the exalted virtues in the reciprocal play of which, between man and man, it shall at length terminate, is peculiar to Christianity: and the new spiritual life which it has begotten in the world can alone impel society along the track which it prescribes to the ultimate landing-place. As the science which casts a comprehensive eye over the elevation of the species, Ethics ought thus to be busied with perpetual novelty of practical aims and enterprises. An elasticity and energy might pervade it, worthy of the onward expeditions which it was conducting, and the sublime goal to which it tended. The final harmony of mankind in moral sentiment—a harmony which Smith alone of moralists seems to have been sanguine enough to anticipate, though he saw it only at a great distance, and valued it more for the harmony than the sentiment itself—might thus be gradually approached, and yet in the inexhaustible diversity of gifts and contributions, individual, domestic and national, cast into the common stock, a succession of fresh problems would still arise, and the science thus ever renewing its youth, would only end by the withdrawal of its perfected objects to a higher sphere.

It is a very natural question, why the lamentable perversion of the relations of Ethics and Christianity has so long continued? And to this a hasty answer may be attempted, which we trust will be heard with candour. We confine ourselves to our own country, which has been the grand nursery of natural Ethics—a plant which has never suited the soil of France, nor till the days of Kant that of Germany. It is well known that our British Ethics, as a body of speculation, started with Hobbes, who did for this science what Descartes did for intellectual philosophy. The revolt against tradition involved on the part of Hobbes a complete severance of Ethics from Christianity; though he sought for his system a hollow support both from the Old and New Testament. His selfish theory, perhaps, awakened more alarm than it deserved, and called forth not only the non-Christian advocates of disinterested affections, but also the Christian, to meet him, as indeed the latter were quite able to do, *ex abundanti*, on the side not only of his religious but his psychological heresy. The battle-field was thus to a great extent transferred

to the constitution of human nature : and a polemical defence of unselfish affection allowed to usurp far too prominent a place in ethical theory. Had the Christian Church, which sent forth its champions to refute Hobbes, been the same which gave birth to the casuistry of Jeremy Taylor and of Richard Baxter, it would not have been contented with driving the enemy from the field, but would have planted it all over with the fruits of positive Christian culture. Unhappily the Christian Church, in all its sections, was for more than a century from the days of Hobbes in a process of rapid declension ; and the most productive age of our ethical literature was that in which, of all others, Christianity had least power to check its unhealthy development, or to remain unaffected by its evil influence. This obnubilation of Christianity is but too apparent in its great apologists Clarke and Butler ; and when its peculiar doctrines, in which alone its moral strength lies, were in their hands obscured or explained away, it was not to be expected that it should maintain its just claims to the entire control and regulation of the ethical domain. Against the formidable tide of rationalism and scepticism which had come in like a flood with the Restoration, and had not abated in their days, they, with the best intentions, opposed every barrier of reason they could erect, and descanted more on the conformity of Christianity, such as they understood it, to the nature and the fitness of things, than on its transcendently divine and self-evidencing glory, which would have been then, as it is always, a more persuasive argument to all who are likely to be impressed by any display of Christian evidence. The science of Ethics thus became a kind of neutral ground on which the philosopher and the Christian for the time might forget their quarrels ; or rather a common arbiter between Infidelity and Revelation, at whose tribunal the scoffing peer and the grave bishop might appear in the characters of plaintiff and defendant. From the southern part of the island, the same enervation of vital Christianity, by which its hold over Ethics was relaxed, spread into Scotland, and with it the same evils. Hutcheson, Smith, and Hume, asserted the same ethical independence in Scotland which had been allowed to Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke ; and Reid and Campbell and Robertson were as generous with what was not their own, as the divines of the English school. The truly faithful men in both parts of the island who kept up the succession of evangelic doctrine unimpaired were alien from philosophy, of which, perhaps, in such an age, they had no great reason to be enamoured ; and leaving the combatants at the gates, like Glaucus and Diomedes now to pass thrusts, and now to exchange armour, they kept aloof, perhaps unduly, from what they regarded as naturalism within and without,

varied only by different names; and rather sought to effect the moral transformation of the Gospel in their own quiet circles of usefulness, than to urge its claims as a theory upon a more wide and noisy as well as adverse stage. The right thus surrendered has been subsequently exercised by a kind of prescription by Stewart, Brown, and Mackintosh, as well as by the English schools of Association and Utility,—on their part, with a quiet unconsciousness of any exception to their title, which is half amusing, half provoking,—but on the part of the Christian portion of the literary community, with growing murmurs of dissatisfaction, symptomatic of a growing strength to redress the grievance.

The decline of attractive power in the Church was certainly the chief cause of that long wandering of Ethics from its orbit which is not yet ended. The divines must share the blame with the philosophers, perhaps receive the largest share, as the one only acted in consistency with their own tendencies, the other proved faithless to the genius and mission of Christianity. A subordinate cause, however, of no small importance, may be added. At the settlement of the curriculum of liberal education, when our University systems rose into active life, Ethics was placed by the side of Logic, Rhetoric, and Physics, among the natural sciences, and handed over as a fief to the suzerainty of philosophy. It was so in the scholastic system; and the Reformation left this very questionable arrangement unchanged. There is something in the company which a science keeps as well as an individual which affects its character and determines its history. We do not say, indeed, that if Ethics had been annexed to the faculty of Theology it would have been preserved during the retrogradation of the last century unmoved, and not also driven out of its reckoning by the adverse blasts to which theology itself yielded. But probably it would not have gone so far astray, and would have felt sooner the impulse of the religious reaction which has long ago begun to set in. As it was, the ethical chairs of our Universities obtained a kind of license to propagate and diffuse a refined Paganism; and unbound by any trammels of subscription to creeds, or by any living influences of Christianity around them, which could alone have made such subscription effectual, roamed at will over the whole territory that had been so gratuitously allowed them, accounting it “a bondage to fix belief” in Revelation, or even to disguise the extent of their divergence from it. During this whole period, indeed, the head-quarters of natural Ethics, at least in Scotland, were the Universities. Hutcheson and Smith propounded their kindred systems from the chair in Glasgow; Reid consented to sink the theologian in the philosopher in the same University; even Hume, had he been a little more cautious, might have reached

the same object of ambition in Edinburgh; from which high post of honour, Ferguson, Stewart, and Brown, continued for half a century to dilate in their different styles on the beauties of virtue and the authority of conscience, without a single recognition of the Divine influence, which can alone charm virtue into existence, and restore into the hands of conscience its fallen sceptre.

While these evils lasted it would not have been easy to have found a remedy for them. To have raised an outcry, as was attempted in the celebrated Leslie case, and filled these chairs with clerical teachers, as guardians of orthodoxy, would, in the existing state of Christianity, have done little for the purity and nothing for the progress of the genuine science. The *genius loci* would still have reigned, only, probably, in a duller incarnation; and the only advantage would have been to dissociate error and misconception from the learning, brilliancy, and eloquence with which they were set forth, an advantage similar to the spiking of a cannon when it cannot be carried off or turned in the opposite direction. Nor is it now our business to recommend the excision of our ethical chairs from the curriculum of Philosophy and their incorporation with the Theological Faculty. The evils we have deplored are, perhaps, through the growing influence of Christianity, in a course of natural abatement, such as to avert any such revolutionary operation; and we are rather tracing the working of causes in the past than sketching reforms for the future. It may only be noticed as a striking and unexceptionable testimony to the progress of right feeling in regard to the vital union of Ethics with religion, that the London University College, which embraces the whole compass of the natural sciences, but is based on the principle of excluding everything where the theological differences of Jew and Gentile, of Unitarian and Trinitarian, may excite jealousy, has found it desirable to expunge Ethics from their course as inconsistent with this fundamental principle of comprehension. Such a fact is of great significance, and is enough to refute the vague notions of those well-meaning persons who still imagine that Ethics is a kind of meeting-ground of religions, a sort of universal sanctuary, where, as on the soil of Jerusalem, Jews, Mahometans, and Christians, may alike build their altars and find common impulses and revelations.

It must not be imagined that the aggressions of Ethics on the Christian sphere, thus made by philosophers, and tolerated where not joined in by lukewarm divines, have always been borne with uncomplaining patience. Some rude blows have been struck, and some shrill blasts of alarm have been blown on the Christian side. One of the earliest we remember is in a sermon of John Wesley, who had heard, when on one of his itinerant rambles to Glasgow, of Hutcheson's doctrine, that the highest and all-suffic-

ing motive of virtuous action was universal benevolence; and who breaks in consequence into a vehement sally of indignation against so godless and unchristian a morality. It is not a little curious to mark this throwing down of the gauntlet so early to one of the founders of the negative ethical school by one of the chief authors of that mighty religious revival which has been mounting upwards and upwards ever since, diffusing its invigorating influence over all sections of our Christianity, established and non-established, and destined in due time to purge our science too of its old leaven.

The next protest to which we need refer came from a very different quarter, from a great stronghold of the Church of England, the University of Cambridge, and is found embodied in "Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy." This celebrated work, the substance of instructions delivered by its author as a University tutor, is certainly exceedingly unlike the contemporaneous lectures in our Scottish class-rooms three quarters of a century ago. Dr. Paley, in his Preface, complains of other moralists, that they had divided too much the law of Nature from the precepts of Revelation, or treated them as distinct, remarking that this was the same defect "as if a commentator on the laws of England should content himself under each head with stating the common law of the land, without taking any notice of acts of Parliament, or should choose to give his readers the common law in one book and the statute law in another." Elsewhere he condemns Hume's assertion of the non-dependence of Ethics upon religion, and declares the utter incompetence of the motives Hume had at command "to withhold men from the gratification of lust, envy, revenge, ambition, avarice, or to prevent the existence of these passions." It was thus evidently Paley's aim to furnish a system of Christian Ethics, and to supply this great desideratum in the literature of the last century. We must lament, however, that his success has been far from proportionate to his intentions, and has afforded one among many other proofs how far the Christianity of the last century had become a dead letter. We will not join in Mackintosh's somewhat depreciatory remarks on Paley's abilities as a moralist. It is true there is a certain incoherence about his thinking on abstract subjects, and that he wanted both the nicety of analysis and the genius of system. But there is, at the same time, a vigour and originality in his appreciation of moral phenomena not to be found in the subtler and more artistic systems of the north; and he has, perhaps, excelled all except Smith in that hearty realism which is of far more importance in such inquiries than speculative refinement. It is less as a philosopher than as a Christian divine that he has failed in constructing an evangelical system of

Ethics. His views of Christianity are meagre in the extreme. He wants nothing from it as a moralist, but occasional directions, where nature fails, and uniform sanctions which nature at no time can supply. These sanctions are stated in a very gross form—such hope of eternal reward as acts upon the mind like influence at an election—such fear of eternal punishment as, like the prospect of a halter, deters a man from absconding with a box of jewels placed in his custody. Christian virtue thus degenerates into absolute selfishness; though it must be owned his better nature often confounds it with general utility, which is also inconsistently enough a part of his definition. By this virtue the Christian is saved; and the Bible has wisely omitted to define how much or how little is needed in order to keep men ever on their guard. What worthy scheme of Christian Ethics could result from such a Christianity? It is true there is here and there a happy compendizing of Christian precepts, as in regard to marriage and civil obedience; a profound vindication of Christian duties, as, for example, the masterly dissertation on prayer; and an eloquent assertion of Christian reforms, as in the case of slavery. But, on the whole, Christianity receives the scantiest justice at his hands; and not to speak of erroneous decisions in detail, his whole book is radically defective in regarding the Saviour as little more than the prophet of immortality,—in never adducing his example as higher even than his precept, and as an ethical motive of the greatest value—in overlooking the necessity of Divine influence to realize in a fallen state the ideal of humanity,—and in keeping out of view the tendency and aim of Christianity to develop, by the moral power of a new principle of love, and not by the old principle of selfish hope and fear, the elements of perfection in the individual, the family, and the nation, and to bind them together in a kingdom of heaven upon earth. Paley, indeed, has preserved in his Christianity very little of the new wine, and yet what he retains he is perpetually emptying into the old bottles. Immortality is his great lever, and yet with it he lifts the moral world very little out of its worldly resting-place.

The next half century after the publication of Paley's *Treatise* wrought a mighty change in the religious history of Britain, and that change is expressed in the next great name that stands connected with the re-adjustment of ethical science—that of Chalmers. This eminent person, whose removal is so recent, and whose connexion with this Journal was so close, that he can hardly yet be spoken of with the calmness and impartiality of an historical review, has done more than any other individual to expose the aggressions of natural Ethics, and to reconquer for Christianity her lost rights. He had largeness of soul enough

to leave philosophy the amplest verge; soundness of evangelic view to satisfy the utmost requisitions of a literal orthodoxy, which in his fervent spirit shone in the illuminated characters of an all but miraculous revelation; and withal that constructive genius which pervades a whole creed with unity, and binds nature and grace in one concatenated and comprehensive system. It might almost have been expected, that with such gifts he should have done more for the development of Christian Ethics in a positive shape than he has accomplished. He has chiefly occupied himself with settling the marches of the two subjects, and in proving how the law of Conscience, as well as the law of Moses, may be made a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. His work on Moral Philosophy is rather, as it is entitled, "Sketches," than a compact and articulate system. Nothing can be more fresh and genial than his discussion of the moral aspects of the Emotions, with which his work is chiefly occupied; and many happy applications of the lessons of this science to Christian experience are here to be found. But his examination of the structure of conscience, and of theories relating to it, is incomplete; and beyond an introductory inquiry into perfect and imperfect rights, he has left the whole system of Duties, which in his hands would have yielded such important results, all but untouched. Nor is his position perhaps invulnerable, that conscience stands apart from necessary reference to God, and may subsist in a great degree unimpaired under a negation of Theism. This is a hard saying, and seems incompatible with the organic unity, or at the very least, affinity of the ideas of right and obligation, of remorse and dread of punishment, which can hardly be accounted for, except on the supposition that the grand and awful idea of God, at once, and from the beginning, sheds its light on the dial of conscience, and shews the one hand pointing to a present obligation—the other to a future reckoning. On the whole, the greatest ethical work of Dr. Chalmers is his life—a life conceived on the loftiest scale of Christian philosophy, and a perpetual attempt to develop and bring out in harmony, under the fostering influence of the Gospel, all the sympathies, genialities, and activities of human nature, which is the very idea of Christian Ethics as a practical discipline.

The last important effort at reform in this department is that of Dr. Wardlaw—an effort less ample in its sweep and genial in its conception than that of Dr. Chalmers, but yet sufficiently weighty and influential to call for honourable mention. His book on "Christian Ethics" is full of vigorous sentiment, solid argument, and acute criticism. It is avowedly, however, rather a lengthened protest against non-Christian and anti-Christian Ethics, and a review of delinquent theories of this kind, than a

broad survey of the moral capabilities of human nature, antecedently to Christian influence, and an expanded development of the same functions when subjected to the Christian regimen. We concur to the full in his strong exception to the omission of depravity from the current systems, and also in his energetic assertion of the need of regenerating influence. But he goes too far when he represents this depravity as annulling the worth of all the results of natural Ethics; and he has not shewn any point of transition from Natural to Christian Ethics, nor how the former may, and to some extent must, be employed in constructing the scheme of Christian evidence. The ultimate basis of certainty to which all external evidence ultimately appeals is our moral hold over the character of God; and unless it be shewn how this confidence can be justified previously to the reception of Christianity, and how the Christian evidence fits into and squares with such ascertained rules of moral judgment, Christian Ethics originates *per saltum*, or in a philosophical point of view, illegitimately, and there is a gratuitous severance effected of reason and revelation.

We now make a sudden transition from the Ethics of Britain to those of Germany. We only glance, in passing, at the total and absolute non-existence of Christian Ethics, so far as we are aware at this day, in France—the country of Pascal and Malebranche. The only distinguished moralist of recent times is the late M. Jouffroy, who has exhibited in his Lectures, with admirable clearness and relief, though with some modifications, the system of Price and Stewart, and has subjected the entire range of modern ethical history to a masterly criticism, inferior certainly to that of Mackintosh in philosophic elevation and variety of interest, but superior in precision, and perhaps in that acuteness which arises from a nearer and more limited vision, rather than a sharper eye. Of Jouffroy and Christian Ethics we can only speak, alas! by way of disjunction. In him we have a striking confutation of a remark of Morell in his History of Philosophy, that the spiritualism of Cousin and his school has paved the way for Christianity. It is possible for a proud spiritualism to be as far from the kingdom of God, on the one side, as a gross materialism is on the other. Jouffroy disowns Christianity, at least as a religion, adapted in its present form, to a civilized age. He will take its results, virtue and immortality, but not its processes. Few things are more melancholy than his confession, that as long a time may elapse before the fresh avatar of an all-sufficing religion, as from the Socratic age, when Paganism began to dissatisfy the human mind, to the establishment of Christianity in the Roman empire. A millennium of struggle and restlessness must be passed through, to be followed by a barely

millennium of troubled repose. The time is out of joint, but he and the whole school of Eclectics, according to his own admission, cannot set it right. Meanwhile, patience and stoical restraint, with earnest meditation, are the great virtues; and the youth of the *Ecole Normale* are exhorted not to hope to accelerate the birth of the new religion, *magnum Jovis incrementum*, by exploding gunpowder and improvising revolutions in the streets of Paris.

In Germany, the great deciding name in all ethical speculation is, and for some time longer must be, that of Schleiermacher. This great genius, whose remarkable groups of ideas, as well as isolated opinions, are, according to an inevitable law of intellectual diffusion, finding their way to this country, and provoking controversy, is the turning-point of a revolution in the relation of ethics to Christianity, not less than that which he effected in these departments separately. This is not the place to speak at all of his theology, nor to speak at any length of the structure and details of his ethical system. His varied ethical writings are all but unknown in this country. It was natural that, in theology first of all, the cry of his admirers and followers should startle the ear of orthodoxy; and we certainly are not among the number of those who are prepared to surrender anything of our biblical and dogmatic Christianity to the trumpet-sound of his name. There is no such temptation, however, either, on the one hand, to import his ethical works, as the auxiliaries of a revolutionary tendency at home, or, on the other, to repel them by an interdict; and hence they lie as yet almost untouched in their scientific calmness and seclusion, approached only by those to whom the all but neglected problems of Ethics are matters of speculative interest. We shall give some slender outline of his ethical theories, since this seems necessary to explain his relation to the more special topic of this Review.

We shall not draw our notices from his "*Grundlinien einer Kritik der bisherigen Sittenlehre*," the most acute and thoroughgoing analysis which probably exists of all ethical systems, from Plato to Fichte—a work in comparison of which Kant's annihilating criticism of pre-existing metaphysical systems is moderate and superficial—and in which perhaps the dialectical faculty is seen to greater perfection than in any production since the dialogues of Plato himself. We pass by this great work with a sincere expression of admiration for its unbounded subtlety and knowledge, even while refusing to acquiesce in many of its processes and results, and prefer drawing our sketch from his own later system. Nor do we seek this in his important contributions to the Berlin Academy, on the "*Highest Good*," "*The Difference between the Law of Nature and the Moral Law*," "*The*

Idea of Virtue," and "The Idea of Duty," though the author accounted these, with his critical review already mentioned, sufficient to dispense him from the work of publishing in his lifetime any positive body either of philosophic or of Christian Ethics. We refer rather to his posthumous Lectures on Ethics in general, edited by Schweitzer, and on Christian Morals, edited by Jonas. The first is more profound, the second is more popular; and both together exhaust the entire range of his constructive as distinguished from his critical labours in this department.

The grand idea of Schleiermacher's Ethics is given almost in his definition of the province of the science. With him that province is not a particular set of phenomena in the individual or in society, called *moral* in contradistinction to what is *intellectual* or *physical*. It is the whole of human nature considered as active and as developing itself in history, and Ethical Science is an inquiry into all the laws, tendencies, and forms of such manifestation. Hence this science is nearly allied to what is called the Philosophy of History; only excluding the particular series of facts, and occupying itself with the general principles by which humanity is impelled to attain its ideal perfection. We spare our readers the whole of Schleiermacher's deduction of this science, after the fashion of Schelling, from a higher origin: and also forbear to criticise his definition, viz. *that it is the science of the unity of reason and nature*, further than to say, that we think we have given the substance of it without that haze which is so attractive to a German thinker, and which in truth conceals the fact, that *reason* is but another name for that inexplicable something, call it fitness, call it duty, call it what you will, which is an ultimate element in all morality. It is important however to remark, that reason is spoken of by Schleiermacher as a force tending to pervade and conquer nature in man and in the world,—a force exactly similar to that of nature, only higher and stronger,—so that we cannot speak of laws in ethics in any other sense than of laws in astronomy or chemistry, and no room is left either for the working of free will or the rise of sin in this science, which is a mere description of the rhythm or normal march of reason.

The next, and indeed the fundamental peculiarity of Schleiermacher's system, is his adjustment of the ethical conceptions that are given with the idea of such a progress of reason. There is first of all, the ideal development to which humanity tends; and this is called by him the *highest good*; there is, secondly, the living force that brings each element of it into existence, which is called by him *virtue*; and there is, lastly, the formula according to which this force must operate to produce the result, which is called by him *duty*. Schleiermacher illustrates this himself very beautifully, by the example of an equation to a curve. The

highest good is the full curve; the virtuous man, the instrument that draws it; and the rule of duty, the formula according to which it is drawn.* The whole of Ethics is occupied with the analysis of these conceptions, which are all three necessary, which each embrace the whole field, and which are yet in every particular distinct, just as, to use another of his illustrations, the same circle may be divided into a number of segments on totally different principles. It is the great merit of Schleiermacher to have disintricated these fundamental conceptions, and by restoring the doctrine of the Highest Good, or ethical ideal, which had been neglected since the time of Plato, to have greatly widened, and at the same time simplified the science.

The expansion of the doctrine of the Highest Good, is the most genial part of the system. Reason is twofold in its energy, on the one hand tending by *activity* to make all nature its organ; on the other tending by *knowledge* to make all nature its symbol. These two energies again have a different character *as relating to society, or as relating to the individual*, and it is from the combination of these two cross divisions of human energy that the whole province of human life is mapped out. The organizing action, whose products bear a universal value, gives birth to Commerce, with its relation of right between man and man, which is consummated in the State as its perfect form. The organizing action, whose products only bear an individual value, gives birth to Individuality of Possession, with its relation of hospitality between man and man, which is consummated in the perfect form of Private Life. On the other hand, cognitive action, when its products are of universal value, gives birth to Knowledge, with its relation of mutual confidence, which is consummated in the perfect form of National Literature. And, lastly, cognitive action, when its products have only a value for the individual, gives birth to Feeling, with its relation of mutual sympathy, which is consummated in the perfect form of the Church, with its pendants, Worship and Art. Thus these four energies form the warp and woof of man's existence as a rational being, and their full development in the forms of political and private life, of universal science and specific religion, make up his being's end and aim—in other words, his Highest Good. As a common basis to all these forms of existence stands the Family Relation, which conditions them all, and bears them all in its bosom. Such is this ingenious and striking construction of

* Schleiermacher does not often use explicit mathematical illustrations, but his whole dialectical procedure recalls the *μῆτις ἀγνομήνους κύβητα*; and there is much significance in a story told by Strauss of a student who used regularly, after each lecture, to reduce it to the straight lines and curves of which it was composed.

society from the simplest elements. We by no means, however, guarantee the justness of the deduction; and we are far enough from thinking with Dr. Rothe, that this discovery of Schleiermacher must henceforth rank with the laws of Kepler in astronomy. The distinction between science and religion is too much in the subjective spirit of its author's whole theology; and even Dr. Rothe does not hesitate to substitute Art for Religion, and to place the Church, as applicable to the whole of the other forms, at the apex, just as Schleiermacher places the Family at the base.

The treatment of the province of Virtue, though fine, is less commanding. The virtues are those of knowledge and of activity, in their animating spirit and in their actual habitudes. The spirit of knowledge is *wisdom*; the spirit of activity is *love*; the habitude of knowledge is *sober-mindedness*; of activity is *courage*. Thus are made out the four cardinal virtues of the ancient schools, *φρόνησις*, *δικαιοσύνη*, *σωφροσύνη*, *ἀνδρεία*; their justice being merely love in a disguised form. It is a comparison instituted in the finest spirit of Christian ethics, when Schleiermacher reduces this arrangement of the ancients to the three Christian graces. Faith takes the place of wisdom, love of justice, and hope of the two habitudes of sobriety and courage. Not less beautifully does he remark that the ancients placed justice at the head of the virtues, as knowing no form of human existence higher than the State, while Christianity places love at the head, as tending to embrace all mankind in a Kingdom of God.

Into his arrangement of the Duties we shall not enter. To us it seems constrained and forced; and its author never appears to have taken kindly to this department; nor to have recovered from his original violent recoil from it, as it was perhaps over-exalted by the Stoics and their great modern reviver Kant.

This very faint sketch of Schleiermacher's natural Ethics may enable us in some measure to estimate his position as standing in this, as in so much else, between the old and the new. Having thus far sided with the philosophers, he must now break away to act as the pioneer of the theologians. He could not be satisfied to build a system of Christian morals on the same foundation, but staked out new and other ground. And in his other posthumous work, which is occupied strictly with the Christian aspect of Ethics, we have a quite distinct conception of the province of the science, together with a different arrangement and terminology. His definition of the science is changed indeed in form rather than in spirit. For *reason* we have now the higher principle of *grace*, in antagonism to the

lower one of the *flesh*: and the science is just a description of the normal development of the relations of the two in Christian consciousness, as before it was of the development of the energies of reason in working upon nature. His Christian ethics is thus entirely occupied with the experience of Christians as affected in their *activity* by their relation to Christ; just as his dogmatic theology is an explication of the *knowledge* of Christians in the same relation. In both alike, we lament to say, subjectivity has full scope, and the Bible, as a standard at once of faith and practice, though its normal value is acknowledged in words, is too much set aside in fact. Starting then from the data of sin and grace already working together in Christian consciousness, we find two fundamental differences—that of *rest in communion with Christ*, and that of *effort to realize this blessedness in a higher degree*. From the one springs the activity that represents our inward state of grace to others simply for its own sake, from the other the activity that *changes* that state for the better in ourselves and others, which may happen in two ways, either in correcting evil or enlarging good. The whole province of Christian activity thus falls into three departments, that of *manifestation*, that of *purification*, and that of *diffusion*. Schleiermacher begins with the two latter as more nearly resembling the work of the Church militant, and closes with the former as more nearly resembling that of the Church triumphant. Under the head of *purification*, he considers the whole subject of Church discipline and reform, as also of domestic discipline, and political amelioration, in so far as Christians are called to undertake both. Under the head of *diffusion* he discusses the family relation as a constant nursery for the Church, as also missions and proselytism, by which the reign of grace is extended outwards, and ecclesiastical arrangements, such as catechetics and theology, by which it is extended inwards. Under the head of *manifestation*, finally, he brings Christian worship in its narrower sense, and also in that wider sense in which all the virtues of Christian example are a living worship, or sacrifice; and closes his system by settling the limits within which Christians may share in those several usages and enjoyments of the world, in the sphere of art and private life, which from their character of repose and relaxation are akin to this department of Christian action.

Such is the naked skeleton of this ingenious system of Christian activity. Much profound knowledge of human nature,—much ardent sympathy with the genius of Christianity as a scheme of human perfectibility,—as well as much solid judgment on the whole, in settling many vexed questions of casuistry, are to be found in this performance, with not a little useless sub-

tlety and many strange dialectical fetches and ventures. Objections to the very outlines of the division above given will probably occur at once to our readers, and we will spare their patience a fuller criticism. We will only add a word on the very anomalous position taken by the Christian theologian who puts forth, in the one hand, a system of natural, and in the other, of Christian ethics, and declares (as Schleiermacher does, and argues for it too) that however they may agree in their contents, agreement is impossible in their method and form. There seems to us here a double error; *first*, in supposing that natural Ethics can ever reach the Christian results, which on Schleiermacher's own principles ought to have been seen by him to be impracticable, since he expressly teaches that nature is defective *without* grace, and that Christianity is the crown and completion of creation; from which it follows with day-light certainty, that the *highest good*, or ethical ideal of humanity, can alone be realized within the Christian Church. And the *second* error lies in supposing that where the matter coincides the form cannot be made to coincide also, since surely the one sole method of science is as applicable to Christian phenomena as to natural; so that though the origin of these phenomena may be different, the rule for their construction into a systematic whole must be the same. Schleiermacher is also inconsistent with himself, in speaking of a gradual approximation of natural to Christian Ethics. This, on his own shewing, ought to be as impossible as the gradual approach of a circle to the form of a square of equal superficies. Nor has he shewn by what method of infinitesimals this quadrature is to go on, and yet never to reach actual coincidence.

Let us, however, be just to one who, with all his faults and shortcomings, has deserved so well both of philosophy and of Christianity. It was not from a too faint appreciation of the positive worth of Christianity, as in the case of the Rationalists of last century within the Church and without it, in Britain and in Germany, that he left philosophy so large a field. It was from a jealousy of the encroachments of speculation on the strictly Christian province; and he would rather surrender the outworks that he might the more strongly guard the citadel. He had a just horror of a deduced and demonstrated Christianity; and he would rather blow the bridge into the air than suffer the stronghold of self-evidenced fact in Christian doctrine and practice to be invaded and laid waste by theologians of the *ex nihilo nil fit* school.*

* A just and thorough-going criticism of Schleiermacher's doctrine of the self-evidencing power of Christianity, in relation, on the one hand, to the rationalism of Germany, higher and lower, and, on the other, to what Coleridge used to call the (ironic-Paleyan style of argument prevalent in Britain, is a great desideratum of our present theology.

Dr. Rothe, with whom we bring this summary to a conclusion, has annulled Schleiermacher's act of separation between the two provinces, and thus corrected the error in question ; but we fear at some risk of the danger his predecessor sought to avoid. We will not indeed place his name on anything like the exalted level of Schleiermacher. Πολλοῦ γέ κα δέει. But as his system has excited more notice in Germany than perhaps any other since the days of the great departed, a hurried sketch of it may bring into exact light the present relation of Ethics and Christianity in that country.

Dr. Rothe, whose name has not perhaps been brought before the literary public of this country before, we may mention, is a distinguished professor of theology in Heidelberg, a great seat of the Middle School doctrine, to which in the main he belongs. We know nothing of his history, except a single fact noticed in his large work, cited at the head of this Article, from which it appears that he studied under Daub in the same university, and probably, as we conjecture, derived from him that tincture of Hegelian logic, and that leaning to the Dualistic system which struggle in his habits of thinking with the ascendant influence of Schleiermacher.

The first two volumes of his "Theologische Ethik" appeared in 1845, and present a great contrast to the last which came out in the spring of 1848. The former are dry, rigid, bristling with formulæ, and have been accounted not quite so "musical as is Apollo's lute," even in Germany, which is apt to have itching ears for what our insular dulness is more disposed to account "harsh and crabbed." In truth, if we may speak it without offence, the chain of deductions and developments which these two volumes contain, has often wearied us by its unmelodious clank ; while its links have in too many places given way, without any violent strain, to yield us even the satisfaction of coherence and symmetry. The third volume, which the author ushers in with an apology for its popular character, is more pleasing, and in many parts beautiful ; and the abstract style of the former might, with much advantage, have been relieved by an earlier intermixture of its vivacity. Dr. Rothe, it may be lamented, is interminably long and circuitous. His book, at least in its didactic parts, is like an algebraic demonstration written out in words at length ; and important as theological ethics are, they might have been discussed in less than the 2000 closely printed pages, that would almost suffice for a Cyclopaedia. It is unhappy also, that Dr. Rothe has affected the closely reasoned style of the paragraphs of Schleiermacher, without anything of the same plastic power of thought, or depth of view. We have often been reminded in studying these authors, of the diving of the pearl fishers in the Persian Gulf.

And, in the latter case, we grieve to say that we have not so often emerged to the surface with the "gem of purest ray serene" as with the common oyster. In Dr. Rothe's hands, too, the German language, in its power of combination lithe as the proboscis of an elephant, but often not less ungainly, is not so completely held in control as by the greatest masters; and we should think, though it is no business of ours, that many of his liberties will be endured under protest. But a vigorous and independent thinker, as Dr. Rothe unquestionably is, is not to be judged thus by the form of his work, and we now proceed to the matter.

Dr. Rothe, then, we have said, avoids the error of Schleiermacher in sundering Ethics and Theology. The very title of his book is a protest against this division; and it runs through his whole system. There is the strictest union of both by nature and by grace, for there is not a single ethical function which has not a corresponding element of piety to control it. And as Schleiermacher introduced the word *divine consciousness* into Theology, so would Rothe introduce *divine activity* into Ethics as the Godward principle within that struggles in all men, and finds its emancipation and free play in Christians. This vital union of Ethics and Religion, is based ultimately on the fact, that man is the destined organ of the Deity, and that the whole process of creation has this for its last result. So far Dr. Rothe appears to us to speak the language of truth and soberness. But not content with this principle as a general doctrine of reason and revelation, he actually, in order to verify this union, and to lay the foundation of Ethics deep in Theology, ascends to the third heaven, and deduces from our necessary idea of God, the entire development of the creation, as it rises upward to man, and is consummated in his moral perfection as its last end. We will not repeat this process, in which the author glories as a specimen of genuine theosophy, and holds to be quite independent of revelation. The Trinity, creation, time, and space, plurality of worlds, and plurality of individuals in the same world, chaos, ether, the stellar system, the chemical, the vegetable, the animal kingdoms, the human body, and, at last, the human soul, come forth out of this magic cauldron; and the whole is crowned by *personality*, which is defined to be the union in one centre of thought and activity. We do not object to these discussions as pieces of anthropological and psychological science, preparatory to Ethics proper; but it seems to us monstrous to attempt to draw forth all these details of a contingent system in linked demonstration from the idea of God. Dr. Rothe has here given way to the influence of Hegel. All this is but an echo of the groans of the *Welt-geist* struggling up-

ward to consciousness; and though the results be different, we have the same fatal principle of *speculation* which carries Hegel to such absurd lengths as to *deduce* the particular facts of every science, and to see the fundamental contrast of his philosophy in the two ventricles of the heart and the two lobes of the liver. We would call this, if the Germans will permit us to imitate one of their compounds, *balloon-philosophy*. And though Dr. Rothe speaks of testing the results of such deduction by facts, this is as impossible as to guide a balloon, once afloat, by landmarks below, which can never prevent it from coming down on the tops of steeples, or in the midst of rivers. Such are the results to which Dr. Rothe is driven by this method of deduction;—the necessity of creation; the eternity of the world; the construction of all the worlds on the same principle; and many others. We take the liberty, then, of stigmatizing this method as at once a daring contraction of the prerogatives of God, and an unwarrantable extension of the powers of man. And when Dr. Rothe tells that German theology owes all its present unsettledness to the want of such speculative methods and results, this reminds us of the language of certain physicians of no value, who declare, that their patients are dying, because they do not take enough of their infallible medicines.

When Dr. Rothe has brought this first stage of his deduction to a close, and is at liberty to begin with man as a personal agent, he falls into the track of Schleiermacher, adopting in substance his definition of the ethical process, which he makes out to be *the personalizing of nature*, or, in other words, the conversion of matter in man and around him, to spiritual uses. He also employs, as indeed most succeeding moralists have done, his tripartite division of the Highest Good, Virtue, and Duty: and, under the first, deduces the ethical forms from the same four energies of universal and particular knowledge, universal and particular activity, which enter as largely into the ethical arrangements of both Schleiermacher and his followers as the A, E, I, and O of the logicians into the moods and figures. Dr. Rothe, however, makes the result of particular knowledge, *art*, and not as his master, *religion*; and thus he is able to reserve Religion or the Church for a superordinate ethical form, comprising all the rest in their results, just as the Family embraces all in their beginnings; so that his system is here decidedly more complete and Christian than that of Schleiermacher.

He makes a still greater divergence, when to the consideration of the Highest Good as abstract and ideal, with which Schleiermacher had been satisfied, he adds, as an integral part of Ethics, the treatment of it as defeated by sin and secured by redemption. Schleiermacher's natural Ethics knows nothing of evil,

which, to him, was only a defect—an impotence of reason, which could not be permitted to enter into a positive system; and when he treats of sin in his Christian Ethics, he merely assumes it as given, without deducing it. Dr. Rothe rises above him by a great height in introducing evil not only into the treatment of the Highest Good, but also of Virtue and Duty, without which, indeed, duty would never be conceived of by us; but at the same time, unhappily, he falls as far below him in deducing evil from God as a necessary transition step towards the attainment of the highest good. The melancholy influence of Hegel and Daub is here preponderant, and a strange and most unchristian representation is the result.

According to Dr. Rothe, man's personality is quite inadequate, as it came from the hands of God, to subdue to itself his material nature; and sin necessarily manifests itself in the two great forms of *sensuousness* and of *selfishness*, of which the former, however, is the root and generator of the latter. This selfishness is not, like that of Julius Müller, self-assertion in relation to God, but to our neighbour, and springs from our desire to gratify our own sensuous nature at his expense. With Müller our author here falls into deadly conflict, since that writer, as may be known to our readers, utterly rejects the theory of the sensuous origin of sin; but this is not the place either to consider Dr. Rothe's friendly polemic, or to forestall his antagonist's reply. These two writers are also at declared war on the subject of the origin of sin; and here, we think, they neutralize each other, the ante-temporal fall of Müller being as absurd as the creature-sinfulness of Rothe is preposterous. We will not stop to refute this theory of *original sin*, (*original* in a new and strange sense,) which flies higher than the wildest supralapsarianism, abolishes the sense of guilt, and makes redemption utterly unmeaning, in any other sense than as a just debt to the creature. If deductive Ethics is known only by such fruits, the sooner it is rooted up the better.

By redemption, however, all, in the system before us, is asserted to be made good, and the yoke of depravity, else of adamant strength, is broken. It ought to be broken for all; but this Dr. Rothe does not assert: and thus sin may be the beginning, middle, and end of the existence of a portion of God's creatures, though Dr. Rothe denies that it can ever be eternal. We shall not follow our author into his discussion of the person and work of the Redeemer, and of the realization of the Highest Good in his kingdom on earth and in heaven. This is much more sober-minded and orthodox than might have been anticipated from so erratic a starting-point; and those who are acquainted with the Middle-school theology of Germany, as exhibited by

Nitzsch or Ullmann, will find it here in substance reproduced. Many individual eccentricities of a minor nature may be left to slumber undisturbed; and we will not make Dr. Rothe, who writes as none but a devout and fervent Christian could do, the scapegoat for the aberrations which, in some form or other, seem to cleave to his whole nation.

We resist the temptation to enter on Dr. Rothe's discussion of Virtue. He departs in his classification of this entirely from Schleiermacher, and is particularly full on the different shades of both virtue and vice. There is much ingenuity, but also much over-refining; and the German language, with its cumbrous evolutions, can hardly be made to move swiftly enough through its permutations and combinations to satisfy the requisitions of this inquiry.

Nor do we linger on his treatment of the Duties, over which, when he unyokes the fire-horse of his speculation, he travels with great deliberation and minuteness, giving many pleasing and some profound glimpses of human nature, and settling, with much good sense and freshness of Christian feeling, the different cases of conscience that arise in this department. There is in this whole range of discussion very ample honour done to Scripture by a frequent and judicious citation of its moral rules; and the whole is enlivened by extracts from other practical moralists, such as Reinhard, De Wette, Hirscher, Marheineke, and others. Most of the controverted questions which agitated the minds of the more intelligent German public before the late revolution, are touched upon; and we hardly know a book where so much insight is indirectly given into the whole of those perplexed relations in Church and in State which nothing but that revolution could have swept clear. We heartily sympathize with the liberalism of Dr. Rothe, political and religious, since he shews himself greatly ahead of his fellow-theologians, many of whom are still groaning over that catastrophe; and though in much we also differ, and especially in his leading view, that the Church may now sink back into retirement, and give the reins of the moral government of the world into the hands of the State, in this we find a sound view at bottom, viz., that the direct influence of the Church upon the world, through its feudal forms, must now cease, and that it must rather guide the State by silent impulse than by organized authority.

Dr. Rothe laments, in the preface to his last volume, that it had fallen on evil times, and that much of it was already out of date. The revolution of 1848 occurred in March, and it was published in April. This might perhaps have been taken as a gentle hint to German professors to abridge their introductions, to cut down their formulas, and to find their way as speedily as

possible into the pith and marrow of a practical science, that their books, after many years' gestation, might not be born a day too late. But we also admire the courage evinced by such a step. It reminds us of Hegel carrying the manuscript of his *Phenomenology* under his arm through the streets of Jena to his bookseller's, amidst the cannonade of the great battle; or of the *Noli turbare circulos meos* of the Greek geometer when Syracuse was taken. And Dr. Rothe may take heart of grace. The writers of other laboured and ponderous volumes for many years before were then reaping the fruits of them; and whatever Dr. Rothe has contributed to the sum of human knowledge and improvement,—and we think he has contributed something in his close, hard-packed, but, after all, not ungenial work,—will also find its day. We will back the schoolmaster yet with his primer against the soldier with his bayonet; and the philosopher, with his closely written manuscript under his arm, against the sans-culotte behind the barricades. Revolution may disturb the sand on which the thinker has expressed his diagrams; but they body themselves forth in other forms, and at length imprint themselves on the institutions of the world. This is as true of Christian science as of all other. Here, too, the weighty saying of one of the fathers holds good, "*Tradidit mundum disputationi.*" Its grave and pathetic music, sounding through all history, may well cheer the heart of the solitary inquirer, as he traces the point where the knots and complications of human things that cannot be untied must be cut asunder, and marks out the channel in which reforms and revolutions must flow, if they are to be salutary and permanent.

We have dwelt thus long on these German speculations partly for their own interest, partly that it may be seen how inevitable is the coincidence of natural and Christian ethics when a spirit of inquiry is sufficiently awakened, and partly that we may help to evoke this slumbering spirit in our own country. Our past history in Britain proves that neither speculative ability nor learning need fail; and our forms of life and society are more varied, animated, and fertile than those of Germany, so as to supply richer materials for observation and inquiry. Our growing Christianity certainly requires such an effort to be made, and may hope, by the vigorous and concentrated action of its most earnest and enlarged minds, to master the highest seats of our literature, philosophy, and legislation. Far be it from us, indeed, to make the progress of Christianity dependent on such an auxiliary. Our evangelical Christianity has revived and struggled upward amid the contempt or hostility of our philosophical authorities; and it will make its way still, not by being clothed in the armour of system, but in the might of its own life

and liberty. The sun breaks forth from the darkness, and the rainbow revisits the sky, without waiting for any Newtonian theory of optics ; and so this leaven will leaven the lump, this grain of mustard-seed expand without any laws of chemistry or vegetable physiology. But it is true, nevertheless, that though life goes before theory, there is a reaction of theory upon life ; and that thus a scientific review of the wants and tendencies of our moral nature, and of the Christian provisions for them, may exert a most important influence on our entire civilisation. In this issue Philosophy and Christianity shall alike rejoice ; Philosophy, because she sees one of her branches which has always been dwarfed and abortive engrafted upon a more vigorous stock, “ to partake its root and fatness : ” and Christianity, because she has appropriated to herself a long alienated province of human knowledge, and has enriched it with her abundance. Thus, too, the crown shall be put on our apologetic literature. The felt and demonstrated might of Christianity to transform the world will be her best defence. In her adaptation to man’s deepest and truest nature, when the superincumbent mass of depravity is cleared away, she will appear to be, indeed, “ as old as the creation,” and to be to human history what the Nile is to Egypt, rising in mysterious sources above it, running through its entire length, and while holding on her own heaven-descended course to a wider ocean, sending off innumerable streams through all the inlets of private and public life, to give impulse and advancement to all that contributes to the perfection of society.

- ART. II.—1. *Raccolta degli Scritti Politici di Massimo D'Azeglio, con aggiunte e note.* Pp. 558. Torino, 1850.
2. *Lo Stato Romano dall' Anno 1815 all' Anno 1850.* Per LUIGI CARLO FARINI. Tomi i. e ii. Pp. 806. Torino, 1850.
3. *Scritti Politici di Giuseppe Mazzini.* Firenze, 1848-9.
4. *Delle Cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa: Trattato dedicato al Clero Cattolico, di Antonio Rosmini.* Pp. 223. Perugia, 1849,
5. *Giornale di Roma.* Anni 1849-1850.

WE might fill pages with the names of books and pamphlets which the press of Italy has been pouring out for the last three years on the fruitful subject of Italian Reform. Politics have formed the great and engrossing subject of popular attraction, while the political revolution which has swept over Italy, from Susa to Trapani, has not left untouched her religion and her church. Even supposing that things should settle down again into the old *status quo*, the Peninsula has at least been ventilated. Abuses have been brought into the light of day that men might look on them, reforms have been effected, constitutions have been granted, the war of independence has been waged, the temporal power of the Head of the Catholic Church has been overturned, the flags of two Republics have waved on the Capitol, and Rome has been nearly eighteen months without a Pope. During this exciting period of political reform and political reaction, when constitutions have been made and unmade, and hopes and fears have alternated, not only the principles of state policy, but great religious questions have been discussed with a boldness and freedom unknown for three centuries in Italy. It must be admitted that the Italian press, during the short period when it was truly free, exceeded all ordinary bounds of liberty, and when the pent-up waters broke forth, they threatened to sweep away more than despotism and superstition. In the first rapture of its emancipation, wondering to find itself free, the press rushed at once into all the great questions which had been so suddenly brought down from the palace to the piazza, and truly made wild work of it for a time. The people were the new masters to be served and flattered, and served and flattered they were, as if the "divinity that hedged a king," according to the old theory, had passed at once to the many-headed sovereign.

"Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri,"

the daily press, especially during the heat of the war of indepen-

dence, indulged in outrageous attacks on persons and parties, and trumped up its false reports for crowds of eager and excited politicians, on the principle of the Spanish proverb, that "if a lie should only last an hour, still it is worth the telling." But all Italy was then in a fever, and it is obviously unfair to apply the rules which guide the staid and sober journalism of constitutional countries, to a people—above all an Italian people—in the very heat of their struggle against that oppression which proverbially maketh even wise men mad. Advantage has been taken of such abuses, but notwithstanding, the return to absolutism cannot undo all that has been done so as to leave no trace of the Revolution behind. The principles long before at work beneath the surface of Italian society, have been brought out into an open trial of their strength. Instead of Carbonari conspiracies, fermenting secretly and breaking out at different times and places, in such partial insurrections as those of Naples in 1820, and of Central Italy in 1831, there has been a great national struggle. The absolute, the constitutional, the democratic, have each made proof of their power. The liberal education of the people, or the teaching of the priests and the Jesuits; commerce free from its restrictions, or limited by the exclusive and protective laws of the Dogana; the freedom of the subject, or the espionage of the police; the liberty of the press, or the censorship of the government and the clergy; religious toleration, or the Dominican inquisition; the equality of all in the face of the law, or the clerical immunities of the middle ages; the empire of established laws, or the absolute authority of the sovereign; all these have been brought into contrast and conflict, and if the Sanfedists have prevailed, at least all is not lost. From the more enlightened northern provinces down to the remote Calabria, where

"Non giunge peregrin se non smarrito,"

ideas have made their way. Even Naples cannot forget the 29th of January and the 15th of May, the constitution given to the crowded Toledo, and the massacre by which it was nullified. The press of Tuscany has sustained, in spite of fines and suspensions, a firm opposition to the reaction that has swept away the constitution to which her rulers were sworn. Rome has made bitter proof of her idolized Pope, and learned the full value of a *Papa-Rè*. The Austrian provinces have taught their imperial mistress that to retain her hold on Italy she needs something more than the terrors of her *carcere duro*; a nation cannot be sent to Spielberg. If the Revolution had done nothing more, it has at least left Piedmont "practising and prospering" under a constitutional regime, and maintaining her place as a model state

to the rest of the Peninsula. The melancholy fate of Charles Albert has stamped a solemnity on the institutions which he established in Sardinia; hallowed as she deems it by the martyrdom of a king, her constitution has become a sacred thing, and in the midst of the reaction she has preserved it intact. Because of this isolated and altogether creditable position, she has drawn on herself the enmity of the other powers of Italy, but she has persevered and made progress in the way of reform. Imitating the example of the Emperor Joseph in Austria, and the great Leopold in Tuscany, the Sardinian Parliament abolished the old clerical immunities, and in maintenance of the Siccardi laws, has waged a war of state-papers against the Court of Rome, and a more matter-of-fact war against the refractory clergy of Piedmont. Hence Roman affairs are canvassed freely in Sardinia, and books are printed with the highest marks of approbation which a few years ago would have roused the whole police force of the Peninsula against their unfortunate authors. When Massimo D'Azeglio wrote his political tract *Degli Ultimi casi di Romagna*, after the movements of Rimini, towards the close of the reign of Gregory XVI., not a printer in Italy dared to print it openly. The printers concealed themselves under the comprehensive date "Italia, 1846," on the title-page, and the book was sold mysteriously in back-shops, and carefully guarded from the watchful eyes of the authorities. It was printed also at Lugano and other places, and smuggled into Italy with all the prestige of a prohibited work. The author who manfully published the treatise with his name on the title-page, citing the example of Niccolini and Count Balbo, was as a matter of course banished from Rome, and sent out of Tuscany, though he had spoken in high terms of the liberality of the Grand-Duke Leopold. Niccolini had poured the tide of his indignation against the abuses of the Church into the drama of "Arnaldo da Brescia," but though the subject was an old story of the twelfth century, the fine drama was received and treated as a political pamphlet of dangerous tendency. The sentiments of a Church reformer of the present day had been put into the mouth of the heresiarch of Brescia. The gentle author of the "Hopes of Italy" had kindled in the breasts of others a fire more intense perhaps than his own; liberalism was willing to shelter itself under the name of Cesare Balbo. D'Azeglio's spirited and faithful exposure of the intolerable evils of the Papal Government marks the opening of an era of reform. Few in Italy had dared to hold so bold a language to the head of the Catholic Church. The liberals who had not been prudent enough to "hold their peace," were either in prison or in exile. Rosmini's "*Cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa*," was lying in manuscript in his desk. Mazzini

was writing nameless articles in London Reviews. It was but lately that the catastrophe of the Bandiera had revealed to the world that in the heart of London an Italian exile was plotting for the independence of his country. Gioberti was elaborating intolerably prosing books at Brussels, determined to crush with ponderous octavos a society which had outlived the wit of Pascal, and the briefs of Ganganelli. The gentle Silvio Pellico, who had penned in better days the touching story of his imprisonments, was drawing close to the Jesuits, whom his brother Francesco was defending against the banished Court-chaplain of Turin; his former admirers shook their heads with a melancholy meaning, and said, "Better he had died in Spielberg!" Guerrazzi was sorely troubled by the Tuscan police in reference to a certain inflammatory romance on the siege of Florence which it was supposed must have been written by that worthy lawyer. Mamiani was in exile, and Galletti a prisoner in the fortress of St. Angelo. By the exercise of an iron discipline "order reigned" at Rome. Cardinal Gizzi was conducting himself quietly and reputably on the whole in his Legation of Forli, and winning, if not golden opinions, at least handsome compliments from the Liberals. The Bishop of Imola was reforming hospitals, directing Sisters of Charity, repairing the tomb of St. Cassian, and decorating the chapel of our Lady of Sorrows in the Church of the Servites; nobody out of Italy had heard the name of the good Bishop, or knew anything about the pastoral labours of the Cardinal Mastai Ferretti. Gregory did not much trouble himself with such spiritual duties. Indulging in still deeper draughts of his favourite Burgundy, he gave the management of state affairs to the haughty Lambruschini, who reigned without a rival, and guided with a remorseless policy the States of the Church.

The Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio, the writer of the daring review of the movement of Rimini, and of the intolerable misgovernment which had provoked it, was already known as an author of historical romances, and in that respect as no mean disciple in the school of his father-in-law, Manzoni. He was known also as an artist at Rome, distinguished for his pencil as he had been for his pen. His first essay as a politician was a telling one. Dignified and moderate; eloquent, but never rising into the empty declamation in which the Italian liberal party have been too apt to indulge; unsparing in the remorseless logic with which his argument went at once to the root of the abuses which he deplored while he exposed; denouncing all secret conspiracies and hasty insurrections, but exhorting all to speak the truth fearlessly and openly, and to protest before the world against iniquity established by law;—such a treatise was just what was needed, and the exile of the writer and prohibition of

the book established its reputation. It was the first of that admirable series of political tracts which D'Azeglio published during the progress of the Revolution, and which built up the reputation that made him prime minister of Sardinia. At one time recording the movements in Lombardy, at another pleading for the emancipation of the sorely oppressed Israelites of Turin and Rome; now fighting with Charles Albert at Peschiera and Vicenza, and then, while the wounds received on the field were slowly healing, writing a pamphlet against Mazzini and his insurrectionary theories; holding firm, notwithstanding his feats as a volunteer-colonel in the national army, to the idea of a peaceful constitutional reform; and defending that great principle at one time against Young Italy, and at another against Gioberti, when the fame of both was at its height, and all moderation was at a discount;—D'Azeglio has carried his political principles through good report and bad, and is now working them out in the only liberal and constitutional government which the Italian Revolution has left behind. These scattered writings well deserve to be preserved in the handsome volume into which they have now been collected.

Farini's book, of which two volumes have been published, is, notwithstanding some thoroughly Italian peculiarities, an ably-written history of the Roman States from the return of Pius VII. and the Restoration of 1815, till the present day. These very interesting volumes offer a wide range of subjects, dealing closely with both the history and the politics of the revolution. Following in the steps of Cesare Balbo, whose book, "*Sulle Speranze di Italia*," led the way, they represent opinions wholly different from those of Mazzini and his followers. In Farini we have constitutional government opposed to "the Italian Republic, one and indivisible."

Gioberti was a priest and a philosopher, better qualified to teach a school at Brussels than to govern a kingdom. His short-lived ministry at Turin did not raise his reputation, while the doings of the "Red Triumvirate," and the return of Pius IX., have not been favourable to the bright hope which he held out of regenerating Italy by a liberal Papacy. We suspect the torch that shall enlighten her is not to be kindled on the Vatican.

Rosmini, one of the highest names in the priesthood of modern Italy, might be classed along with Gioberti, but *his* reforms would have probed still more deeply "the wounds" of the bleeding Church; they were more purely ecclesiastical than those of his rival of Turin. But we cannot now enter at length into the subject of Rosmini's singular treatise. *His* remedy has not been once attempted. Political reform there was in the earlier days of Pius IX., and it would be unfair to blot out the

memory of Cardinal Gizzi and Count Rossi because of the edicts of Antonelli; but the forms of the Church were stereotyped and remained untouched. The tendency was even to conciliate, by new institutions which did not affect religion, the minds and hearts of the people whom another policy might have alienated, and to maintain in all its unchanging dogmas and all its lordship over the conscience,—the old system of the Popes. And is Italy ever to be regenerated by the liberal Papacy of Gioberti's magnificent vision? We fear the hand on the dial is rather moving backwards. Is the Papacy ever likely to become the pure, the holy, the spiritual, the all-powerful organization that Rosmini would have it? We think not. If the Church should be brought back to the standard of the days of Cyprian and Origen, or even of the first Gregories, the reform is not likely to pause there without mounting to a higher and purer model; and, at any rate, in either case it would be no longer the same Church that has exhibited itself to the world since the Council of Trent sent its immutable decrees from the old city of the Tyrol over Catholic Christendom. Well did the sacred congregation know this when the name of Rosmini was enrolled in the Expurgatory Index with Gioberti and Ventura. His treatise, eloquent in its descriptions of a holy ministry, and enriched with patristic learning, was thoroughly Guelphic, and however it might be tolerated in the first days of Pius, it was altogether unsuitable to a policy of approximation to Austria. We can imagine a spiritual mind fascinated with some of Rosmini's splendid pictures of a sanctified apostolate with no aim but that of educating souls for Christ—a hierarchy encumbered with no secular power, and with none of the wealth of this world, organized under an earthly head, unconnected with states and their honours, but in their spiritual sphere independent of all, and uncontrolled in their spiritual administration by the princes and governments of earth. But we marvel how any man can stop short in his advancing path where Rosmini has stopped, closing his eyes to great and fundamental errors which even his reforms do not reach. The mediæval spell is strong upon him, and yet we would gladly take that remarkable treatise, coming from such a man as Rosmini, as the sign of a yearning in the Church itself for something better and holier than the world has seen in Rome since the donation of Pepin and Charlemagne.*

* It would occupy too much time to enter further into the subject of Rosmini Serbati's treatise on "the Five Wounds of the Holy Church," though it well deserves a more extended notice. It has been often reprinted, and in that respect is indebted also to the prohibition of the Index, but we know not if it has been translated except (we believe) into German. His disciples have been more noisy than their master, and yet the frothy declamations of such men as the Padre Ventura are but a caricature of the profounder sentiments of Rosmini.

THE REFORM OF THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT. The history of the Roman States from the charter of Consalvi to the last edicts of Antonelli, shews what meaning there is in that formula. It seems that there is either some incurable evil in the very constitution of the Papacy that never can be healed without destroying the whole system; or some "strong delusion" is blinding the eyes of the princes of the Church. "Shame!" Cardinal Bernetti is reported to have said, when the policy of Pius IX. seemed tending to liberalize the Papacy, and make it endurable to the subjects of the Pontifical States—"Shame! to destroy the old edifice of centuries by a single stroke!" "In these days the old monuments have need of new foundations," was the reply of the Pontiff. The reply was chronicled as one of profound wisdom and of wide liberality, and, in truth, it was a well-turned sentence. But there is more wisdom in that saying of a wiser than earthly law-givers,—“No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved.” The new doctrines of a reforming age are incompatible with the old institutions of the Papacy: they must stand as they are—to touch them is to destroy them. The attempted reforms of the Papacy since 1815 have been merely a struggle for existence. The old institution has yielded reluctantly for a moment to a pressure that it could not withstand, and as soon as that pressure was removed it has recovered its original form. Pius VII. and his great state secretary, the Cardinal Consalvi, were willing to yield as far as a “Papa-Rè” could yield to the altered circumstances of the age, but the clergy in general had returned with the old spirit unchanged. They had traversed a revolution, and learned nothing—forgot nothing. *Portæ inferni non prævalebunt contra eam* became a formula for the maintenance of every power that the Papacy had usurped through centuries of enormous wickedness. Pius VII. had returned to his dominions with the prestige of a martyr; the Guelphic spirit had been roused by the outrages of Napoleon, and the sufferings of the aged pontiff had endeared him to the Roman people. The protest against that arrangement of the Treaty of Vienna, which gave to Austria the garrisons of Ferrara and Comacchio, came from the Court of Rome, but notwithstanding the protest of Consalvi, Austria retained her obnoxious garrisons, the cause of altercations at a later day. But in home-administration, confined within the limits of an infallible and unchanging system, and counteracted at every step by the retrograde clergy, who rose with the same idea as when they

fell, what could even Consalvi do? The narrow charter of 1816 was the utmost limit to which his reforms could go—and even *that* lay a dead letter on the statute-book. It was under this comparatively mild administration that the Carbonari and Sanfedist elements developed themselves into those two irreconcilable parties which have since distracted the Papal States.

“Another king arose who knew not Joseph.” We must glance at the landmarks of reform and reaction in the history of the Papal Government. Leo XII. swept away the remnant of the French improvements, and undid all that had been done by Consalvi. No sooner had the tiara been placed upon his head than the infirm old man woke up into activity. His very name was ominous—the last Leo was a Medici. Every inch a priest, Della Genga renewed the vigour of the Curia Romana, confirmed the clerical immunities and jurisdictions, and, by the Bull *Quod Divina Sapientia*, put the education of the Roman States completely under the control of the clergy. He took from the Jews the right of property, compelling them to sell, within a given time, what they had acquired, restored the former barbarous laws, and shut them up in their Ghetto. Many of the richer Jews fled to Tuscany, Lombardy, or Venice, to escape the intolerable oppression of Rome. In Romagna the Carbonari party was increasing, and frequent political assassinations took place. It became the duty of the Pope to put down these radicals in his dominions; and we cannot omit giving a brief narrative to shew “how they manage these matters at Rome.” The Cardinal Rivarola, already distinguished for his priestly zeal, was sent as legate to Ravenna. By means of spies and informers, and secret accusations, he had soon a goodly number to pronounce sentence upon—nobles, proprietors, merchants, doctors, advocates, and artisans; and, to make short work, on the 31st of August 1825 he condemned 508 individuals, some to imprisonment or forced labour for life, some for twenty, fifteen, ten, or five years; two to perpetual exile, and seven to death. The latter sentence was commuted to that of perpetual imprisonment. Thus more than a hundred were disposed of; the remaining 386 were *put under discipline*, both civil and ecclesiastical. They were forbidden to leave their native city or province, or to be out of their houses after a certain hour of the night, and ordered to compare before the Inspector of Police once a fortnight, to confess once a month, and to carry the priest’s certificate of the same to the police; and also to perform the spiritual exercises for three days each year in a convent chosen by the bishop. In case of disobedience, they were sentenced to three years of public labour. *There was no public trial, and no permission of defence against the accusation*, even when it was a mere private informa-

tion, and the accuser unknown to the party criminated. To make this paternal *discipline* more efficacious, the pious cardinal sent round missionary friars to preach repentance and amendment of life on the highways and the market-places. It is not wonderful that in such a country as Italy an attempt should have been made on the life of the worthy Rivarola after such measures as these. The attempt furnished occasion for sending a special commission, with a prelate at its head, into the disturbed Romagna; and soon, by means of spies, private informers, and secret accusations, against which there was no permission of defence, the prisons were so full that old convents were fitted up to receive the numbers that were condemned. Seven Carbonari were hanged in the Piazza of Ravenna, and their bodies left for a whole day on the gibbets. But the Papal government had become so odious in Romagna, that the moral sense of the people could recognise no crime in conspiring against it.

In 1830, the French Revolution of July, and the new principles inaugurated in that country, nourished the hopes of the Italian liberals. As usual there was a medley of opinions and plans, and the only point on which all were agreed was a determination to overturn the temporal government of the priests. The creed of the mass of conspirators was that of Jean Jacques and Voltaire. Pius VIII., who had succeeded Della Genga in 1829, died on the 30th of November 1830, after a brief reign of twenty months. During the Conclave, the conspiracy of the legations had extended to Rome; and the two Bonapartes, sons of the ex-king of Holland, were among the number who proposed, by a sudden tumult, to seize the castle of St. Angelo, and make themselves masters of the city. A scuffle with the soldiers in the Piazza Colonna was the insignificant result of the conspiracy, and the conspirators were arrested, exiled, or scattered in flight. The hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne has been singularly unfortunate in insurrections. The Conclave hastened to close its proceedings; and on the 2d February 1831, the Cardinal Mauro Cappellari, General of the Carmelite Order, was elected, and assumed the name of Gregory XVI. The discontent of the provinces broke out into open revolution. In two days Bologna was in revolt, and Romagna, Ferrara, and Umbria in a ferment. The revolting provinces expelled the delegates of the Pope, declared against his temporal power, and formed a provisional government. At the same time Modena and Parma rose against their rulers. It is strange that in the former state the hopes of the Liberals, until the apprehension of Menotti, should have been placed in a prince of the House of Este; but the subjects of the Duke were now undeceived. In the latter state, Maria Louisa, living in that unblushing profligacy which disgraced the name of Napoleon's widow, had become contemptible. This insurrec-

tion of central Italy was soon quelled; and in the Roman States it is characteristic of the policy of the Popes that the general amnesty which had been guaranteed by Cardinal Benvenuti, who had been sent with full powers into the rebellious provinces, was denied at Rome, and Benvenuti recalled. From this time the Memorandum presented by the representatives of the Great Powers on the 10th of May 1831 to Cardinal Bernetti is the standard by which the Papal Government is to be judged. The admission of laymen to administrative and judicial employments—a return in the administration of justice to the principles of the *Proprio-Motu* of 1816, the Charter of Consalvi—a general system of municipal councils elected by the people—organization of provincial councils—a Supreme Court of Finance in the capital—and a Council of State;—such were the general principles of the Memorandum. Great was the indignation of the Papal subjects when the *Proprio-Motu* of the 5th July appeared. The whole case forms a perfect parallel to the letter to Edgard Ney and the *Proprio-Motu* of Portici. *Not one* of the recommendations of the Memorandum of May was carried out; the principle of popular election as the basis of the communal and provincial councils was entirely set aside; and the proposed formation of a Council of State composed of laymen, co-ordinate with the Sacred College, was utterly rejected. The criminal code of Gregory was in its very letter iniquitous. In cases of sedition or conspiracy, the accused—who might be entirely innocent of the charge made against him—was allowed to employ no counsel except such as was approved by the Tribunal, and any confronting of the witnesses with the accused was absolutely prohibited. The trial was secret; the names of witnesses and informers were secret; the counsel for the defence dare not reveal them to his client: no bail was allowed, and an innocent person imprisoned on suspicion might be years in prison without remedy—nay, might be six or seven years in prison without being even brought to a trial; and when tried, his only advocate was chosen by his judges or his accusers. In secret the informers gave their evidence, which the criminated had no means of disproving; in secret the process proceeded, like a deed of darkness; and the unfortunate prisoner, subjected to the moral and even physical torture of these political inquisitions, had scarcely the shadow of a hope. The same party acted as accuser, jury, and judge. We might well dwell on these matters, but our space will not permit us to describe the Roman tribunals, and the whole system of Papal administration in the capital and in the provinces. The cardinal legates and the prelates in the delegations exercised their ingenuity in inventing new modes of punishment; and in some quarters, especially in the happy region of the Marches, the transgressor who had spoken profanely thought himself fortunate if he got off

without a bridle and a bit in his mouth. We must content ourselves with referring to the second volume of Mr. Whiteside's excellent work, "Italy in the Nineteenth Century," for an account of the state of Roman law in the reign of Gregory XVI. He has done good service by translating a part of D'Azeglio's Essay, under the head of "Revelations of Rome." Farini gives a more detailed account of the tribunals, civil, criminal, and sacred. To uphold this iniquitous system two Swiss regiments were taken into the pay of the Government, and advanced above the native troops. Some of these privileged mercenaries, to the scandal of the faithful, were Protestants; but the Pontiff had no scruple in employing the arm of flesh, even though heretical, against his Catholic subjects of Romagna. A kind of secret militia was organized in the Marches; and if the accounts of almost every liberal Italian writer be true, the Papal "volunteers" were recruited from the galleys, and from a scum of banditti, privileged to carry arms and exempted from taxes because of their zeal as spies and informers. In addition to these the Government had the police and the native troops, and, in case of need, Austria was ever ready to crush any formidable attempt at insurrection.

In the same year of Gregory's elevation to the Papal Chair, Charles Albert of Carignano ascended the throne of Sardinia. A young Genoese, Joseph Mazzini, wrote and published an address to the new king, exhorting him to draw the sword for Italy, to chase the stranger from her borders, and regenerate his country. The new monarch had been once the hope of the Carbonari. Again he had been execrated as a *traditore*; but there was none of whom Italy hoped more, or feared more, than Charles Albert of Savoy. Mazzini depicted the two opposite systems of policy typified by France and Austria. Gradual reforms in laws and administration were no longer practicable; the privileged classes lived by abuses; a popularizing of the Constitution would offend the aristocracy; the enslaved Italians, the Helots of Europe, must be made free at a stroke. Italy would rise as France had risen, and divided no more, but *One*, from the Alps to the sea; would maintain her independence of Austria; not by treaties, nor by foreign bayonets, but by her own power. Full of hope in the French Revolution of 1830, the enthusiastic Genoese proceeds,—

"The Perier ministry, Sire, has formed a covenant with infamy and not with eternity. But the French nation has not signed that covenant; the French nation has sealed with its own blood the alliance of the people. God created in six days the physical universe; France, in three days, has created the moral universe. Like God she has reposed and reposes, for that great action exhausts for a time her strength; but think you that the lion is dead because you do not hear

his roar? Wait a month and you will hear it;—wait a year, and associations, which now pass unobserved, shall have produced the great national federation; the popular associations which now proceed silently shall have formed the *Mountain* of the nineteenth century; France shall have had her 10th of August. The French Revolution, Sire, is but begun."

After this prophecy, and a description of enslaved Italy, he goes on,—

"Rise, then, and like God bring forth a world from this chaos. Unite the scattered members, and say, 'It is all mine, and it is happy;' and thou wilt be great like God the Creator; and twenty millions of men will cry aloud, 'God is in heaven, and Charles Albert on the earth!'"*

The writer of this profane rhapsody was of course banished from Piedmont. He took refuge in Marseilles, and founded there the literary and political association to which he gave the name of "Young Italy." He published also a journal, "*La Giovane Italia*," to advocate his principles. The aim was to unite and organize the Carbonari or Radical party, and prepare them for the conquest of Italy. But even France, with her charter and her "Napoleon of peace," was not found safe, and the exile was compelled to seek another asylum. He established himself in Switzerland, and by his writings gave an impulse to "Young Switzerland;" but even there the hunted liberal found no rest; and compelled to remove once more, he made his way to England, and for a time remained buried in obscurity in the great world of London. The paper which he edited in London, "*L'Apostolato Popolare*," reached but twelve Numbers, and sunk for want of funds. One fact we cannot pass over. It was owing to his exertions that a school was opened for the poor Italian boys, who are to be found in such numbers in London. These little vagrants from Lucca and Parma and Upper Italy, who gain their slender livelihood by playing little organs on the streets, or selling images and plaster-casts, or exhibiting monkeys and white mice, owe it to the future triumvir that they had in England the means of obtaining an education, which it is almost certain they never should have obtained in their own country. The paper which was sinking unsupported in London attracted at a distance the brave but unfortunate Bandiera; and the fact that in that sad affair the British Government condescended to the lowest tricks of Continental espionage, made the name of Mazzini familiar in all England. The rash attempt, of which the Bandiera paid the forfeit with their lives, was an example not to be lightly followed. "*Il martirio si venera, ma non si predica*," says Mazzini. Martyrdom is venerated, but not preached.

* *Prose di Giuseppe Mazzini*, pp. 20-29.

But Italian Liberalism was not represented by "Young Italy" alone. Mamiani and many other exiles, and many in the country, held more moderate opinions than Mazzini. The great ideas of Count Balbo's book, which we have before alluded to, were independence—peaceful reform—and an Italian league, in which Charles Albert should be the leader. Almost at the same time (in 1843) Vincenzo Gioberti, an exiled Court-chaplain of Turin, published his *Primato*. Gioberti had given offence to the Jesuits and their partizans, and had been banished accordingly. The starting-point of the *Primato* was the inalienable intellectual and moral pre-eminence of the Italians. Italy had the true Church, and all the *elements* of national greatness and national regeneration in herself, and hers was the primacy over the nations of the earth. The concord of princes and people—a reform of civil institutions granted by the sovereigns—a jealous preservation of the Catholic religion, as the greatest treasure of Italy, and her great instrument of supremacy and primacy over the human race—a reforming Vatican blessing and sanctifying the cause of freedom—and an Italian Federation, of which the Roman Pontiff should be the head: these were Gioberti's principles of reform. The theory of the *Primato* was a stupendous clap-trap; there was something more feasible—prophetical, as Italians afterwards thought—in its programme of reform. But Gioberti spiced his theories in another way. That Italy had not kept her place as Queen and Lady of the nations, was but too evident, though it did not harmonize exactly with the theory; other countries were leaving her far behind in the career of civilisation; there was a screw loose somewhere. The *Prolegomeni del Primato* gave the solution, at least *his* solution. The Jesuits had done it. They were the great hindrance to the progress of Italy—her glorious days were before the time of Ignatius Loyola—her "men of might" had lived and died before Lainez and Acquaviva. The revivers of European learning were Italians; the arts seemed to have made their home in Italy from Cimabue and Giotto to Raphael and Michael Angelo; her commerce flourished, her merchants were princes, and her cities unrivalled in their magnificence. The Jesuits came and saw, and there was no more conquest. Arts, learning, philosophy, and commerce all declined. What has the Society of Jesus done for Italy during the three centuries of their existence? These enemies of all order and of all progress must be suppressed, and the great hindrance removed out of the way of Italian supremacy. These fine fancies of pre-eminence in all that is intellectual and religious, so flattering to national vanity, feathered the arrow which had been shot at the heart of the great Society. There was a stir in the Jesuit camp: France was determined to carry out the law of the State against them, Thiers had be-

come their accuser, and Pellegrino Rossi, the exile of Bologna of 1815, had been sent to Rome to treat with the Pope for the suppression of the Order. There were rumours of a similar treatment awaiting them in Switzerland, but as yet in Italy the field was their own. *There* they ruled despotically, kept the consciences of kings, and made thought itself a crime against the law, "in majorem Dei gloriam."

Both Mazzini and Gioberti agreed in the darling idea of chasing the Austrian from the sacred soil of the Peninsula. Gioberti's hopes of carrying out the principles of his *Primato* lay in a new Pope—"the coming man," who was to regenerate Italy. Charles Albert was naturally enough softening down towards the theories of Balbo, and ere long the writings of his banished chaplain were allowed to circulate freely in his dominions. The unfortunate issue of the attempt made by the two Bandiera and their companions had not been favourable to the hopes of insurrection, but Mazzini was waiting for the waking up of his old lion: he had not lost his faith in "the mountain of the nineteenth century." The ephemeral insurrection of Rimini, in 1845, provoked by the severities of Cardinal Massimo, Legate at Ravenna, was crushed by a military commission, but the manifesto issued by the insurgents had acquired an importance perhaps beyond their own expectations; and though it was the document of a faction headed by a not very reputable leader, it stated with admirable precision the reforms which were needed in the administration of the Roman States.

On the morning of the 1st of June 1846 the news of a solemn event ran through Rome. After the antiquated ceremonies observed by the Cardinal Chamberlain on the death of a Pope, the great bell of the Capitol tolled the death-knell, and the bells of Rome, answering from three hundred churches, conveyed the tidings that the last of the Gregories had gone to his account. Alas for human nature that it should be so, but that death-knell from the Capitol was a pleasant sound in Rome!

The almost unexampled haste with which a successor was chosen by the Conclave shewed the sense entertained by the princes of the Church of the importance of the crisis. Ganganelli's election had lasted nearly three months, and Lamberini's six. If anything can be judged of the mysterious proceedings of a Roman conclave, the chances were in favour of Lambruschini. When the crowd of idlers watching intensely on the piazza of the Quirinal for the smoke of the burning papers, which shewed that no decisive vote had been come to, did not observe the usual *fumata* on the second evening of the Conclave, the rumour spread that a new Pope had been elected, and at the same time the impression got abroad that the choice had fallen on Cardinal Gizzi. It was even a surprise, and in some degree a

disappointment, when the Cardinal-Vicar, on the morning of the 17th of June, proclaimed from the great window of the Quirinal, in the words of the ancient formula,—*Annuncio vobis gaudium magnum. Papam habemus emeritissimum ac reverendissimum Johannem-Mariam Mastai-Ferretti, S.B.E., Presbiterum Cardinalem, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pius IX.*

We can now judge with more accuracy of the reforms of Pius IX. up till the granting of the *Fundamental Statute*, in the March of 1848, than it was possible to do in the hey-day of his popularity. The exile of Gaeta and Portici has explained the history of the Reformer of Rome. His first act, the amnesty published a month after his election, affected nearly 3000 persons, imprisoned, proscribed, or banished by his predecessors, and stopped at once all pending political processes. The sole condition of the amnesty was a solemn written engagement on the part of the pardoned not to abuse in any way in future the clemency of the sovereign, and to fulfil the duties of good citizens. These were called damaging conditions; but we must be just and say, that the amnesty was as large and liberal as any sovereign who cared for the peace of his States could grant. The men who disapproved of these conditions should not have accepted the act of pardon. It is true, pardon implies offence or crime, and many, such as Mamiani, Canuti, and Pepoli, refused to subscribe a formula which implied a confession of criminality; but in three thousand cases it was impossible to specify grades of offence, or to distinguish by a trial the guilty from the innocent. The most part rapturously accepted the conditions; and on these terms Armandi returned from exile, and Galletti issued from his prison of St. Angelo. Many returned without subscribing the formula at all. History presents no example of an act of pardon received with more rapturous applause than that first amnesty of Pius IX. His next attempts at reform exhibit the Pope and his State Secretary, Cardinal Gizzi, moving between two irreconcilable parties, seeking to offend neither, and yet offending both by perpetual irresolution. Hence the organizing of Boards to propose plans of education and of financial reform, and the long delays, which increased the demands of the one party and the fears of the other. During these delays the expectant people, with unbounded faith in Pius IX., laid all the blame on the old Gregorian party, and especially on the Jesuit Fathers, who were known to be unfavourable to any reform. That the Pontiff sincerely desired municipal and financial reform, and a more just and gentle administration of the law, may at once be granted; but the desires of his people were the equality of all in respect to the laws of the State, the abolition of the exceptional jurisdiction and immunities of the clergy, and the admission of the laity to Government-offices and honours. These innovations were not certainly in his pro-

gramme of reform. On the anniversary of his election, June 16th, 1847, he had granted the amnesty, issued the narrow edict of the 12th of March regulating the censorship of the press, and granted a Consulta of State, with very limited powers, by the edict of the 14th of April. The political censorship, the religious censorship, and the Expurgatory Index still remained. But these reforms, narrow as they were, were a mighty boon in Rome, and the Pontiff had become the idol of the whole Peninsula. Pleased with the ovations of his people, and vain of that rapturous applause which had seldom greeted the march of a Pope before; without firmness of character, and perpetually irresolute; endowed with only mediocre talents, and slow in coming to a decision; timid and superstitious even when desirous to play the man, Pius IX. permitted the agitation of his States to increase till he was unable to control it, and appeared as the head and patron of a movement which in his inmost heart he dreaded. He prohibited popular meetings by an edict, and yet permitted the populace to assemble in defiance of the edict; allowing the odium to fall on his minister, and lowering the authority of his Government to uphold his own personal reputation. Against the advice of his first and ablest minister he organized a civic guard, put arms into the hands of his subjects, and was henceforth at their mercy. Concessions followed agitation; the Roman municipality was organized by the *Proprio-Motu* of the 2d October; and the Consulta of State by another *Proprio-Motu* of the same month—a council of lay deputies from the provinces under the presidency of Cardinal Antonelli. It was only on the 30th of December 1847 that the possibility of admitting laymen into the council of ministers was conceded; and later still, that a layman was chosen as Minister of War. The other Italian States were leaving Rome far behind in the course which she had been the first to enter. On the 29th of January 1848 a constitution was granted at Naples, that quarter of the peninsula where least had been expected; a fortnight after Turin was keeping festa for a constitution in Piedmont; Tuscany followed speedily with a boon as liberal. It was only on the 14th of March that the *Fundamental Statute* for the temporal government of the States of the Holy Church was decreed at Rome, and then it was given amid the crash of falling thrones and the outbreak of revolutionary Europe. Such were the difficulties of the Papal Government in those days, that the ministry was obliged to provide for its popularity by recruiting its forces from the prisoners of St. Angelo.

Never, we believe, while the temporal Government of the Pope endures, shall a larger or more liberal measure than the Statute of the 14th of March issue from the Quirinal. Yet with all the appearance of a Constitution it evaded the reality. The

College of Cardinals remained unchanged and gave in secret Consistory the final decision on every law passed by the Parliament before it received the sanction or disapproval of the Pope. Besides, the two chambers had no power to decide in *mixed* affairs, nor even to discuss them, and no power to decide in any case in opposition to the Canons. Thus, in the most important matters that can come before the Papal Court, there was no possibility of change. Pius IX. said truly that all he could do he had done, and that to preserve intact for his successors the trust that had been committed to him, he could concede no more. Rome has stamped infallibility on her canons, and cannot change without self-destruction. That lofty assumption, in an age of progressive civilisation, works in the Papal Constitution as an element of death. In other days it was the strength of the Papacy. In the nineteenth century it is the fatal disease that is hastening its dissolution. In any case of collision between the two powers which meet in the person of the *Papa-Rè*, how could he sanction as a sovereign what he must condemn as infallible Head of the Church? The Jesuit censors of the "too gentle Pius" say truly enough of that Statute, limited though it was, that to carry out such a system of civil government, *and yet continue to act in favour of the Church*, he would need to keep a palace at Gaeta in perpetuity, whither he might retire on an average twice every year, and receive consolation from most pious, most Catholic, and most devoted Ferdinand of Naples.

During the progress of the reforms the Company of Jesus had become the object of popular agitation. Gioberti's Prolegomeni had been a heavy blow to the great Society: Italy had sunk, and *they* were the cause. There was some difficulty in former times of accepting the conclusion that Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands, notwithstanding the good old English authority for the same; but in the case of the Jesuits, Gioberti's *post hoc ergo propter hoc* harmonized so well with the popular feeling on the subject, that it would have been needless waste of labour to have tried the soundness of the syllogism. The Society was put on the defensive. Fathers Pellico and Curci took up the gauntlet which had been thrown down by the philosopher of Turin, pamphleteers of lesser name mingled in the strife, both *pro* and *con*, and as in the days of Pascal and the Provincials the changes were rung again on Bauny and Escobar. Francesco Pellico exhibited much of the mild spirit of the prisoner of Spielberg, but Father Curci, in his numerous writings, exhausted the vocabulary of abuse. The Della Cruscan Academy had not words enough to body forth his wrath against "the outcast from the sanctuary" who had dared to assail his order. In truth the

banished *Abbate* was assailing one of the firmest supports of the Church which he himself so devotedly upheld—the order which had gone forth, with its learning and its restless energy, to counteract the Protestantism of Europe, and maintain the falling cause of Rome against a revolting world. The Jesuits may be unable to answer the long indictment which truth and honesty and religion have brought against them, and yet be able to answer any devoted champion of the infallible Church which has sent them forth. Gioberti's reply was in five dense octavo volumes; there might possibly have been a sixth volume, but human nature could endure no more. Father Curci's thin octavo had been entitled "Facts and Arguments in reply to the many words of Vincent Gioberti:" the man of "many words" was on the field again with that stupendous specimen of prolix argument,—"*Il Gesuita Moderno*." The fame of Gioberti was established as the advocate of reform against its great enemy, "the modern Jesuit." To meet the popular champion on his chosen field was no pleasant task, but Father Curci was still tilting with his little lance, when "facts" began to bear most uncomfortably on all Jesuit "arguments." They had been suppressed in France; the war of the Sonderbund had determined their fate at Friburg and Lucerne; in Rome itself the war of the Federal Diet against the league of the seven cantons had been hailed with raptures of applause, and the cry had been raised before the Church of St. Ignatius,—"*Death to the Jesuits!*" It was now no longer Loyola against Luther, but the Society of Jesus against the Vicar of Christ. In the end of 1847, and in the tumults of 1848, the entreaties and the authority of a Pope were unable to save the most powerful society ever fostered in the bosom of the Church. It was in vain to applaud the "pious Institute" approved by the Council of Trent—to speak of "the glory of their holiness,"—or refer to the missions of Xavier. The cry was with Gioberti, and the case was to be settled, not by argument but by action. They were expelled from Naples, fifteen carriages conveying them from their college to the steamer. The military with fixed bayonets accompanied the procession to the shore, and when the "*Vesuvio*," freighted with the sacred company, had parted, the dense crowd on the quays shouted in triumph. They were marched out of Sardinia, and their property confiscated for the support of the national colleges. Their expulsion was confirmed by Parliament at a later period, and they were "banished for ever," by a decree of the Chambers in both kingdoms. In the metropolis of the Church itself, in vain did Pius IX. placard the walls with addresses to his "beloved Romans" in favour of the Order. The spring of 1848 witnessed the members of the Society of Jesus packing their trunks,

changing the unpopular dress, and flying from Romè. They had not been permitted for years to set foot in Tuscany. Protestant countries were still open to the dangerous company that could not be tolerated in the heart of their own Church; and the banished Fathers found protection under the flag of Britain, or published books against free Institutions at Geneva, assailing the very systems under whose shelter they were sitting in safety.*

The vitality of that Society is marvellous. They have lived out suppressions and expulsions almost innumerable. Dissolved by the supreme authority of the Catholic Church, the brief of Clement XIV.—the *disjecta membra* of the Society still lived and moved. For forty years they fought their battle against the Holy See. They rallied their broken ranks in Prussia under the protectorate of a Protestant prince. Retreating to schismatic Russia, they kept their name, and state, and dress, and from the banks of the Dwina defied the *Dominus ac Redemptor* of Ganganelli. The drama of revolution closed too soon to leave any very permanent results from their late expulsion from Italy. They are creeping back again to their empty churches, re-organizing their colleges, and assuming their former authority—directing education, plying the censorship, silencing the press. In the coming struggle, for which the old Roman earth is preparing, they seem destined yet to marshal the Papal hosts for the battle of the last days.

There was one point on which the reforms of 1848 touched on the great question of religion. By the Neapolitan constitution no religion was tolerated but that of the Roman Church. A Pope, as a matter of course, *could not* give religious liberty to his subjects; the unchanging decrees of the Holy See made that impossible. The Tuscan statute tolerated all existing religions in the state; but whether this meant that a Tuscan might change his faith without violating the law remains as a case for casuists. Judging from practical comments its signification was narrower. Sardinia took a more liberal course. The Marquis Roberto D'Azeglio took up warmly the cause of the civil emancipation of the Jews at Turin: his brother Massimo supported him ably with his pen in one of the treatises now collected into the volume before us. Our limited space compels us to pass over all details respecting the condition of the Jews in Piedmont,

* We merely refer to the principal books on this Jesuit controversy:—"Prolegomeni del Primato di Vincenzo Gioberti." 1845. "Fatti ed Argomenti in risposta alle molte Parole di Vincenzo Gioberti intorno ai Gesuiti." (Curci.) 1846. "Al Vincenzo Gioberti Francesco Pellico." 1846. "Il Gesuita Moderno, per Vincenzo Gioberti." 1847. 5 tomi. "Lo Scandimento dei P. P. Gesuiti da Napoli Porino." (Curci.) 1849. "Una Divinazione sulle tre ultime opere di V. Gioberti. Per C. M. Curci." 1849. 2 tomi.

Tuscany, Lombardy, and Venice. They had been long ago almost entirely rooted out of Naples. The measure of emancipation proposed by D'Azeglio became the law of Sardinia; and at the same time the Waldenses of Piedmont, so long crushed under the house of Savoy, obtained a measure of liberty, not so great, indeed, as could have been wished, but large and liberal enough to send joy into the valleys of Perosa and Lucerna. For this measure of emancipation, given professedly by the royal decree of the 17th February as an instalment, it must be confessed they were indebted to the movement in favour of the Israelites. But though "the triple tyrant" still held sway "o'er all the Italian fields," times had changed since the days of Milton's glorious sonnet, and the descendants of the martyred men, "slain by the bloody Piedmontese," were the first in the joyous festival in honour of the Constitution, to give thanks "to God and the king." Even at Rome it was proposed to abolish the Ghetto, where about 4000 Jews were shut up in wretched hovels, along the swamps of the Tiber, guarded, and sentinelled, and closed in with gates at night. Since the time of Paul IV., (A.D. 1554,) the Jews at Rome have been shut up in the Ghetto, in narrow filthy streets, in the most miserable quarter of the city, pent up in wretched houses, crowded, ill ventilated, unwholesome, and exposed from their low and swampy situation to all the evils of the malaria. There the descendants of the favoured race, "whose were the fathers," grew up in filth and degradation; they were excluded from the liberal professions—from law and medicine; they were not allowed to become smiths or gravers, and were rigidly limited to the few arts and trades that the laws permitted them. They might be carpenters or cabinet-makers, or might weave coarse cloth and sell old clothes. The Jew is almost everywhere the usurer, the hard money-lender of Europe, branded, hated, persecuted, because of the very position to which the laws have reduced him. In the great public spectacles of Rome the miserable Jew was brought out of his enclosure to do homage to the Roman magistracy, and bear the outrages of a "Christian" mob. Large sums procured his release at times from some of these degrading exhibitions. Excluded as they were from the liberal professions and arts, the poor Jews of the Ghetto were taxed out of all proportion. They were taxed for the house of catechumens—taxed for the monastery of converts—taxed for the expenses of the Carnival—taxed for the preacher they were compelled to hear—taxed for the soldiers that kept their gates, and shut them up in their den—taxed for the Christian population that might have occupied their place—taxed for what they were and for what they ought to have been,—and, in addition to all this, they were excluded from the hospitals and

public charities, and the wealthier among them had the whole burden of supporting their poorer brethren. Yet rarely did a Jew commit a crime to be brought before the ministers of justice.

Rome of the Popes had her own answer to the question—"Who is my neighbour?" Everything in the Papal city was degrading to the sons of Abraham. They slunk along the side-path, unwilling to pass below the arch of Titus, where, since the destruction of the holy and beautiful house where their fathers worshipped, the sculptured marble has preserved the triumph of a Roman emperor, bringing among his spoils the golden table and the seven-branched candlestick of the Temple of Jerusalem. Christian laws rivalled the barbarity of Pagan triumphs, and solemn mockery supplied the place of the Gospel of peace and love. The Jew was compelled to hear preachers with shaven crowns, and to pay for their discourses; and in the great ceremonies of the Church there were conversions and baptisms of Jews, real or pretended, who had been hired and paid to make a profession of Christianity as part of the great spectacle of the holy week. The question of the bestowal of civil rights on the Israelites was already settled for Pius IX. He abolished the forced taxes for the Carnival, threw down the walls and gates of the Ghetto; but the Holy Father said, "that in a constitutional country every man who enjoys civil rights may rise to the highest offices, and a Pope can have no ministers who are not Catholic."

But constitutional reform did not exhaust the programme of Italian liberals. We shall not argue the question of Austrian predominance in the Peninsula. With the rich provinces round the head of the Adriatic in her possession, with Tuscany entirely under her influence on account of family relations, with the protectorate of Parma Modena and Rome held by her three garrisons,—Austria was queen and mistress of Italy. Every outbreak of revolution since 1815 had been quelled by Austria; every attempt at reform she had checked and punished: the imprisonments of the Piombi and of Spielberg, described with such terrible faithfulness by Andryane and Silvio Pellico, had made the Austrian name a name of horror, the very synonym of despotism. While Pius IX. was granting those measures which gave the impulse to the rest of Italy, and compelled liberalism itself to sing hymns to the Pope, Austria sat watching on the frontiers, and by the ill-judged occupation of Ferrara in the July of 1847, put herself in an attitude of hostility to the whole liberal movement, with the Pontiff at its head. Virtually the war began then. The organizing of a national guard, and the new spirit of nationality that had been kindled, had alarmed Austria for her Italian possessions. With ill-judged haste she threw down the gauntlet in the face of a people who had become almost wild with enthu-

siasm, and from that moment "Fuori i Barbari" was the *religion* of the country. The press broke loose from its bonds to preach the crusade—the civic guard armed and exercised—the priests blessed the banners—and the protest of the Pope seemed to make the old Carbonari principle of national independence a part of the national faith. The diplomatic notes of Cardinal Ferretti, who came into office at that crisis as successor to Cardinal Gizzi, are a literary curiosity. "The Machiavellis of the Aulic Council" (as Mazzini would have called them) smiled at the mosaic of those curious state-papers, partly diplomatic, partly homiletic, with a due mixture of systematic theology. "Questo non è stile diplomatico." The blunt Cardinal retorted, "Se non è stile diplomatico è stile mio." The protest against the occupation of Ferrara was the culminating point of the popularity of Pius IX. Reserving the question of right, the Austrian Government "backed out" at last, and the Pope remained victor. But there was no possibility of stopping at that point, and raising the pillars of Hercules; a revolution was opening between the protest of Ferrara and the *ne plus ultra* of Papal concession. The opening scenes of the Lombard were thoroughly Italian—the patriots of Milan would not smoke cigars that paid duty to Austria—the students of Padua wore revolutionary hats, *alla Calabrese*, in honour of the Neapolitan insurrections; and when a constitution was given, or rather extorted, at Naples, Lombardy kept solemn festival, and gave emphatic testimony of nationality by an unprecedented consumption of macaroni. Such was the exordium of that Iliad which closed with the capitulation of Venice.

Italy was thus reforming, agitating, rioting a little at times, saying solemn masses for the slaughtered of Milan and Padua, and execrating the Austrian bayonets that had been dyed again with "patriot blood," when the Marseillaise and the chorus of the Girondins were sung on the streets of Paris. Those fatal days of February that overthrew a dynasty and plunged France into a chaos, were hymned as the opening of a millennium. The spirit of revolution passed like electricity along the Duchies of the Rhine and down into the Italian provinces, and at once all was changed. The revolution at Vienna and the flight of Metternich, that incarnation of Austrian policy—the five days of Milan, and the retreat of Radetsky and his troops towards the Mincio—the capitulation of the Austrian garrison to the insurgents of Venice—the expulsion of the Bourbon Duke from Parma—the flight of the descendant of the Este from Modena—the proclamation of Charles Albert, and the march of the Piedmontese army into the Lombard territory, followed with such startling rapidity that the reality seemed almost to outrun imagination. The war question was the Gordian knot of the Papacy. The

Pope would not declare war, but he blessed the troops that marched to the frontiers to defend his States; at length when the whole army was murmuring at his delay, he permitted his troops to cross the Po and join Charles Albert. With a tricolored cross upon their breasts, these new crusaders of the Roman States marched to "the holy war," eager to dip their swords in Croat blood. From the day of Cardinal Gizzi's resignation, and the occupation of Ferrara, till the fatal Ides of November, when Pellegrino Rossi was stabbed on the steps of the Cancellaria, Pius IX. seems perpetually oscillating between two ideas. But in truth the Jesuits were right: the newly liberalized government, with its lay ministers and constitutional forms on the one hand, and the integrity of the Papal system on the other, were utterly incompatible. The Leos and the Gregories were wiser in their generation when they upheld "the old edifice" on its old foundation. But notwithstanding his perpetual waverings, there was one point on which Pius IX. was as firmly decided as any of his predecessors—the upholding of the temporal power of the Popes. In his eyes the priest was sacred, and the sceptre must bend before the crucifix—the State must yield to the Church. Among the boasted two hundred millions of his spiritual subjects, it is questionable if there was one who had a deeper faith in the infallibility of the Head of the Church than he himself had, or a more exalted idea of the dignity of the Vicar of Christ. By his reforms he sought to give lustre to the Papacy, to improve the condition of his people, degraded as they were by the most wretched government of Europe, and to lay more surely the foundation of his temporal authority. Somewhat of a mystic, and a firm believer in the protectorate of the Virgin and the saints, he expected a visible interposition of providence to extricate him from his difficulties; and it is quite consistent with his mental character that before leaving Naples to enter Rome in 1850, he should have become calm and hopeful because the blood of St. Januarius had liquefied twice on the same day. If revolutions honoured and respected the Church, he had no objection to them; but he was ready to furbish up again the long unused weapons of interdicts and excommunications against nations or emperors who dared to lay hands on the inheritance of thirteen centuries.

The lay ministry of the 10th of March (for the Cabinet was now composed chiefly of laymen) laid before the Pope their unanimous judgment on the three courses which were open to him in reference to the war. 1st, To comply with the wishes of his subjects; 2d, To refuse his consent; 3d, To declare his own ideas in favour of peace, but at the same time to announce that he could not prevent his subjects from joining the war party.

Considering the excited state of the national feeling, the ministry were unanimous in recommending an open declaration of war against Austria, as they apprehended greater evils both to the Papacy and to Italy from a refusal, or from a declaration that the Pope had no control over his subjects. This judgment of the ministry was submitted to the Pope on the 25th of April, but his mind was at that time more occupied with the threatenings of schism in Germany if he should persist in taking part against Austria; and in the long Latin allocution of the 29th of April, he formally refused to declare war. As a priest, as a churchman, as a Pope, Pius IX. was right in his refusal, for it becomes not the spiritual ruler to make war on his own children; but that allocution sealed the doom of the Papacy. The ministry resigned—the *Circoli* raised the cry of treason—the Roman populace, headed by Sterbini and Ciceroacchio, were loud in their execration of the cardinals, especially of Lambruschini and Della Genga—and the civic guard as usual fraternized with the mob. The ferment spread over the provinces, reached the army, and the popularity of Pius IX. was at an end. It was in vain that he tried to recover his position by an attempt at mediation, and when that failed, by putting his troops under the command of Charles Albert, in open contradiction of his own principles. The Mamiani ministry, formed on the 4th of May, was beset with interminable difficulties. The new minister was detested by the clerical party: he had been an exile and had returned without signing the formula required by the amnesty; his books had been prohibited by the Index, and his leading idea of reform was the separation of the spiritual and temporal powers of the Papacy. The accepting of such a ministry was but a sop to Cerberus, but the fatal allocution of April had already done its work. The spell of a constitutional Papacy was broken,—the Papal troops began to leave the army,—some from fear, some from a tender conscience, it may be, some from suspicion of the prince. The allocution, crushing at once all the hopes that had been placed in the Vatican, was a new argument for Mazzini's republic. Ferdinand of Naples, following in his own way the example of Rome, recalled his troops, and withdrew from the war. To check the too liberal spirit of his kingdom, the lazzaroni king fell back on the congenial system of a massacre, and after the butcheries in the streets of Naples on the 15th of May, "Richard was himself again."

The Salasco armistice, signed at Milan on the 9th of August, closed a fruitless campaign, and Italy thereafter became a Babel. The reforms had been nullified, the constitutions overturned, the accord and confidence between princes and people broken, the jealousies of the States increased, and Pius IX. had utterly

fallen in the national esteem. It was now for the first time with any hope of success that Mazzini began to preach his favourite doctrine of "the Italian Republic one and indivisible." Boldly blotting out kingdoms and Duchies from the map, he proposed one electoral law for all Italy, and one assembly of representatives to sit at Rome and legislate for the whole Peninsula. "Nations," he said, "are not regenerated with lies." The people, interpreter of the will of God, must proceed to gain their rights for themselves, not by the old worn-out systems of a tortuous diplomacy, not by the code of Macchiavelli, not by the statutes of kings,—but by force, by insurrection, by the sword. It is not the question of the balance of power, of reconciling the monarchy with freedom, of railways, and scientific associations, and the right of petition, but of a great nation free and independent from the Alps to the sea. "A straight line is the shortest between two given points." Insurrection—the piazza—the barricades—these were the means of victory: the battle-word, "God and the people!" To this political code of Young Italy, or of the National Association, as the party was now called, Gioberti opposed his Federation of the States, preserving the autonomy of the several kingdoms. Piedmont stood firm against the *Costituente*; but in Tuscany the formidable insurrection of Leghorn compelled the Grand Duke to accept a democratic ministry. Guerrazzi, one of those restless spirits whom the troubled waters of revolution throw up to the surface, was the chief mover; while, headed by busy lawyers, excited by republican speeches, and by the extravagancies of democratic journals read aloud in the clubs and cafés, the uneducated masses of the population paraded with tricolored flags, marched to the beat of drum, and sometimes varied their exercises by breaking into an arsenal, locking up the police, or taking a governor prisoner, and bringing him forth pale as death to make liberal speeches from a balcony. The authority of the law ceased to be respected, and the press enjoyed the most unbridled license of abuse. The Mamiani ministry was a vain attempt to carry out constitutional government at Rome. When the Parliament was opened on the 5th of June, the variance between the Pope and his lay ministers increased, and it became evident that without a total separation of the two powers of the Papacy, the Roman constitution was a nullity. The Mamiani ministry, and the ill-sorted cabinet that succeeded, having both broken down in the fruitless attempt, one effort more was made to develop the *Fundamental Statute of March*. The Pope called to his aid Pellegrino Rossi, the ex-ambassador of France, but even his Herculean shoulders could not bear up the sinking monarchy. The exile of 1815—the friend of Guizot—the minister of Louis Philippe—was quite as

obnoxious to the clerical party as Count Muniani; he himself hinted that the fact of some of his books having been prohibited by the Index, and of his having married a Protestant wife, might be regarded as a scandal in a minister of the Pope. His constitutional ideas made him equally obnoxious to the rapidly increasing republican party. In that whirl of Italian politics, of federative diets, and *costituenti*, and constitutional monarchies, of reorganizing states and modifying the priestly government in the patrimony of St. Peter, it needed the boldness of a martyr to encounter the ever-augmenting difficulties of the Roman administration. The fearful tragedy of the 15th November quenched in blood the last hope of the Papacy, and after three days of such tumult that it seemed as if demons had been let loose on the eternal city, the beleaguered Quirinal capitulated to the mob. Seven days later the Pope, disguised as a priest, or, according to the popular and pleasing version of the day, as a Bavarian footman, slunk out of Rome by night; and Father Giocchino Ventura was left to preach democratic sermons in the church of St. Andrea della Valle.

We have got accustomed to treat such cases after the manner of Sir David Lyndsay, and instead of arguing the matter, to content ourselves with the conclusion, that

“Although the loon was weel away,
The deed was foully done.”

When the throne of the Bourbons was burned in the streets of Paris, the Jesuits looked on and applauded, and priests blessed the banners of the Republic; and if they were right in that case, it is sufficient to make over to them the parallel case of Rome as merely another illustration of their own principles. “The right divine of kings to govern wrong” does not find many defenders in these days beyond the circles of Wisbaden; and however unfortunate it may be, revolutions do not proceed according to the decretals of Gratian or the canon law of Europe. Rome had been left without a governor, and by the voice of her representatives she determined to have a Republic. In the debate of the 8th and 9th February 1849, the case was clearly put by the ablest defender of Pius IX. “In Rome only two governments are possible—either the Pope or Cola da Rienzi.” The Pope himself had so far practically solved the question, and by the decree of the “*Senatus Populusque Romanus*,” he was declared to have “fallen from his temporal authority in fact and in right.”

Let the darkest picture be drawn of the Italian democracies of 1849—and truth requires that it should be a dark one—still the heaviest charge against the people recoils on the head of the governors, and most of all the Papacy. They had sown the wind,

and they reaped the whirlwind. The people were ignorant—but who had kept them in ignorance? They had no respect for law—but who had enacted those laws which in so many cases no man could respect? They were irreligious—but who had closed the book of God and turned religion into an imposture? They were unfit for liberty—but who had kept them in such civil and moral degradation? They were rebels against authority which Europe recognised as legitimate—but who had abused authority with such barbarous cruelty that in the eyes of the oppressed rebellion became a virtue? Their priestly rulers had prepared the Giobertis and Mazzinis to shake their thrones or desecrate their altars. Twenty months of a liberal Papacy had almost made men believe that the Ethiopian might change his skin; but the same Pontiff who granted the amnesty of 1846, has far outdone the Leos and the Gregories, in the slaughter, imprisonment, or exile of his subjects. It was idle to imagine that the people should rally round a constitutional throne before they had learned its value: to use the words of D'Azeglio, "a man cannot be expected to suffer martyrdom before he has learned the catechism."

Had Italy been left to herself, Pius IX. might still have been chanting the *De Profundis* at Gaeta. Gioberti's proposal of interference was followed by his own immediate downfall. The warlike Abbate had come into power at Turin, on the full tide of popularity, pledged to the resuming of the war against Austria, and to the development of the constitution, as far as possible, in the democratic sense; but first, for the sake of his great theory of a Federation, he proposed to re-establish the powers that had been overthrown by the Mazzini party at Florence and Rome. His plan was neither supported by his colleagues nor by the Chambers; and having "come out," to the disappointment of his party, as an upholder of the retrograde Papacy against the Republic, his well-known figure was caricatured as the last illustration of "*Il Gesuita Moderno*." Gioberti's influence had fallen, and he withdrew from the work of government to his philosophy and his books. "It is not the first time," said D'Azeglio, "that such a thing has happened in these parts. When Phaeton became coachman before he knew how to drive, he fell precisely into the Po." Naples also interfered to restore the Pope to his throne, and sent a company of those gallant soldiers, of whom old King Ferdinand had said that they had no need of armour except for their backs, the only part which they ever exposed to an enemy. They invaded the south part of the Roman territory; but Garibaldi's legion having a short time of leisure, which they could employ no better, issued from Rome, and encountered them at Velletri, and the valiant Neapolitans, influenced by that discretion

which is "the better part of valour," turned their backs, crossed the frontiers, and solemnly vowed to go no more to Rome. It was not certainly France, whom Italy has ever followed with such fatal fascination—it was not Republican France that she dreaded as the scourge and destroyer of her young Republics. It was not the conspirator of 1831 that she expected to restore the fallen Papacy of 1849. It was not Paris of the barricades that she expected to crush her newly acquired liberties, and to bring back the priestcraft and the policy of Gregory XVI. It was not from Thiers, the accuser of the Jesuits, that she was prepared to receive the "Capuchin Report" of the Assembly of October.

The drama of Revolution has closed, and with the solitary exception of Piedmont, the Italian States have returned to the old regime. The fatal reverses of Novara, on the 23d of March, scattered the ill-disciplined army that had mustered for that last effort against Austria, and drove the unfortunate Charles Albert into broken-hearted exile. Whatever his faults may have been, misfortune and the grave are sacred. If it was a weak ambition that led him on, he had not prospered—he had not stripped the artichoke of Lombardy—he had not girt his brows with the iron crown, but he has left to Piedmont the substantial blessings of the free institutions which he inaugurated, and for these, more than for his blighted hopes, his country reveres his memory, and carves on his tomb at the Loperga, "Charles Albert the Magnanimous." Lombardy was again under the iron rule of Austria. Tuscany, wearied of her *Popolo-Rè* and the dictatorship of Guerrazzi, recalled her Grand-Duke, and he, in his turn, has rewarded the loyalty of his people by filling his dominions with ten thousand Austrian soldiers, and suspending, *sine die*, the constitution which he granted in 1848. Massacres, bombardments, and, finally, royal promises, not worth the paper on which they were written, have reduced the Two Sicilies to "order." France has re-established at Rome the clerical dominion, the holy office, and the Apostolate of the police. The little duchies on the Po are again "spurred and ridden" by their little tyrants. Venice, after seventeen months of self-government, and an heroic resistance worthy of her imperishable history, yielded at last more to famine than to Austria. When *she* submitted, the last light was quenched, and absolutism was triumphant in the Peninsula.

We have glanced hastily at the changes in the secular Government of the Papacy, from the Charter of Consalvi to the Fundamental Statute of Pius IX., and we have no time to speak of the brief episode of the Mazzinian Republic. The Triumvirate certainly contrasted favourably with the Cardinal Commission and with the wretched Government of the Restoration. It is

absurd to speak of the Dictatorship as "a reign of terror." The reign of terror began when the eternal city was entered in the name of the Pontiff and the yellow flag hoisted on the capitol. Imprisonment and exile, the dismissal of officials dependent on their employment for their daily bread, the espionage of the Gregorian police, the political inquisitions, the barbarities practised on the poor Jews of the Ghetto, the mysterious processes of the Holy Office,—such are a few of the blessings secured for the Roman States by the interference of France. The press has again been silenced, and the Romans have no other mode of expressing their opinions than by pasting their harmless lampoons on Pasquin's noseless statue. The Index has been vigorously plied against the writers whom Pius IX. once "delighted to honour." The utmost that French diplomacy could wring from the reluctant Pontiff was the *Proprio-Motu* of Portici and the amnesty of the 12th September, 1849; and this narrow measure, developed, or rather explained, in as narrow a spirit, by the edicts of September 1850, is the present law of the Roman States. Prince Louis Napoleon, in his famous letter to Edgard Ney, on the 18th of August, had summed up the concessions that he deemed essential:—1. A general amnesty; 2. Secularization of the Government; 3. The Code Napoleon; 4. Liberal institutions. This summary went beyond the memorandum of the five great powers presented to Cardinal Bernetti in 1831; but the reply given to the demands of the President was precisely akin to that which Gregory XVI. had given to *his* advisers. The Constitution of the 14th of March, prepared as it had been by a commission of cardinals, and solemnly granted by the Pope, was wholly set aside. The *Proprio-Motu* of Portici granted two councils of State, with simple powers of giving advice, which nobody was obliged to take, provincial and municipal councils, and a "general amnesty," with exceptions, by which everybody was excepted; and this was all. "Messieurs," said Victor Hugo, "the Pope has closed both his hands." Yet France, thankful at times for the smallest mercies, professed herself satisfied. The Italian journals are still disputing whether the "proscribed" of the Roman States amount to fifteen or only to ten thousand—an apt illustration of the meaning of "an amnesty" in these latter days of the Papacy. It is, perhaps, well that France, by her miserable Roman expedition, has broken the charm of her name in Italy. She entered the Roman States with a falsehood, a profession that she came not to impose on the people an obnoxious Government, but to maintain order and liberty; and she ended by declaring that her object was to restore the Pope in his former power, and that she deemed the decree of Portici sufficient. But, in truth, the report presented by the commission on the Roman

expedition to the Assembly of October 1849, seems to have gone in search of a theory. France interfered, came, saw, and conquered, though not quite in Cæsar's style, and it was necessary to find out a reason for all this. First she acted, and having performed a very questionable part, she moved a great debate in her Assembly of Representatives to discover her motives for acting. To get out of the labyrinth the only clue was the accepting of the *Proprio-Motu*. The plausibilities of M. de Tocqueville, the interminable prolixity of Thuriot de la Rosière, and the fervent neo-Catholic eloquence of M. de Montalembert had not so much influence on the Assembly as the necessity of getting respectably out of a difficulty, and hence, by an astounding majority, the credit was voted.

A year passed in silence after the publication of the *Proprio-Motu* of Portici, and almost the last vestige of the reforms of 1847 and 1848 had been swept away. The *esaltati* were in exile, there were prisoners pining in St. Angelo, the population of Rome had been reduced by thousands, the press was silent, and only the two official journals chronicled the monotonous proceedings of the reaction, but the Papal Camarilla was slowly elaborating the organic laws of the Roman States. The mountains were in labour, and at length the mouse appeared. On the 10th September 1850, appeared the two edicts of Cardinal Antonelli, on the Council of Ministers and the Council of State. The other institutions, the Municipal and Provincial Councils and the Consulta of Finance, remained to be organized afterwards, according to the programme of Portici, but they are of less importance than the two primary institutions. The feeling with which the edicts were received was not one of disappointment, for little had been expected, but of hopeless resignation. Any concession would have been received with a feeling of joyful surprise: but the day for such gratifications has passed, and there is no attempt at improvement, no modifying of the Papacy to suit the spirit of the age, nothing but the absolute restoration of the clerical supremacy. The reforms or concessions of Pius IX., up till November 1848, are passed over or condemned as revolutionary. The cabinet of five ministers is a mere form, as the chief or rather the sole power is concentrated in the hands of the Cardinal Secretary of State. The minister of Public Instruction, who had a place in former cabinets from December 1847 till the Hegira of November, is significantly left out. The Secretary of State has the management of foreign affairs, but this functionary is more than a minister or a president of council. "Like Aaron's rod he swallows up the rest." These and other organic laws on the ministry, published by the Cardinal Pro-Secretary of State, might be sent to the Exhibition of the In-

dustry of all Nations, as the rare product of a twelvemonth's labour. The result at which the Roman States have arrived after a struggle carried on by fits and starts from 1815 to 1850, is—a Senate of Cardinals, supreme as before; a Council of Ministers, with the chief power concentrated in the Cardinal Secretary, the *Alter Ego* of the Pope; a reserve force of Ministers without a portfolio; a Council of State and Consulta of Finance, limited to the pleasant task of consultation and advice, without any executive functions; Provincial and Municipal Councils—*voilà tout!*

We hazard no prophecy on the prospects of Italy, but taking the superficial and obvious facts of the case, the greater part of the Peninsula is now in the same condition as it was before the movement of 1847 began. The same problems are unsolved, the same wants are unsatisfied, the same spirit is striving against its chains. But every element is more developed. Italy has gained knowledge, has had reforms, constitutions, the war of independence, democracy. The strong hand of power has crushed them all: but the same feelings and passions are working under the surface. The fire is still living in the ashes. The Italians have had time to learn something of their errors, of the principles of their weakness and strength, and of the influences that have proved so fatal to their progress. In Tuscany, in the Two Sicilies, even in Rome, the right of the subject is constitutional government, according to the solemn guarantee of regal statutes, and they have the strong element of *right* in their effort to maintain the Constitutions against the restored regime of the old absolutism. The regal policy which is now treating oaths as of no binding obligation, and the statute-book as so much waste paper, is strengthening the democratic element while it destroys the constitutional. It seems as if the princes themselves were opening the door for Young Italy. With the exceptional case of an Italian kingdom in the north advancing in a better path, discussing great questions in open parliament, entering boldly into political speculations, passing Siccardi laws, abolishing immunities of the priestly ages at a stroke, and standing up to defend her right to do so in the face of Christendom—with such an example before their eyes, the other Italian kingdoms, having the same rights according to statute, but none in reality, cannot quietly sink down into contentedness. If that exceptional case continues, the example must have an influence on the subjects of the other States. If it ceases, Piedmont also will be merged in the general discontent. It does seem as if, in either case, the forces were mustering for another struggle, more determined and more decisive than the last.

ART. III.—*The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.* By PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D. With an Introductory Essay by JOHN FOSTER. Glasgow.

ASIDE from the great thoroughfares, and yet not far from London; large enough to be self-contained, and yet conscious of no bustle; its spacious streets and tidy shops announcing industrious comfort, and its belt of villas suggestive of refined society; its margin laved by the winding Nen, and its ample meadows fragrant with cowslips and milch kine; that shadowy interest hovering over it in which historic minds invest the scene of old Parliaments and sieges, whilst meeting-houses, reading-rooms, and railway stations flare beside medieval fanes in confidential proximity; like a British oak from a Saxon acorn, still growthful and green at heart, Northampton is one of those towns of good constitution, which combine the freshness of youth with the sedateness of antiquity. And as first we hailed it, standing up with its towers and steeples, an islet of masonry in a verdurous sea, we felt that even England could not offer a more tempting retreat to a student somewhat social. Sequestered enough to promise leisure, and withal sufficiently populous to supply incentives to ministerial exertion; had we been a pastor in search of a people, like St. Catherine at Ledbury, we should have heard an opportune chime in its evening air tinkling, and telling us, "Here take up thy rest."

To English Nonconformity Northampton is, or ought to be, a sort of Mecca. Three hundred years ago, it gave birth to Robert Brown, the father of English congregationalism; and within the last generations, Northampton and its neighbourhood have been a chief stronghold of the English Baptists. It was here that the Rylands ministered: the elder, in his orthodox vehemence a Boanerges, in his tender feelings a beloved disciple: the younger famous for his microscopic eyes, and who ought to have been famous for his telescopic heart; for never was there spirit more catholic, or one who could espy goodness at a greater distance. It was in the adjacent Kettering that Andrew Fuller laboured for thirty years; in a noisy study (for it was withal a populous nursery) composing those volumes which have gone so far to give the right tone and attempering to modern Calvinism; a deep digger in the Bible mine, and whose rich, though clumsy ingots, supply to the present day the mint of many a sermon-coiner; himself too homely to be a popular preacher, and too unambitious to regret it, he was in contrivance resourceful, and in counsel sagacious; the mainspring of each

denominational movement, and one of the purest philanthropists, but blunt and ungainly withal. And in Northampton and its surrounding villages a poor cobbler used to ply his craft—for Northampton is the Selkirk of the South—its citizens are sutors; and leaving at home his broken-hearted wife, poor cobbler Carey would hawk from door to door his shoes of supererogation to pay the funeral charges of his child. Under ague and rain, and the unsaleable sackful, he was revolving that Eastern mission of which he was soon to be the father and founder, and from borrowed grammars acquiring those elements of Polyglottal power which shortly developed in the Briareus of Oriental Translation. But our pilgrimage to Northampton was mainly impelled by veneration for another worthy. The running title has already told it; but without its help our readers would have guessed the name of PHILIP DODDRIDGE. We went to see the spot ennobled by the saintliest name in last century's dissenting ministry. We went to see the house where "The Rise and Progress" was written. We visited the old chapel, with its square windows and sombre walls,* where so many fervent exhortations were once poured forth, and so much enduring good accomplished. We entered the pulpit where Doddridge used to preach, and the pew where Colonel Gardiner worshipped. We sate in the old arm chair beside the vestry fire, and flanking the little table on which so many pages of that affecting Diary were written. And with a view of a supposed original likeness in the study of our host—a minister of the same school with Doddridge—we finished our Northampton pilgrimage.

In the ornithological gallery of the British Museum, and near the celebrated remains of the Dodo, is suspended the portrait of an extinct lawyer, Sir John Doderidge, the first of the name who procured any distinction to his old Devonian family. Persons skilful in physiognomy have detected a resemblance betwixt King James's solicitor-general and his only famous namesake. But, although it is difficult to identify the spheric figure of the judge with the slim consumptive preacher, and still more difficult to light up with pensive benevolence the convivial countenance in which official gravity and constitutional gruffness have only yielded to good cheer; yet, it would appear that for some of his mental features, the divine was indebted to his learned ancestor. Sir John was a bookworm and a scholar; and for a great period of his life a man of mighty industry. His ruling pas-

* The older houses in Northampton are constructed of oolite, fine grained and yellow, not unlike petrified pease-pudding. When darkened by the weather, such buildings acquire a complexion so sallow and metaphysical, that it somewhat affected our spirits.

sion went with him to the grave; for he chose to be buried in Exeter Cathedral, at the threshold of its library. His nephew was the rector of Shepperton in Middlesex; but at the Restoration, as he kept a conscience, he lost his living. In the troubles of the Civil War, the judge's estate of two thousand a-year had also been lost out of the family, and the ejected minister was glad to rear his son as a London apprentice, and young Daniel had to push his own way as an oilman. A few years before Mr. Doddridge resigned the living of Shepperton, there had come over to England a Bohemian refugee, John Baumann. When the persecution against the Protestants arose in his native land, this godly pastor fled from Prague, taking with him his German Bible, and a hundred gold pieces stitched into a leather girdle. Sleeping in a country inn on one of the first nights of his flight, the fugitive forgot the girdle, and did not miss it till he reached his next resting-place. It was a weary tramp to retrace his steps to his former lodging; but there the maid of the inn informed him that she had that morning found an old belt, and from its worn appearance had thought it useless, and thrown it away. However, animated by the offered reward, the damsel instituted a search for the traveller's old belt, and found it in one of those domestic limbos,—a closet under the stair, where worn besoms and broken stools await the next general removal. With the remainder of his gold pieces, and with his Luther's Bible, Pastor Baumann at last reached England, and when, many years after, he died, the teacher of a school at Kingston-upon-Thames, he left an only daughter. In the providence of God, the son of the ejected Nonconformist, and the daughter of the German refugee, became acquainted. Perhaps the similarity of their descent might help to interest them in one another. But, sure enough, they fell in love, and the London shopkeeper espoused the orphan daughter of the Kingston schoolmaster. Their income was never great, and in nest-building visions they sometimes fancied how pleasant it would be if they could only recover some of Sir John's Devonshire acres. But the salutary dread of a lawsuit soon checked the vain ambition, and sent Daniel back to his casks and his cans, and his wife to her humble house-keeping. And for all their toils, the Sabbath made them sweet amends. They had a sorer trial. Except one sickly girl they had lost all their children; and that little girl was the only survivor of nineteen. At last on a mid-summer's day,* and in an airless chamber of some stifled London street, Mrs. Dod-

dridge gave birth to her twentieth child. In their solicitude for the half-dead mother, no one paid much attention to the small and lifeless-looking infant. Encouraged, however, by some symptom of animation, a neighbour took in hand the little cast-away, and, by dint of tender nursing, saved to the world what it had so nearly lost, the life of Philip Doddridge.

A child so fragile, and given to them in circumstances so affecting, was exceedingly endeared to his parents; and, as usually happens with delicate children, his finely-strung sensibilities, and his yearning affection, rendered him peculiarly susceptible of maternal influence. His first lessons were out of a *Pictorial Bible*, occasionally found in the old houses of England and Holland. The chimney of the room where he and his mother usually sate, was adorned with a series of Dutch tiles, representing the chief events of Scriptural story. In bright blue, on a ground of glistening white, were represented the serpent in the tree, Adam delving outside the gate of Paradise, Noah building his great ship, Elisha's bears devouring the naughty children, and all the outstanding incidents of Holy Writ. And when the frost made the fire burn clear, and little Philip was snug in the arm-chair beside his mother, it was endless joy to hear the stories that lurked in the painted porcelain. That mother could not foresee the outgoings of her early lesson; but when the tiny boy had become a famous divine, and was publishing his *Family Expositor*, he could not forget the *Nursery Bible* in the chimney tiles. At ten years of age he was sent to the school at Kingston, which his grandfather Baumann had taught long ago; and here his sweet dispositions and alacrity for learning drew much love around him—a love which he soon inspired in the school at St. Alban's, whither his father subsequently removed him. But whilst busy there with his Greek and Latin, his heart was sorely wrung by the successive tidings of the death of either parent. His father was willing to indulge a wish he had now begun to cherish, and had left money enough to enable the young student to complete his preparations for the Christian ministry. Of this provision a self-constituted guardian got hold, and embarked it in his own sinking business. His failure soon followed, and ingulfed the little fortune of his ward; and, as the hereditary plate of the thrifty householders was sold along with the bankrupt's effects, if he had ever felt the pride of being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the poor scholar must have felt some pathos in seeing both spoon and tankard in the broker's inventory.

A securer heritage, however, than parental savings, is parental faith and piety. Daniel Doddridge and his wife had sought for their child first of all the kingdom of heaven, and God gave it now.

Under the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Clarke of St. Alban's, his mind had become more and more impressed with the beauty of holiness, and the blessedness of a religious life; and on the other hand, that kind-hearted pastor took a deepening interest in his amiable and intelligent orphan hearer. Finding that he had declined the generous offer of the Duchess of Bedford, to maintain him at either University, provided he would enter the Established Church, Dr. Clarke applied to his own and his father's friends, and procured a sufficient sum to send him to a Dissenting Academy at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, then conducted by an able tutor, whose work on Jewish Antiquities still retains considerable value—the Rev. David Jennings.

To trace Philip Doddridge's early career would be a labour of some amusement, and much instruction. And we are not without abundant materials. No man is responsible for his remote descendants. Sir John Doddridge, judge of the Court of King's Bench, would have blushed to think that his great-grand-nephew was to be a Puritan preacher. With more reason might Dr. Doddridge have blushed to think that his great-grandson was to be a coxcomb. But so it has proved. Twenty years ago Mr. John Doddridge Humphreys gave to the world five octavos of his ancestor's correspondence, which, on the whole, we deem the most eminent instance, in modern times, of editorial incompetency. Dr. Doddridge was a scholar: Mr. Humphreys prints Latin to the tune of "Nunk dimittus." Dr. Doddridge was a man of taste and refinement: Mr. Humphreys is a noisy scrawler of bombast and bluster. Dr. Doddridge for the last twenty years of his life was so devout and earnest, that he bewailed as sins and errors of his youth, its foolish jesting and frivolous epistolizing: Mr. Humphreys is so intolerant of strictness, that he parades every expression or incident inconsistent with Puritanical decorum, and fills two volumes of large print with the frivolous effusions of the stripling, whilst the Diary and the "peculiar notions" of the confirmed Christian are entombed in an appendix of small typography. Dr. Doddridge was a liberal and large-hearted Protestant, who dearly loved all the household of faith, and who hoped the best of others: Mr. Humphreys confines all his love to that small community whom he calls "rational dissenters;" and whenever he alludes to the believers or "bigots" to whom his ancestor belonged, and who alone have embalmed his memory, Mr. Humphreys always waxes so honestly violent, as to let out his inherent vulgarity. And yet, tawdry and coarse as are the hands of the compiler, now that he has shot his cart-load of rubbish, it contains many curiosities to reward the dust-sifting historian. And were it not our object to hasten on and sketch the ministerial model to which

our last Number alluded, we could cheerfully halt for half an hour and entertain our readers and ourselves with the sweepings of Doddridge's Kibworth study. •

Suffice it to say that the protégé of the good Dr. Clarke rewarded his patron's kindness. His classical attainments were far above the usual University standard, and he read with avidity the English philosophers from Bacon down to Shaftesbury. He early exhibited that hopeful propensity,—the noble avarice of books. In his first half-yearly account of nine pounds, are entries for "King's Inquiry," and an interleaved New Testament; and a guinea presented by a rich fellow-student, is invested in "Scott's Christian Life." Nor was he less diligent in perusing the stores of the Academy Library. In six months we find him reading sixty volumes, and some of them as solid as Patrick's Exposition and Tillotson's Sermons. With such avidity for information, professional and miscellaneous, and with a style which was always elastic and easy, and with brilliant talent constantly gleaming over the surface of unruffled temper and warm affections, it is not wonderful that his friends hoped and desired for him high distinction; but it evinces unusual and precocious attainments, that, when he had scarcely reached majority, he should have been invited to succeed Mr. Jennings as pastor at Kibworth, and that whilst still a young man he should have been urged by his ministerial brethren to combine with his pastorate the responsible duties of a College tutor.

It should encourage those who have been some years in the ministry, and who are desirous of starting anew in a style of greater devotedness, to know that even Doddridge's beginnings were small. Under the fatherly instructions of Clarke and Jennings, the pious predispositions of his childhood had greatly strengthened; and in the solitude of his study, no one could be visited with more realizing views of things eternal. And in the pulpit, and when meeting face to face the people of his charge, his warm and affectionate nature overflowed in appeals the most tender and touching, sometimes producing a remarkable impression. But the circumstances of the time and place were far from favourable. He had few fervent neighbours, and not many pious hearers; and, as his social disposition drew him often into their company, his complaisance yielded more than was right to their frivolity. On the other hand, sharing that susceptibility of gentle charms which marks most ideal natures, he devoted to his lady-correspondents time and thought demanded by graver duties. There was a period when, but for interposing Providence, this shining light would have gone out in darkness; and, instead of being praised in all the churches, his story would have been the obscure but mourn-

ful fate of many a minister. Early in the reign of George the Third, the week-day visitor might have seen in a Leicestershire hamlet an old man in rusty black, receiving as he passed a familiar nod from patronizing neighbours, or standing hours together in the market-place among the country folks an idle non-descript; or on the Sunday he might have gone to a meagre meeting-house, and heard this old man repeat to a self-sufficient grazier, and a few rustics in buff leggings and point-collar frocks, a sermon sound and soporific. But even the hollow emphases of the preacher, and the boisterous discords of the singers, might have struck the stranger as the reminiscence of a glory departed—the pantomime of a happier past; and in answer to his inquiries, yon venerable lady might have shaken her head and said, “Yes, if you had seen the crowds that used to flock from far and near, and only heard our pastor when he first came amongst us, you might call Kibworth meeting Ichabod. That sermon I heard thirty years ago, when there was scarce a dry eye amongst us. But the salt has lost his savour. Not that there is anything really bad about him, for I do take it that he is a decent and harmless creature; but this I do know, what with his love of company, and what with a worldly wife, and what with his taking to farming, things have been going sadly back amongst us.”

From such a catastrophe the hand of God saved Philip Doddridge. In 1729 he was removed to Northampton, and from that period may be dated the consolidation of his character, and the commencement of a new and noble career. The anguish of spirit occasioned by parting with a much-loved people, and the solemn consciousness of entering on a more arduous sphere, both tended to make him thoughtful, and that thoughtfulness was deepened by a dangerous sickness. Nor in this sobering discipline must we leave out of view one painful but salutary element—a mortified affection. Mr. Doddridge had been living as a boarder in the house of his predecessor's widow, and her only child—the little girl whom he had found amusement in teaching an occasional lesson, was now nearly grown up, and had grown up so brilliant and engaging, that the soft heart of the tutor was terribly smitten. The charms of Clio and Sabrina, and every former flame were merged in the rising glories of Clarinda,—as by a classical apotheosis Miss Kitty was now known to his entranced imagination; and in every vision of future enjoyment Clarinda was the beatific angel. But when he decided in favour of Northampton, Miss Jennings shewed a will of her own, and absolutely refused to go with him. To the romantic lover the disappointment was all the more severe, because he had made so sure of the young lady's affection; nor was it mitigated by the

mode in which Miss Jennings conveyed her declinature. However, her scorn, if not an excellent oil, was a very good eye-salve. It disenchanted her admirer, and made him wonder how a reverend divine could ever fancy a spoiled child, who had scarcely matured into a petulant girl. And as the mirage melted, and Clarinda again resolved into Kitty, other realities began to shew themselves in a sader and truer light to the awakened dreamer. As an excuse for an attachment at which Doddridge himself soon learned to smile, it is fair to add that love was in this instance prophetic. Clarinda turned out a remarkable woman. She married an eminent dissenting minister, and became the mother of Dr. John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, and in her granddaughter, Lucy Aikin, her matrimonial name still survives; so that the curious in such matters may speculate how far the instructions of Doddridge contributed to produce the "Universal Biography," "Evenings at Home," and "Memoirs of the Courts of the Stuarts."

His biographers do not mark it, but his arrival at Northampton is the real date of Doddridge's memorable ministry. He then woke up to the full import of his high calling, and never went to sleep again. The sickness, the wounded spirit, the altered scene, and we may add seclusion from the society of formal religionists, had each its wholesome influence; and, finding how much was required of him as a pastor and a tutor, he set to work with the concentration and energy of a startled man, and the first true rest he took was twenty years after, when he turned aside to die.

Glorying in such names as Goodwin, and Charnock, and Owen, it was the ambition of the early Nonconformists of England to perpetuate among themselves a learned ministry. But the stern exclusiveness of the English Universities rendered the attainment of this object very difficult. It may be questioned whether it is right in any established church to inflict ignorance as a punishment on those dissenting from it. If intended as a vindictive visitation, it is a very fearful one, and reminds us painfully of those tyrants who used to extinguish the eyes of rebellious subjects. And if designed as a reformatory process, we question its efficiency. The zero of ignorance is unbelief, and its *minus* scale marks errors. You cannot make dissenters so ignorant as thereby to make them Christians; and, even though you made them savages, they might still remain seceders. However, this was the policy of the English establishment in the days of Doddridge. By withholding education from dissenters, they sought either to reclaim them, or to be revenged upon them; and had this policy succeeded, the dissenting pulpits would soon have been filled with fanatics, and

the pews with superstitious sectaries. But much to their honour, the Nonconformists taxed themselves heavily in order to procure elsewhere the light which Oxford and Cambridge refused. Academies were opened in various places, and among others selected for the office of tutor, his talents recommended Mr. Doddridge. A large house was taken in the town of Northampton, and the business of instruction had begun, when Dr. Reynolds, the diocesan chancellor, instituted a prosecution in the ecclesiastical courts, on the ground that the Academy was not licensed by the bishop. The affair gave Dr. Doddridge much trouble, but he had a powerful friend in the Earl of Halifax. That nobleman represented the matter to King George the Second, and conformably to his own declaration, "That in his reign there should be no persecution for conscience sake," His Majesty sent a message to Dr. Reynolds, which put an end to the process.

Freed from this peril, the institution advanced in a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Not only was it the resort of aspirants to the dissenting ministry, but wealthy dissenters were glad to secure its advantages for sons whom they were training to business or to learned professions. And latterly, attracted by the reputation of its head, pupils came from Scotland and from Holland; and in one case at least, we find a clergyman of the Church of England selecting it as the best seminary for a son whom he designed for the established ministry. Among our own compatriots educated there, we find the names of the Earl of Dunmore, Ferguson of Kilkerran, Professor Gilbert Robertson, and another Edinburgh professor, James Robertson, famous in the annals of his Hebrew-loving family.

With an average attendance of forty young men, mostly residing under his own roof, this Academy would have furnished abundant occupation to any ordinary teacher; and although usually relieved of elementary drudgery by his assistant, the main burden of instruction fell on Doddridge himself. He taught Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Geography, Logic, and Metaphysics. He prelected on the Greek and Latin Classics, and at morning worship the Bible was read in Hebrew. Such of his pupils as desired it were initiated in French; and besides an extensive course of Jewish Antiquities and Church History, they were carried through a history of philosophy on the basis of *Buddæus*. To all of which must be added the main staple of the curriculum, a series of 250 Theological lectures, arranged, like *Stapfer's*, on the demonstrative principle, and each proposition following its predecessor with a sort of mathematical precision. Enormous as was the labour of preparing so many systems, and arranging anew materials so multi-

farious, it was still a labour of love. A clear and easy apprehension enabled him to amass knowledge with a rapidity which few have ever rivalled, and a constitutional orderliness of mind rendered him perpetual master of all his acquisitions; and, like most *millionnaires* in the world of knowledge, his avidity of acquirement was accompanied by an equal delight in imparting his treasures. When the essential ingredients of his course were completed, he relieved his memory of its redundant stores, by giving lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres, on the microscope, and on the anatomy of the human frame; and there is one feature of his method which we would especially commemorate, as we fear that it still remains an original without a copy. Sometimes he conducted the students into the library, and gave a lecture on its contents. Going over it case by case, and row by row, he pointed out the most important authors; and indicated their characteristic excellencies, and fixed the mental association by striking or amusing anecdotes. Would not such bibliographical lectures be a boon to all our students? To them a large library is often a labyrinth without a clue—a mighty maze—a dusty chaos. And might not the learned keepers of our great collections give lectures which would at once be entertaining and edifying on those rarities, printed and manuscript, of which they are the favoured guardians, but of which their shelves are in the fair way to become not the dormitory alone, but the sepulchre? Nor was it to the mere intellectual culture of his pupils that Dr. Doddridge directed his labours. His academy was a church within a church; and not content with the ministrations which its members shared in common with his stated congregation, this indefatigable man took the pains to prepare and preach many occasional sermons to the students. These, and his formal addresses, as well as his personal interviews, had such an effect, that out of the 200 young men who came under his instructions, 70 made their first public profession of Christianity during their sojourn at Northampton.

And yet, whilst absorbing the best hours of every day, this college was only an accessory to Dr. Doddridge's ministerial engagements. His primary work was the pastorate; and the journal which he commenced on coming to Northampton is an impressive record of the seriousness and self-denial with which he discharged its duties. He made himself minutely conversant with all his flock; and, as many of them came from the adjacent hamlets, he took advantage of his visits thither to gather congregations of the villagers, whom he exhorted, with simple but impassioned earnestness; and many of these casual hearers became members of his stated congregation—not a few of them his crown of rejoicing. Like an honest man and a real orator, in his ser-

mons his first object was to be understood, and therefore his language was plain and unambitious. But he wished to be understood only because he wished to be felt, and therefore from the very outset of his discourse there was a perceptible glow of benevolence and desirousness, which, towards the close, kindled into the most fervent remonstrance and entreaty. And whilst, owing to the pellucid clearness of his own mind, his meaning was always manifest, and whilst, owing to his logical habits of arrangement, his most hurried compositions were always coherent and instructive—the least enlightened hearer, if he missed the ingenious exposition or the elaborate argument, could hardly miss the contagion of the preacher's earnestness. And surely that sermon is the best which remains not so much a deposit in the memory as a solution through the feelings, and which is recalled not by some pithy remark or pretty figure, but by the consciousness that some sin was then detected, some holy impulse imparted, some new majesty or endearment thrown around the person of the Saviour. Within the compass of English literature scores of sermons might be quoted more ingenious and more eloquent, but not many which more enchain the reader when he has once begun to peruse them, and not many which in their original delivery made deeper and more enduring impressions—impressions, in despite of an unmelodious voice and a nervous excess of action, and which included all classes of his Northampton hearers, from boors who could not read the alphabet up to Akenside the poet.

As a proof of the versatility of his powers it may be mentioned that each sermon was usually concluded with an appropriate hymn. When he had finished the preparation of a discourse, and whilst his heart was still warm with the subject, it was his custom to throw the leading thoughts into a few simple stanzas. These were sung at the close of the service, and supplied his hearers with a compend of the sermon at once mnemonic and devotional. Thus, a sermon on "The rest which remains for the people of God," was followed by this hymn:—

" Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

" Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire. *

" No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;

No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

“ No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose :
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

“ O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin !
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.”

In like manner, a sermon on 1 Peter ii. 7, was condensed into the following metrical epitome :—

“ Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
’Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.,

“ Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

“ All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet :
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

“ Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
✦ The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

“ I’ll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.”

If amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns like these are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared for ever ; but, at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved and where his mother-tongue is spoken.

Whilst in labours for his students and his people thus abundant, Doddridge was secretly engaged on a task which he intended for the Church at large. Ever since his first initiation into the Bible story, as he studied the Dutch tiles on his mother’s

knee, that book had been the nucleus round which all his vast reading and information revolved and arranged itself; and he early formed the purpose of doing something effectual for its illustration. Element by element the plan of the "Family Expositor" evolved, and he set to work on a New Testament Commentary, which should at once instruct the uninformed, edify the devout, and facilitate the studies of the learned. Happy is the man who has a "magnum opus" on hand! Be it an "Excursion" poem, or a Southey's "Portugal," or a Neandrine "Church History,"—to the fond projector there is no end of congenial occupation, and, provided he never completes it, there will be no break in the blissful illusion. Whenever he walks abroad, he picks up some dainty herb for his growthful Pegasus; or, we should rather say, some new bricks for his posthumous pyramid. And wherever he goes he is flattered by perceiving that his book is the very desideratum for which the world is unwittingly waiting; and in his sleeve he smiles benevolently to think how happy mankind will be as soon as he vouchsafes his epic on his story. It is delightful to us to think of all the joys with which, for twenty years, that Expositor filled the dear mind of Dr. Doddridge; how one felicitous rendering was suggested after another; how a bright solution of a textual difficulty would rouse him an hour before his usual, and set the study fire a blazing at four o'clock of a winter's morning; and then how beautiful the first quarto looked as it arrived with its laid sheets and snowy margins! We see him setting out to spend a week's holiday at St. Albans, or with the Honourable Mrs. Scawen at Maidwell, and packing the "apparatus criticus" into the spacious saddle-bags; and we enjoy the prelibation with which Dr. Clarke and a few cherished friends are favoured. We sympathize in his dismay when word arrives that Dr. Guyse has forestalled his design, and we are comforted when the doctor's chariot lumbers on, and no longer stops the way. We are even glad at the appalling accident which set on fire the manuscript of the concluding volume, charring its edges, and bathing it all in molten wax; for we know how exulting would be the thanks for its deliverance. We can even fancy the pious hope dawning in the writer's mind, that it might prove a blessing to the princess to whom it was inscribed; and we can excuse him if, with bashful disallowance, he still believed the fervid praises of Fordyce and Warburton, or tried to extract an atom of intelligent commendation from the stately compliments of bishops. But far be it from us to insinuate that the chief value of the Expositor was the pleasure with which it supplied the author. If not so minutely erudite as some later works which have profited by German research, its learning is still sufficient to shed

honour on the writer, and on a community debarred from colleges; and there must be original thinking in a book which is by some regarded as the source of Paley's "*Horæ Paulinæ*." But, next to its Practical Observations, its chief excellence is its Paraphrase. There the sense of the sacred writers is rescued from the haze of too familiar words, and is transfused into language not only fresh and expressive, but congenial and devout; and whilst difficulties are fairly and earnestly dealt with, instead of a dry grammarian or a one-sided polemic, the reader constantly feels that he is in the company of a saint and a scholar. And although we could name interpreters more profound, and analysts more subtle, we know not any who has proceeded through the whole New Testament with so much candour, or who has brought to its elucidation truer taste and holier feeling. He lived to complete the manuscript, and to see three volumes published. He was cheered to witness its acceptance with all the churches; and to those who love his memory, it is a welcome thought to think in how many myriads of closets and family circles its author when dead has spoken. And as his death in a foreign land forfeited the insurance by which he had somewhat provided for his family, we confess to a certain comfort in knowing that the loss was replaced by this literary legacy. But the great source of complacency is, that He to whom the work was consecrated had a favour for it, and has given it the greatest honour that a human book can have,—making it extensively the means of explaining and endearing the book of God.

Whilst this great undertaking was slowly advancing, the author was from time to time induced to give to the world a sermon or a practical treatise. Several of these maintain a considerable circulation down to the present day; but of them all the most permanent and precious is "*The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*." The publication of this work was urged upon him by Dr. Isaac Watts, with whom it had long been a cherished project to prepare a manual which should contain within itself a complete course of practical piety, from the first dawn of earnest thought to the full development of Christian character. But when exhaustion and decay admonished Dr. Watts that his work was done, he transferred to his like-minded friend his favourite scheme; and, sorely begrudging the interruption of his Commentary, Doddridge compiled this volume. It is not faultless. A more predominant exhibition of the Gospel remedy would have been more apostolic; and it would have prevented an evil which some have experienced in reading it, who have entangled themselves in its technical details, and who, in their anxiety to keep the track of the Rise and Progress, have forgotten that after all the grand object is to reach the Cross.

But, with every reasonable abatement*, it is the best book of the eighteenth century; and, tried by the test of usefulness, we doubt if its equal has since appeared. Rendered into the leading languages of Europe, it has been read by few without impression, and in the case of vast numbers that impression has been enduring. What adds greatly to its importance, and to the reward of its glorified writer,—many of those whom it has impressed were master minds, and destined in their turn to be the means of impressing others. As in the instance of Wilberforce, this little book was to be in their minds the germ of other influential books, or of sermons; and, like the lamp at which many torches and tapers are lighted, none can tell how far its rays have travelled in the persons and labours of those whose Christianity it first enkindled.

But what was the secret of Dr. Doddridge's great success? He had not the rhetoric of Bates, the imagination of Bunyan, nor the massive theology of Owen; and yet his preaching and his publications were as useful as theirs. So far as we can find it out, let us briefly indicate where his great strength lay.

As already hinted, we attach considerable importance to his clear and orderly mind. He was an excellent teacher. At a glance he saw every thing which could simplify his subject, and he had self-denial sufficient to forego those good things which would only encumber it. Hence, like his college lectures, his sermons were continuous and straightforward, and his hearers had the comfort of accompanying him to a goal which they and he constantly kept in view. It was his plan not only to divide his discourses, but to enunciate the divisions again and again, till they were fully imprinted on the memory; and although such a method would impart a fatal stiffness to many compositions, in his manipulation it only added clearness to his meaning, and precision to his proofs. Dr. Doddridge's was not the simplicity of happy illustration. In his writings you meet few of those apt allusions which play over every line of Bunyan, like the slant beams of evening on the winking lids of the ocean; nor can you gather out of his writings such anecdotes as, like garnets in some Highland mountain, sparkle in every page of Brooks and Flavel. Nor was it the simplicity of homely language. It was not the terse and self-commending Saxon, of which Latimer in one age, and Swift in another, and Cobbett in our own, have been the mighty masters, and through it the masters of their English fellows. But it was the simplicity of clear conception and orderly arrangement. A text or topic may be compared to a goodly apartment still empty; and which will be very differently garnished according as you move into it piece by piece the furniture from a similar chamber, or pour in pell-mell the

contents of a lumber attic. "Most minds can appreciate order, and to the majority of hearers it is a greater treat than ministers always imagine, to get some obscure matter made plain, or some confused subject cleared up. With this treat Doddridge's readers and hearers were constantly indulged. Whether they were things new or old, from the orderly compartments of his memory he fetched the argument or the quotation which the moment wanted. He knew his own mind, and told it in his own way, and was always natural, arresting, instructive. And even if, in giving them forth, they should cancel the ticket-marks,—the numerals by which they identify and arrange their own materials, authors and orators who wish to convince and to edify must strive in the first place to be orderly.

To this must be added a certain pathetic affectionateness, by which all his productions are pervaded. At the head of this Article we have placed together Doddridge and Foster, because a Glasgow Mæcenas has effected the meeting. And no juxtaposition could better answer our purpose. Dogmatically, Foster was as evangelical as the author of the *Rise and Progress*; in sheer intellect he was immeasurably superior; and in this long introductory essay, without professing or designing it, he has written something like a rival volume. But Foster complained that he knew no instance in which he had been the means of saving a soul; nor did this elaborate essay furnish an exception. Nor can it be ascribed to want of earnestness. For tenacity of purpose, cogency of argument, and solemnity of remonstrance, we know few effusions equal to this remarkable appeal. But there is a difference: the difference between Esau, hard and hispid—and Jacob, soft and gentle. Each takes hold of the reader and carries him resistlessly onward; but in the one case he finds himself in the grasp of a gauntlet,—in the other, the hand that holds his is like the mild clasp of one's mother. With Foster it is the ascendancy of superior strength; with Doddridge it is the might of tenderness. The brawny essayist is a school-master, by the ear-tip lugging home the captive truant; the evangelist is a good shepherd, carrying back the stray sheep on his shoulder rejoicing. And both represent two classes of orthodox preachers—the pastors and the pedagogues. To the former class Doddridge belonged; and a greater than Doddridge—Paul. "Gentle among his hearers, like a nurse cherishing children, affectionately desirous of them," and letting freely forth the yearnings with which his spirit was surcharged,—his heart was in his lips and eyes, his heart was in his hand. But many preachers "know not what spirit they are of;" that is, they have taken their doctrines from the one dispensation, their spirit from the other. They proclaim gospel tenets in a fulgurous

Sinaitic tone. The very texts which convey towards guilty man the loving-kindness of Heaven are converted into an angry artillery; and the "joyful sound" of forgiveness is shouted with clenched fists and a flashing eye. Is it wonderful that their speed is small? "He that *winneth* souls is wise;" and this winsomeness was Doddridge's main wisdom. There was something in his temper and affections more evangelical than even in his theology. His remonstrances were compassionate; his reproofs regretful amidst their faithfulness; his warnings all the more solemn because of their evident sympathy; and his exhortations encouraging and alluring from the benevolent hopefulness with which they were freighted.

But we must go a little deeper. Much of the strength of Doddridge was his personal holiness. During the twenty years of his Northampton ministry, it was his endeavour to "walk with God." And it is a spectacle at once humbling and animating to mark his progress, and to see how that divinely-planted principle, which once struggled so feebly with frivolity and self-indulgence and the love of praise, had grown into "a mighty tree." Nor were his immediate hearers unaware of his personal piety and his heavenly-mindedness. They knew how unselfish and disinterested he was; how the husband of an heiress, to whom he had been guardian, made him a handsome present as an acknowledgment for losses sustained by an over-scrupulous administration of her property; and how all the influence which he possessed with noble and powerful personages was exerted only on behalf of others. They knew his pious industry, and how the hardest worker and earliest riser in all their town was the great Doctor, whom so many strangers came to see and hear. They knew his zeal for God, and how dear to him was every project which promised to spread his glory in the earth; and how damping every incident by which he saw God's name dishonoured. And in listening to him they all felt that he was a man of God. And his readers feel the same. They are constantly encountering thoughts which they know instinctively could only have been fetched up from the depths of personal sanctity. The very texts which he quotes are evidently steeped in his own experience; and, unlike the second-hand truisms,—the dried rose-leaves,—with which so many are content, his thoughts have a dew still on them, like flowers fresh gathered in fields of holy meditation. Even beyond his pathos there is something subduing in his goodness.

Yet we would not tell our entire belief unless we added the power of prayer. Some may remember the prayer at the commencement of the Rise and Progress. "Impute it not, O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire that this work may be com-

pleted and propagated far abroad ; that it may reach to those that are yet unborn, and teach them thy name and thy praise, when the author has long dwelt in the dust. But if this petition be too great to be granted to one who pretends no claim but thy sovereign grace, give him to be in thy Almighty hand the blessed instrument of converting and saving one soul ; and if it be but one, and that the weakest and meanest, it shall be most thankfully accepted as a rich recompense for all the thought and labour this effort may cost." And his secret supplications were in unison with this printed prayer. Besides other seasons of devotion, the first Monday of every month was spent in that "solitary place," his vestry ; and, deducting the time employed in reviewing the past month, and laying plans for the new one, these seasons were spent in prayer and in communion with God. And none the less for the accessory reasons already mentioned, is it our persuasion that the success of his ministry, and the singular good accomplished by his writings, are an answer to these prayers. The piety of Doddridge was as devout as it was benevolent ; and to his power with God he owed no small measure of his power with men. Though genius is longevity, and goodness is immortality, it is Providence alone which can prevent a name from perishing from off the earth. That Providence has not only preserved the name of Doddridge, but has given to his writings a vitality shared by very few of his religious or literary cotemporaries.

Leaving the tutor, the pastor, the author, it is time that we return to the man ; and might we draw a full-length portrait, our readers would share our affection. That may not be, and therefore we shall only indicate a few features. His industry, as has already been inferred, was enormous : in the end it became an excess, and crushed a feeble constitution into an early grave. His letters alone were an extensive authorship. With such friends as Bishop Warburton and Archbishop Secker, with Isaac Watts and Nathaniel Lardner, with his spiritual father, the venerable Clarke, and with his fervent and tender-hearted brother, Barker, it was worth while to maintain a frequent correspondence ; but many of his epistolizers had little right to tax a man like Doddridge. Those were the cruel days of dear posts and "private opportunities ;" and a letter needed to contain matter enough to fill a little pamphlet ; and when some cosy country clergyman, who could sleep twelve hours in the twenty-four, or some self-contained dowager, who had no charge but her maid and her lap-dog, insisted on long missives from the busiest and greatest of their friends, they forgot that a sermon had to be laid aside, or a chapter of the Exposition suspended in their favour ; or that a man, who had seldom leisure to talk to

his children, must sit up an extra hour to talk to them. And yet, amidst the pressure of overwhelming toil, his vivacity seldom flagged, and his politeness never. Perhaps the severest thing he ever said was an impromptu on a shallow-pated student who was unfolding a scheme for flying to the moon:—

And will Volatio leave this world so soon,
To fly to his own native seat, the moon?
'Twill stand, however, in some little stead,
That he sets out with such an empty head.

But his wit was usually as mild as his dispositions; and it was seldom that he answered a fool according to his folly. His very essence was his kindness and charity, and one of the worst faults laid to his charge is a perilous sort of catholicity. The Dissenters never liked his dealings with the Church of England; and both Episcopalians and Presbyterians have regretted his intimacy with avowed or suspected Arians. Bishop Warburton reproached him for editing Hervey's *Meditations*, and Nathaniel Neal warned him of the contempt he was incurring amongst many by associating with "honest crazy Whitefield;" whilst the "rational Dissenters," represented by Dr. Kippis, have regretted that his superior intelligence was never cast into the Socinian scale. Judging from his early letters, this latter consummation was at one time far from unlikely; but the older and more earnest he grew, the more definite became his creed, and the more intense his affinity for spiritual Christianity. In ecclesiastical polity he never was a partizan,* and for piety his attraction was always more powerful than for mere theology. But in that essential element of vital Christianity, a profound and adoring attachment to the Saviour of men, the orthodoxy of Doddridge was never gainsaid. Had any one intercepted a packet of his letters, and found one addressed to Whitefield and another to Wesley; one to the Archbishop of Canterbury and another to Dr. Webster of Edinburgh; one to Henry Baker, F.R.S., describing a five-legged lamb and similar prodigies; and another to the Countess of Huntingdon or Joseph Williams, the Kidderminster manufacturer, on some rare phasis of spiritual experi-

* The free-and-easy organisation of Nonconformist Churches at that period is well known; many of the Presbyterian Chapels being practically Congregational, and the Congregational frequently adopting what are usually considered features of Presbytery. For instance, up to 1707 the Congregational Church at Northampton had recognised ruling elders as well as deacons. In the minute-book for that year, under date May 7, an entry occurs:—"It was agreed upon by the whole church assembled at a public church-meeting, for weighty reasons, that for the time to come the church shall be governed without ruling elders." In 1737, and under Dr. Doddridge's pastorate, the elders were re-appointed. See some interesting notices of this old church in the *Congregational Magazine*, vol. vi., New Series.

ence; he might have been at a loss to devise a sufficient theory for such a miscellaneous man. And yet he had a theory. As he writes to his wife, "I do not merely talk of it, but I feel it at my heart, that the only important end of life, and the greatest happiness to be expected in it, consists in seeking in all things to please God, attempting all the good we can." And from the Post-office could the querist have returned to the great house at the top of the town, and spent a day in the study, the parlour, and the lecture-room, he would have found that after all there was a true unity amidst these several forthgoings. Like Northampton itself, which marches with more counties than any other shire in England, his tastes were various and his heart was large, and consequently his border-line was long. And yet Northampton has a surface and a solid content, as well as a circumference; and amidst all his complaisance and all his versatility, Doddridge had a mind and a calling of his own.

The heart of Doddridge was just recovering from the wound which the faithless Kitty had inflicted, when he formed the acquaintance of MERCY MARIS. Come of gentle blood, her dark eyes and raven hair and brunette complexion were true to their Norman pedigree; and her refined and vivacious mind was only too well betokened in the mantling cheek, and the brilliant expression, and the light movements of a delicate and sensitive frame. When one so fascinating was good and gifted besides, what wonder that Doddridge fell in love? and what wonder that he deemed the 22d of December (1730) the brightest of days, when it gave him such a help-meet? Neither of them had ever cause to rue it; and it is fine to read the correspondence which passed between them, shewing them youthful lovers to the last. When away from home the good doctor had to write constantly to apprise Mercy that he was still "pure well;" and in these epistles he records with Pepysian minuteness, every incident which was likely to be important at home: how Mr. Seawen had taken him to see the House of Commons, and how Lady Abney carried him out in her coach to Newington; how soon his wrist-bands got soiled in the smoke of London, and how his horse had fallen into Mr. Coward's well at Walthamstow; and how he had gone a-fishing "with extraordinary success, for he had pulled a minnow out of the water, though it made shift to get away." They also contain sundry consultations and references on the subject of fans and damasks, white and blue. And from one of them we are comforted to find that the Northampton carrier was conveying a "harlequin dog" as a present from Kitty's husband to the wife of Kitty's old admirer,—shewing, as is abundantly evinced in other ways, how good an after-crop of friendship may grow on the stubble fields where love was long

the State of Ohio, a distance of 250 miles, the rapid progress of civilisation is singularly illustrated. In order to accelerate the clearing of the forest, the non-resident holders of waste lands are obliged to pay their full share of taxes for new schools and roads. If in arrear, the Sheriff sells a portion of the land by auction and discharges the debt. In 1800 the population of Ohio was 45,365. In ten years it had increased five-fold, and in 1840 it had reached 1,600,000 souls all free, and with scarcely any admixture of the coloured race. In this short period the forest was transformed into a land of steam-boats, canals, and flourishing towns. "There is no example in history, says our author, either in the old or new world of so sudden a rise of a large country to opulence and power. The State contains nearly as wide an extent of arable land as England, all of moderate elevation, so rich in its alluvial plains as to be cropped thirty or forty years without manure, having abundance of fine timber, a temperate climate, many large navigable rivers, a ready communication through Lake Erie with the north and east, and by the Ohio with the south and west, and lastly, abundance of coal in its eastern counties." So rapidly do the bands of emigrants penetrate the wilderness of forest, that M. de Tocqueville has computed that along the borders of the United States, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of more than 1200 miles, the whites advance at a mean rate of seventeen miles a year. There is, indeed, as he observes, a grandeur and solemnity in this gradual and continuous movement of the European race towards the rocky mountains. He compares it to "a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onwards by the hand of God."

At the town of Frederica, with 1200 inhabitants, neat white houses and six churches, the streets are lighted with carburetted hydrogen gas, which issues from a black bituminous shale of the Devonian formation, and is collected into a gasometer. Our author also saw the "burning spring" at the edge of the Niagara above the rapids, where carburetted hydrogen gas rises in countless bubbles through the clear transparent waters of the river. It takes fire by the application of a lighted candle, but its flame is lambent and flickering till it acquires sufficient oxygen, after mixing with the air, at the height of several inches above the stream.

In this their second visit to the Niagara Falls, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell performed the exploit of passing under the great sheet of water between the precipice and the Horse-shoe Fall:—

"We were in some degree rewarded for this feat by the singularity of the scene, and the occasional openings in the curtain of white foam and arch of green water which afford momentary glimpses of the

a baronet, and, as the friend of Hannah More, a star in the constellation "Virgo." And he loved to transcribe the laudatory notes in which dignitaries acknowledged presentation copies of his threepenny tracts. And he gave forth oracles which would have been more impressive had they been less querulous. But with all these foibles Sir James was a man of undoubted piety, and it may well excuse a little communicativeness when we remember that of the generation he had served so well, few survived to speak his praise. At all events, there was one benefactor whom he never forgot; and the chirrup of the old Cicada softened into something very soft and tender every time he mentioned the name of Doddridge.

Amongst the visitors at their father's house, at first to the children more formidable than the doctor, and by and by the most revered of all, was a Scotch cavalry officer. With his Hessian boots, and their tremendous spurs, sustaining the grandeur of his scarlet coat and powdered queue, there was something to youthful imaginations very awful in the tall and stately hussar; and that awe was nowise abated when they got courage to look on his high forehead which overhung grey eyes and weather-beaten cheeks, and when they marked his firm and dauntless air. And then it was terrible to think how many battles he had fought, and how in one of them a bullet had gone quite through his neck, and he had lain a whole night among the slain. But there was a deeper mystery still. He had been a very bad man once, it would appear, and now he was very good; and he had seen a vision; and altogether, with his strong Scotch voice, and his sword, and his wonderful story, the most solemn visitant was this grave and lofty soldier. But they saw how their father loved him, and they saw how he loved their father. As he sat so erect in the square corner-seat of the chapel they could notice how his stern look would soften, and how his firm lip would quiver, and how a happy tear would roll down his deep-lined face; and they heard him as he sang so joyfully the closing hymn, and they came to feel that the Colonel must indeed be very good. At last, after a long absence, he came to see their father, and staid three days, and he was looking very sick and very old. And the last night, before he went away their father preached a sermon in the house, and his text was, "I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him." And the Colonel went away, and their father went with him, and gave him a long convoy; and many letters went and came. But at last there was war in Scotland. There was a rebellion, and there were battles; and then the gloomy news arrived. There had been a battle close to the very house of Bankton, and the king's soldiers had run away, and the brave COLONEL GARDINER would not

run, but fought to the very last, and—alas for the Lady Frances!—he was stricken down and slain scarce a mile from his own mansion door.

Near Northampton stands the little parish church of Weston Favel. Its young minister was one of Doddridge's dearest friends. He was a tall and spectral-looking man, dying daily; and, like so many in that district, was a debtor to his distinguished neighbour. After he became minister of his hereditary parish, and when he was preaching with more earnestness than light, he was one day acting on a favourite medical prescription of that period, and accompanying a ploughman along the furrow in order to smell the fresh earth. The ploughman was a pious man, and attended the Castle-Hill Meeting; and the young parish minister asked him, "What do you think the hardest thing in religion?" The ploughman respectfully returned the question, excusing himself, as an ignorant man; and the minister said, "I think the hardest thing in religion is to deny sinful self;" and, expatiating some time on its difficulties, asked, if anything could be harder? "No, sir, except it be to deny righteous self." At the moment the minister thought his parishioner a strange fellow, or a fool; but he never forgot the answer, and was soon a convert to the ploughman's creed. JAMES HERVEY had a mind of uncommon gorgeousness. His thoughts all marched to a stately music, and were arrayed in the richest superlatives. Nor was it affectation. It was the necessity of his ideal nature, and was a merciful compensation for his scanty powers of outward enjoyment. As he sat in his little parlour watching the saucepan, in which his dinner of gruel was simmering, and filled up the moments with his microscope, or a page of the *Astro-Theology*, in his tour of the universe he soon forgot the pains and miseries of his corporeal residence. To him "Nature was Christian;" and after his own soul had drunk in all the joy of the Gospel, it became his favourite employment to read it in the fields and the firmament. One product of these researches was his famous "*Meditations*." They were in fact a sort of *Astro* and *Physico-Evangelism*, and, as their popularity was amazing, they must have contributed extensively to the cause of Christianity. They were followed by "*Theron and Aspasio*"—a series of Dialogues and Letters on the most important points of personal religion, in which, after the example of Cicero, solid instruction is conveyed amidst the charms of landscape, and the amenities of friendly intercourse. This latter work is memorable as one of the first attempts to popularize systematic divinity; and it should undeceive those who deem dulness the test of truth, when they find the theology of Vitringa and Witsius enshrined in one of our finest prose poems. It was

hailed with especial rapture by the Seceders of Scotland, who recognised "the Marrow" in this lordly dish, and were justly proud of their unexpected apostle. Many of them, that is, many of the few who achieved the feat of a London journey, arranged to take Weston on their way, and eschewing the Ram Inn and the adjacent Academy, they turned in to Aspasio's lowly parsonage. Here they found "a reed shaking in the wind:"—a panting invalid nursed by his tender mother and sister; and when the Sabbath came, James Erskine, or Dr. Pattison, or whoever the pilgrim might be, saw a great contrast to his own teeming meeting-house in the little flock that assembled in the little church of Weston Favel. But that flock hung with up-looking affection on the moveless attitude and faint accents of their emaciated pastor, and with Scotch-like alacrity turned up and marked in their Bibles every text which he quoted; and though they could not report the usual accessories of clerical fame,—the melodious voice, and graceful elocution, and gazing throng,—the visitors carried away "a thread of the mantle," and long cherished as a sacred remembrance, the hours spent with this Elijah before he went over Jordan. Others paid him the compliment of copying his style; and both among the Evangelical preachers of the Scotch Establishment and its Secession, the "Meditations" became a frequent model. A few imitators were very successful; for their spirit and genius were kindred: but the tendency of most of them was to make the world despise themselves, and weary of their unoffending idol. Little children prefer red sugar-plums to white, and always think it the best "content" which is drunk from a painted cup: but when the dispensation of content and sugar-plums has yielded to maturer age, the man takes his coffee and his cracknel, without observing the pattern of the pottery. And, unfortunately, it was to this that the Herveytes directed their chief attention, and hungry people have long since tired of their flowery truisms and mellifluous inanities; and, partly from impatience of the copyists, the reading republic has nearly ostracized the glowing and gifted original.

Gladly would we introduce the reader to a few others of Dr. Doddridge's friends: such as DR. CLARKE, his constant adviser and considerate friend, whose work on "The Promises" still holds its place in our religious literature; GILBERT WILKINSON, whose catholic piety and elegant tastes found in Doddridge a congenial friend; DR. WATTS, who so shortly preceded him to that better country, of which on earth they were among the brightest citizens; BISHOP Warburton, who, in a life-long correspondence with so mild a friend, carefully cushioned his formidable claws, and became the lion playing with the lamb; and WILLIAM COWARD, Esq., with cramps in his legs, and crotchets in

his head,—the rich London merchant who was constantly changing his will, but who at last, by what Robert Baillie would have termed the “canny conveyance” of Watts and Doddridge, did bequeath twenty thousand pounds towards founding a dissenting college. At each of these and several others we would have wished to glance; for we hold that biography is only like a cabinet specimen when it merely presents the man himself, and that to know him truly he must be seen *in situ*, and surrounded with his friends: especially a man like Doddridge, whose affectionate and absorptive nature imbibed so much from those around him. But perhaps enough has been already said to aid the reader’s fancy.

The sole survivor of twenty children, and with such a weakly frame, the wonder is that, amidst incessant toil, Doddridge held out so long. Temperance, elasticity of spirits, and the hand of God upheld him. At last, in December 1750, preaching the funeral sermon of Dr. Clarke, at St. Albans, he caught a cold which he could never cure. Visits to London and the waters of Bristol had no beneficial effect; and, in the fall of the following year, he was advised to try a voyage to Lisbon. His kind friend Bishop Warburton here interfered, and procured for his dissenting brother a favour which deserves to be held in lasting memorial. He applied at the London Post-office, and, through his influence, it was arranged that the captain’s rooms in the packet should be put at the invalid’s disposal. Accordingly, on the 30th September, accompanied by his anxious wife and a servant, he sailed from Falmouth; and, revived by the soft breezes and the ship’s stormless progress, he sate in his easy chair in the cabin, enjoying the brightest thoughts of all his life. “Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express,” was his frequent exclamation to the tender partner of his voyage. And when the ship was gliding up the Tagus, and Lisbon with its groves and gardens and sunny towers stood before them, so animating was the spectacle, that affection hoped he might yet recover. The hope was an illusion. Bad symptoms soon came on; and the chief advantage of the change was, that it perhaps rendered dissolution more easy. On the 26th of October, 1751, he ceased from his labours, and soon after was laid in the burying-ground of the English factory. The Lisbon earthquake soon followed; but his grave remains to this day, and, like Henry Martyn’s at Tocot, is to the Christian traveller a little spot of holy ground.

A hundred years have passed away since then; but there is much of Doddridge still on earth. The “Life of Colonel Gardiner” is still one of the best-known biographies; and, with Dr. Brown, we incline to think that, as a manual for ministers, there

has yet appeared no memoir superior to his own. The Family Expositor has undergone that disintegrating process to which all bulky books are liable, and many of its happiest illustrations now circulate as things of course in the current popular criticism; and though his memory does not receive the due acknowledgment, the Church derives the benefit. The singers of the Scotch Paraphrases and of other hymn collections are often unwitting singers of the words of Doddridge; and the thousands who quote the lines—

“Live while you live, the epicure would say,” &c.,

are repeating the epigram which Philip Doddridge wrote, and which Samuel Johnson pronounced the happiest in our language. And if the “Rise and Progress” shall ever be superseded by a modern work, we can only wish its successor equal usefulness: however great its merits we can scarcely promise that it will keep as far a-head of all competitors for a hundred years as the original work has done. Had Doddridge lived a little longer, missionary movements would have been sooner originated by the British churches; but he lived long enough to be the father of the Book Society. And though Coward College is now absorbed in a more extensive erection, the founders of St. John’s Wood College should rear a statue to Doddridge, as the man who gave the mightiest impulse to the work of rearing an educated Nonconformist ministry in England.

From wanting what may be termed the decisive or dogmatic faculty, some minds are incapable of forming a conclusive opinion on debatable points; from constitutional mildness, others are incapable of pronouncing firmly opinions which they have decidedly formed. To a certain extent Doddridge shared either infirmity. Except those few fundamental truths on which his personal piety immediately reposed, the doctrines of theology had not been the subject of his anxious study. With the literature of his science he was abundantly acquainted, and, as a historian, he knew what other men had thought and written; but, as a judge, he had not come to an absolute verdict;—as a divine, he had not completed his creed. Still more, in that age of religious rancour, and with friendships embracing all shades of Protestant opinion, it was very distressing to a soft and affectionate nature to give forth categorical statements on the points of controversy. Doddridge felt this hardship, and because he preached in all sorts of pulpits, and had a certain popularity among all sorts of hearers, many called him a temporiser and trimmer. This was unfair. With Doddridge the primary aim was the promotion of practical piety; and he fancied that, in his occasional ministrations amongst his neighbours, this could be best

advanced by keeping clear of their theological peculiarities. A man of greater courage or of intenser convictions might have acted otherwise; but in acting as he did, we believe that Doddridge acted purely. He loved his friends, and he had no desire for partizans, and therefore he was extremely anxious to give offence to none. But if he did not always preach the whole of his creed, he never preached anything contrary to it. If he did not always announce himself as a Calvinist, neither did he to the Arminians become as an Arminian, nor to the Arians did he become as an Arian. He may have been too facile, and may have taken a momentary complexion from his company, but he practised no intentional imposition, as was done by too many in his day; nor could any one upbraid him as a wolf in sheep's clothing. He may have been a chameleon—he was not a Proteus.

But, in apologizing for Doddridge, we would not plead for a silent or neutral policy. Not only is it essential that a pastor and a tutor should have his mind made up on all important matters, but he ought to be so “fully persuaded,” as to give a positive tone to his teaching. And if, with beliefs so few or so feeble, that he cannot throw into his subject an enthusiastic advocacy, a man ascends the chair of instruction, his see-saw statements may inflict a lasting damage on his hearers; for while they fail to do justice to particular truths, they leave the impression that there is no truth attainable. In his theological lectures, Dr. Doddridge treated his pupils as if he were a judge summing up to a jury; and it need not surprise us if, finding so many questions left open, some of them never came to a decision, and others decided wrong.

But if Northampton Academy was not a school of dogmatic theology, the piety and intelligence of its Principal imparted a peculiar salubrity to its atmosphere; and, according to their several affinities, its alumni carried away the fervour of evangelists, or the tastes and habits of accomplished scholars.

Of the former class we can have no happier instance than **RISDON DARRACOTT**.* Even when a student, this pious youth found an outlet for his zeal in the surrounding villages; and on one occasion, as was then very usual, his little conventicle was surrounded by the rabble, and the preacher only escaped personal injury by making his exit through a window in the rear of the building. When his college course was ended, and in all the freshness of youth, he was invited to become the minister of the Presbyterian congregation at Wellington, in Somersetshire. This little town was just the sort of place where ordinary zeal would have dwindled down to decency, and where caged ambi-

* Born 1717. Died 1759.

tion would have fretted at the smallness of its sphere. But Darracott's was more than common zeal; and so long as there were thousands of unconverted men in Wellington, there were abundant objects for his ambition. Accordingly, commencing with a communion-roll of twenty-eight, he began to preach with as much warmth and energy as if the entire town were resorting to his ministry. With moderate scholarship, and with nothing brilliant in his thoughts, his eager aspect and glowing countenance gave to truths oft-told a freshness equal to originality, and even to the coarsest minds there was something irresistibly captivating, in the suavity of his spirit and the refinement of the Christian gentleman; and as that Gospel which he preached had a constant exponent in an eye ever beaming and in a frame ever bounding with active benevolence, it is not wonderful that the common people heard him gladly. When he perceived any one unusually attentive or solemnized, it was his plan to write a letter or pay an early visit, in order to urge the impression home; and he was unwearied in his efforts to bring amiable or awakened hearers to the grand decision which divides the Church from the world, and formality from faith. His paramount zeal for his Master was nobly displayed in his anxiety to bring to Wellington preachers more powerful than himself, and a visit which he secured from Whitefield was the means of a memorable and salutary excitement in that little town. It was chiefly among the poor and illiterate that Mr. Darracott's ministry prospered; but among poachers and vagrants, foreign mountebanks and clod-poles who could not read the alphabet, as well as among farmers and tradesmen, he saw many triumphs of the all-transforming gospel. And amongst his forays into the surrounding villages one hamlet is specified as a singular trophy of his fervent ministry. So addicted to drunkenness, rioting, and fighting was Rogue's Green, that it had become the Nazareth of that neighbourhood. However, into this den of depravity Mr. Darracott found his way, and the result of his labours was, that in a hamlet where there had not been a single worshipper, there remained scarcely a single house in which the evening traveller would not hear the voice of prayer and praise. And when, after eighteen years of unflagging toil, this good man died his blessed death, instead of twenty-eight he left a church of three hundred members. One of the last cordials vouchsafed to Doddridge before he left his native land, was a sight of this beloved pupil in the very zenith of his usefulness. A week before he embarked for Lisbon he spent a night at Wellington, and on the morning of his departure told his young friend that his joys were now too much for his enfeebled body to sustain.

Another like-minded pupil was BENJAMIN FAWCETT.* His sphere for five and thirty years was Kidderminster, and the charge immortalized by the name of Baxter. Never had minister a more kindred successor. Not only did Mr. Fawcett adopt the Baxterian theology, and attain a goodly measure of the Baxterian importunity and pathos in preaching, but it was the labour of his leisure to abridge such works as the "Saint's Rest," and the "Call to the Unconverted," and "Converse with God in Solitude." It is easy to curtail a book. With pen and scissors any man may make a long treatise short. But it is not so easy to condense a book—preserving all its essence, and only diminishing its volume. But this is what the skill of Fawcett has effected for the copiousness of Baxter. Relieving the work of cumbrous quotations and irrelevant discussions, he has also compressed the exuberant phraseology, but so happily that it still retains a pleasing fulness. And whilst the condensation has increased the effectiveness of the composition, with the tenderness of a foster-father he has sacrificed nothing which the author would have grieved to surrender. Like a second distillation, the entire spirit of Baxter still is there; and like a bullet after it has passed through the compressing machine, the bulk is diminished but the entire metal remains, and the momentum is increased. In his own ministry Mr. Fawcett was eminent for his abundant labours and physical energy. In his hale constitution and hardihood only he was not a successor of Baxter. Like his tutor he used to rise every morning at five, and, even in the coldest weather, he never had a fire in his study. And three sermons on Sabbath, with several through the week, seemed only to have the effect of a wholesome exercise.

For the last fifteen years of his life Mr. Fawcett had for a hearer an esteemed ministerial brother, and if you had wished to know all about Doddridge you could not have done better than make the acquaintance of that elderly gentleman in the scratch wig, with mittens and spencer. You would have found it rather difficult. He was a recluse, and, partly from a nervous inability to meet official exigencies, had resigned his pastorate in Shrewsbury; and now the old bachelor wished to snuggle down in a bookish privacy. Write him a letter, and he will send you an answer full of anecdotes and wisdom, and running over with piety and kindness; but do not flutter him by a personal inroad. Or if go you must, wait till evening, and tap gently, very gently, at the door. As he sits with his feet on either hob, it is a pipe that he is smoking, and it is Flavel that he is reading. See, how you have frightened him! how fur-

* Born 1718. Died 1780.

tively and sorrowfully he looks up at the intruder, and how the pipe has nearly dropped from his unclosing lips! Speak to him. Assure him. Tell him that you are not a deacon from the old meeting at Shrewsbury, but a devotee come to worship at the shrine of Doddridge. And now you are right welcome. Half the fireside is yours, and—Do you smoke? or would you prefer a cup of cider? He will tell you all you want to know. He will tell you how high he was and how thin, and how he stooped in the shoulders. He will describe his conversation, its sprightliness, its benevolence, its occasional brilliant repartee; and, above all, its instructiveness: how, like the warm brooks in the Apennines, even when quickest and clearest it always left a solid deposit. He will describe his preaching and his lecturing and his studying; and if he sees that you are enthusiast enough he will go to that cupboard, and produce a sample of the hoarded relics. Here is a bunch of letters, and you see how neat and legible is every line; and there is a little stenographic volume. It is Rich's short-hand; and had you been a pupil of the doctor, it would have been your first task to learn it. Though not a Boswell, JOB ORTON* was one of the best of biographers; and so carefully and piously has he compiled the life of his venerated tutor, that his own name will be coeval with Doddridge. His paraphrase of the Old Testament, on the model of his early master, has obtained little notoriety; but his "Sermons to the Aged" are still in good repute, and shew how solid and practical his preaching must have been, and to what good account he turned his multifarious reading.

The converse of Job Orton was ANDREW KIPPIS.† Both grateful pupils and admiring biographers of Doddridge, no men could be more different. And yet at one point their orbits curiously intersected. Princes Street Chapel in Westminster was vacant, and each was successively invited to fill it. Orton, who, notwithstanding his strong curiosity, never had courage to visit London, declined it. Kippis went, and lived and died its minister. In his youth he had acquired a vast mass of information, having, it is said, read for years together at the rate of sixteen hours a day, and in his omnivorous appetite for knowledge bolting such books as the ten folios of the "General Dictionary." And with all the ardour of unabated studiousness, his powerful memory retained to the last its amazing acquisitions. Nor was Robert Hall's sarcasm so true as it was witty. Crammed with books as was his cranium, his brains had room to move in. He was a vigorous thinker, as well as a Herculean worker; and his original articles in the "Biographia Britannica" bear the

* Born 1717. Died 1783.

† Born 1725. Died 1795.

stamp of a masculine understanding as well as a rarely furnished memory. However, it was chiefly as a man of letters and a rhetorician that Dr. Kippis could appreciate the character of Doddridge. Kitty's daughter, Mrs. Barbauld, said of her own Socinian sect that it was "the frozen zone of Christianity:" and in those days of spiritual aphelion, so refrigerated had the spiritual atmosphere become, that almost all who left a pious home were speedily frost-bitten. Removed from contact with Doddridge's fervent spirit, it was not long before, in the minds of many of his pupils, the icy spicula began to shoot, and the arctic winter set in. Such was the fate of Dr. Kippis. In his mind evangelism became completely petrified, and the essays of Princes Street had no power as gospel sermons. Had it not been for this, he would have been the model of a city minister. With a temper which no interruptions ruffled, and a frame which no fatigues exhausted, he not only accomplished literary undertakings of enormous industry, such as editing the works of Lardner and Doddridge, and compiling the five folios of his *Biographia*; but he found leisure to execute the duties of sundry trusts—equivalent to the work of modern Committees—and besides gratifying his own tastes as a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, he fulfilled with a faultless accuracy all the outward labours of his pastorate. Although the knocker had been singing "Tityre tu," he could not have received with a blander smile each invading Melibæus, whether he were a country minister come to pass the day with him, or a young student soliciting one of the Williams' bursaries, or a poor author wishing to sell a greasy poem to the *Monthly Magazine*. For all the polite and kind-hearted Kippis had always patience and urbanity, and to many he rendered enduring service. And then, when he came in from a protracted tea-drinking with some old lady, who felt shabbily used because he did not come till five and left at nine, he found in the lobby the messenger of printer Nichols waiting for more "copy;" and in the study there were letters from Sir John Pringle about some Royal Society feud, and from Sir David Dalrymple about some old border abbey, and from some provincial congregation about procuring supply, all needing answers by return. And such answers they would receive. Before breakfast next morning the supply was announced, Sir John and Sir David were enlightened, and the printer was pacified. In his day the Atlas of so large a sphere—so laborious, so affable, and so truly learned—and monopolizing to himself and his associates the title of "Rational Dissenters," is it not curious that nearly all his associates should now be forgotten, and that his own name should chiefly survive in the sarcasm of a dissenter whom Dr. Kippis would scarcely have counted "rational?"

Amongst incipient divines a work of some consideration used to be "Farmer on Miracles." Its author, HUGH FARMER,* was one of Doddridge's earliest pupils. His lot in life was easy. Mr. Coward, whose residence was seven miles from London, and in the stately seclusion of Epping Forest, selected him as his private chaplain. His vigorous compositions, aided by a polished style and a voice full of unction, attracted to Mr. Coward's parlour so large an audience that a separate place of worship was speedily provided; and so high did the reputation of Mr. Farmer rise, that many opulent citizens bought or built mansions at Walthamstow for the sake of his ministry. At last, it is recorded, as many as twenty or thirty coaches would be marshalled at the door of his meeting on a Sunday morning. Meanwhile he ceased to reside with Mr. Coward. That old English gentleman closed his doors at six in winter and seven in summer; and thereafter no urgency could obtain admission. One evening the chaplain was bolted out; and knowing how needless it was to continue knocking, he repaired to the house of a hearer. Mr. and Mrs. Snell were so kind that the night's lodging grew into a sojourn of thirty years; and the only drawback on this rare hospitality was, that when at last it was ended by the decease of his host and hostess, he found himself a gouty bachelor too old to look out for a wife. We suspect that this leisure was too delightful, and the refined society of the Forest too fascinating. His ministry was popular, but we are afraid that it was not very useful. He had an independent and vigorous mind, and, besides his best known work, he published on Demoniacs and other subjects treatises which displayed originality and learning, but for the most part leaning to the rationalistic side. He was very fastidious about his own compositions, and during his long and fashionable ministry had sufficient forbearance to publish only one sermon. Not only was he exemplary as the printer of no more than a single sermon, but in these book-burdened times, he deserves well of the literary public for an act of posthumous consideration. By will he requested that all his papers might be destroyed, save those which he should except by special codicil. As there was no codicil, his conscientious executors burned all his manuscripts, including the books he had prepared for the press. For this deed they have been branded as Goths, and Mr. Farmer is enrolled as a sort of literary martyr. But from the best attention we have been able to give the case—including the perusal of a rescued fragment—we should be inclined to return a verdict of Justifiable Libricide; and, as for the martyrdom, we cannot allow any one to be canonized who is a "martyr by mistake."

* Born 1714. Died 1787.

ART. IV.—1. *London Labour and the London Poor: A Cyclopædia of the Social Condition and Earnings of Those that will Work, Those that cannot Work, and Those that will not Work.* By HENRY MAYHEW, the Special Correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, and originator of the Letters "On Labour and the Poor" in that Journal. In course of publication. London, 1850-51.

2. *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography.* 2 vols. London, 1850.

THE two publications whose titles we have prefixed to this paper are perhaps the most conspicuous illustrations that could be cited of a tendency of the present time to which we cannot too earnestly direct attention—the tendency of these two extreme classes of our social scale, literary men and *prolétaires*, to come together and to act in concert. Mr. Mayhew, who is the son-in-law of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, was known in literary circles before the appearance of his Letters in the *Morning Chronicle*, as the author of many pieces both in the light and in the serious vein. The reputed author of "Alton Locke" is a clergyman of the Church of England, connected, it is said, with that small but very influential section of the Church to which Professor Maurice and Archdeacon Hare belong, and who, prior to the publication of "Alton Locke," was well known as the writer of various literary essays, as well as of a dramatic poem. It is, we believe, in his capacity as a clergyman, holding peculiar views as to the proper function of the clergy at the present time, that the author himself would prefer being regarded in the work of fiction which he has laid before the public; for us, however, in the following Article, the chief significance of the work shall lie in what it is when taken as a literary conception and performance.

According to one of those rough classifications which often prove so serviceable, society may be conveniently viewed as distributed into three classes—the learned, or literary class; the moneyed class, including all who exercise direct material influence on the social procedure; and the *prolétaires*, or working men. It is not difficult to call up these classes severally before the mind's eye, and to seize their signs and characteristics.

Literary men, say what we will, are essentially a vagabond portion of the community. They consist, in every community, of a very small number of individuals who have foregone, in profession at least, the career of worldly speculation and advancement, and have devoted themselves to what is termed the ideal

—that is, to the elaboration of mental forms, and the detection and expression of generalities. Various are the grades of this class, and various the types of character that may be discovered in it, from the profound thinker to the writer of epigrams and epithalamiums; from the stern moralist who rolls his counsels in thunder over the heads of a people, to the poor merry-maker who grins at you through the bars of his window, like that prototype of our comic literature, Will Somers the Jester, in Holbein's picture at Hampton Court. But there is a likeness among them all. What they produce, what they work in, is Thought. The atmosphere is their element; in it they build up their conceptions, through it they chase their phantasies. Practically, too, they exhibit common qualities, which distinguish them as a class from the rest of mankind. They are the gipsy atoms of the social mass—erratic, self-willed, precarious in their movements. Customs are altered since men like Savage and Goldsmith were one day starving in the streets, and the next rioting in luxury; much has also been done to improve the ethics of the literary profession since that time; still the disease of literary men, the true *pediculus Musei Britannici*, is imppecuniosity. There are, indeed, opportunities of wealth in the profession; but the incomes of most of its members are necessarily scanty or moderate. There are, also, prudent men in the literary profession, and the number of such is probably increasing; but it is not in the nature of the profession to train its members to habits of foresight, carefulness, and pecuniary reference. Of all men in the world, a literary man is expected to sit loose to sordid worldly considerations; seeing that the business he is constantly engaged in is the handling, not of material realities, such as cash or manufactured goods, but of those untangible and aerial shapes and substances called notions, imaginations, propositions, general truths. The Literary Man is the aspirant after the general, the devotee of the unseen.

The characteristics of the moneyed or property class, on the other hand, are conservatism and caution of temper, and an affection for the palpable and special. It includes those whose function is to manage the material interests of a country, to preside over those processes of production, distribution, and exchange, whereby to-day is connected with to-morrow, and the continuity of social life secured. Generalities, mental forms, truths of an abstract kind do not come congenially to such men; of the vast number of propositions in which all human knowledge, as hitherto acquired, has been summed up and concentrated, they are acquainted with but a small part; often, indeed, they are, according to the academic mode of judging, deplorably ignorant and all but illiterate. But, with reading, writing, and arithmetic,

plain practical sagacity and a confirmed habit of routine are found sufficient for them. This class, consisting as it does, of all who have, as the phrase is, "a stake in the country," is in every community very considerable. Upon them, almost by necessity, devolve the cares and honours of the social administration; from among them we get our members of Parliament, our municipal magistrates, our parochial functionaries; and though there are, of course, infinite diversities of taste and capacity amongst them, these diversities are for the most part but various developments of one radical type of character.

Servants of this class, and constituting by far the most numerous portion of every community, are the *prolétaires*, or, speaking more restrictedly, the working men, who earn to-day's bread by to-day's labour. They are the veritable descendants of those who in ancient times were the slaves; with but a few differences their social position is the same. Despite savings' banks, temperance societies, and institutions for mutual improvement, the characteristic of this class, like that of the literary class, is, and probably ever will be, pecuniary *insouciance*. From week to week these thousands live, now in work and now out of work, as careless of to-morrow as if Benjamin Franklin had never lived; entering at one end of the journey of existence and issuing at the other without ever having at any one moment accumulated five superfluous shillings. Some philosophers, treating the disposition to save as but a very small virtue in any case, and institutions for its encouragement as at best but temporary devices to palliate evils which, under a deeper system of society, need not exist at all, find a beauty in this *insouciance*. Without raising a controversy on that point, we think it enough to point out the fact. There is something awful in the conception it involves. What a native clinging of mankind to this poor life there must be, what an inextinguishable sweetness in the mere fact of existence, or at least what a dread of the hour of dissolution, when millions of human beings placed in circumstances which many of their fellow-creatures regard as insufferably wretched, yet pursue their weary journey faithfully to its natural end, grudging to lose the smallest inch! Watch a poor old man in rags slowly dragging himself along in a mean street, as if every step were a pain. His life has been one of toil and hardship, and now he may be wifeless, friendless, and a beggar. What makes that man hold on any longer to existence at all? Is it any remnant of positive pleasure he still contrives to extract from it—the pleasure of talking twaddle to people who will listen to him, of looking about him at children playing, of peering into doors and entries as he passes; is it fear and a calculation of chances; or is it the more imbecility of habit? Who can tell? True, this is but

one case. There are thousands of cases of men in the proletarian order whose prudence and perseverance have dissipated the circumstantial miseries to which they were born, and created around them homes of peace and comfort; and the theory is that in this country at least the paths to the highest material prosperity, and to the chief positions of social eminence, are open to the very poorest of the land. But the instances are exceptional; and the theory, if advanced in any but an exceptional sense, is a lie, a delusion, and a mockery.

Though hitherto, by the very necessities of their position, literary men have been in more intimate relations with the moneyed class than with *prolétaires*, though in certain ages they have been in fact the clients of the moneyed class, yet it is evident that there are points of resemblance which might be the ground of establishing a close connexion between literary men and the mass of the people. Both classes have one common characteristic—that of pecuniary *insouciance*. Both classes, again, have a natural preference for the general over the special point of view. A literary man and a working man both attack a question broadside, by the force of general human desires and instincts; whereas a moneyed or mercantile man, who has “a stake in the country,” is, for the most part, determined in his judgments by those established facts of society, and those rules of conventional routine which prescribe the limits of the practicable. Hence, it may be affirmed, there are a greater number of solutions of important questions, and a greater number of admitted maxims and principles, common to literary men and the working classes, than there are common either, on the one hand, to literary men and men of property, or, on the other, to men of property and the people at large. In a certain sense, indeed, more profound than that in which the saying is usually understood, it may be asserted that literary men in all ages have been the organs of the *sapienza volgare* or general sentiment of the people. The poets of old may have derived their means of sustenance from their noble and wealthy patrons, but they derived their tone and spirit from the crowd. What is universal in its interest, what moves the deepest passions and touches every heart, is the true matter of the highest literature. The peculiar manners and habits even of those who lead a professional or technical life, as well as the high and abstract conceptions of the most rare and trained minds, demand, of course, their due share of literary recognition and representation; but as no piece of music is thoroughly grand in which the harmony, however elaborate, is not pervaded and commanded by some flow of delightful melody, so no work of literary art is of the noblest class wherein, whatever may be its exquisiteness or intel-

lectual ingenuity, there is not a perturbation of the primary and all-agitating emotions. Shelley may be a poet of the cultured few, but the poet of a world is a soul like Æschylus.

But though, in this sense, even what may be called Pure Literature, the literature of all ages and all countries has necessarily been profoundly popular in its spirit, it is only of late that there has arisen a species of literature expressly social in its aim and reference. Poets of old sang the legends of their nations; historians of old told of wars, and treaties, and invasions; preachers of old insisted on the general charities and duties, and tried to till the souls of their individual hearers. It is only of late that literary men have looked abroad on contemporary human life, as overspreading the rural earth, or pent up in masses within the walls of cities, and said to themselves deliberately and consciously, "Here is a field for us." It is only of late that to biographies and romances of individual life, to political and military histories, to epic and dramatic fictions, to songs and sentimental poems, there has been added a department of literature devoted to whatever forms of writing can be devised for illustrating and improving the condition of the people. "The condition of the people," "the state of society," "social amelioration," "the prospects of the working classes,"—such are some of the new phrases and conceptions with which, significant of this change, the world of letters has of late been flooded. To trace historically the origin and progress of this new species of literary activity might not be uninteresting; suffice it here, however, to say that, necessarily involved as it was in that revolution of men's thoughts produced by the Religion which first asserted the doctrine of the spiritual equality of all men, and fostered as it was by certain of the finer usages of the Church in the middle ages, it does not appear to have received its full development and expansion till, under the provisional and narrow name of Political Economy, men had enthroned a specific science, having for its declared object the contemplation of society as such, and the observation and generalization of the social reciprocities and processes. It is in accordance with this that the country that has taken the lead in the initiation and promotion of this literature of social reference has been France. One cannot now take up a French bookseller's list of advertisements without seeing the titles of publications of all kinds and sizes devoted to the elucidation of social questions. "*L'Organisation du Travail*," "*Destinée Sociale*," "*Etudes sur les principales causes de la Misère*," "*De la condition physique et morale des jeunes Ouvriers*,"—such are some of the titles of a class of French books already sufficient to form a large library. The thing, in fact, has become a profession in France. Men of all

kinds and of all capacities, men who do not care one farthing about the condition of the people, or about the condition of anybody except themselves, as well as men of real goodness and philanthropy, now write books full of statistics about the working classes, and of plans for diminishing the amount of social evil. And so, too, in this country. The "Condition of England question," has become the target at which every callow witling must aim his shaft. All literature seems to be flowing towards this channel, so that there seems a likelihood that we shall soon have no literature at all but a literature of social reference. Looking at the kind of men that are rushing in and occupying so confidently this ground, where even angels fear to tread, and considering the crudities that are daily promulgated under the shelter of the term Social Science, it requires some philosophy, some power of patiently discerning the silent good in the midst of the noisy evil, to restrain one from throwing aside the whole subject in disgust, and fleeing away to some solitary grove of quiet meditation, where neither the adjective "social," nor the noun "organization," shall ever have leave to torment one more. And not a few men of reverent and delicate minds have, we believe, acted in this manner. Alas! we fear they but imitate the ostrich.

We have said that so largely of late has the literature of social reference gained upon what may be called pure or ideal literature, that there seems even to be a probability that pure literature will be superseded. The characteristic of the literary effort of Europe from the fifth to the tenth century, consisted, M. Guizot tells us, in this, that it was thoroughly practical and stimulative to action, that it aimed solely at guiding the conduct of men. All the literary productions of that period were sermons or homilies. And hence, says M. Guizot, the apparent barrenness of that period, when viewed in historic retrospect. An immense deal was written and spoken, and yet it seems now as if that age had no literature. The reason is, that the literature was in its nature ephemeral, that it was intended for temporary effect, and that in being forgotten in after ages it but followed the law of its kind. Are we on the eve of such another literary epoch—an epoch plentiful in publications of real intellect and merit while it lasts, but doomed, by the very necessity of its literary aims, to appear poor and sterile in the eyes of future generations? We do not believe that we are; and yet there is at the present hour a strong force of dogmatic opinion which would hurry us along to take our chance of that result. "Literature, art, poetry, the drama—what is all this but epicurism and dilettantism, insufferable in times like these? Shall men spend their strength in literary ingenuities, in riddles

of curiosity and speculative interest only, at a time when the great sphinx herself has appeared, man-devouring as of old? No, let all talent, all worth, be set to the problem of the day; and let literature, like any other arm of the public service, lend its undivided aid to the resolution of that problem—to the extinction, as far as possible, of what is socially confused and wrong, and the creation of what is orderly and right.” Such is the cry that has been raised in certain quarters, and raised so powerfully and eloquently as to have already crept into some portions of the public mind as a useful theory.

The abolition of pure literature, and the substitution of a literature of direct social reference—this is what the theory would formally lead to. Hear Sandy Mackaye in the novel of “Alton Locke.” Sandy, a shrewd high-minded old Scotchman, who keeps a second-hand bookshop in London, has become a disciple of the theory in question. Alton Locke, his *protégé*, a young tailor and poet, has written a poem descriptive of ideal scenes of life in a beautiful South-Sea island. He musters up courage one evening to read the manuscript to Sandy, as they sit together by the fire in Sandy’s chaotic little back-shop. Sandy hears him grimly for some time, his upper lip gradually lengthening and his lower protruding; at last, however, at a passage describing a shoal of young South-Sea maidens swimming out to meet a missionary ship, he can contain himself no longer, but bursts out:—

“ ‘Will ye be a man or a ’luntic? Coral Islands? Pacific? What do ye ken about Pacifics? Are ye a Cockney or a Cannibal Islander? Dinna stand there, ye gowk, as fusionless as a docken, but tell me that. Where do ye live?’ ”

“ ‘What do you mean, Mr. Mackaye?’ asked I, with a doleful and disappointed visage.

“ ‘Mean—why, if God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He’d ha’ put ye there—and because He means ye to write about London town, He’s put ye there—and gien ye an unco sharp taste o’ the ways o’t; and I’ll gie ye anither. Come along wi’ me.

“ And he seized me by the arm, and hardly giving me time to put on my hat, marched me out into the streets, and away through Clare Market to St. Giles’s.

“ It was a foul, chilly, foggy Saturday night. From the butchers’ and greengrocers’ shops the gas-lights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of slip-shod dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat and frostbitten vegetables, wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the greasy pavement, sending up odours as foul as the language of sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapours rose

from cowsheds and slaughter-houses, and the doorways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth out on their shoes from the back-yard into the court, and from the court up into the main street; while above, hanging like cliffs over the streets—those narrow brawling torrents of filth, and poverty, and sin—the houses with their teeming load were piled up into the dingy choking night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was. Go, scented Belgravian! and see what London is! and then go to the library which God has given thee—one often fears in vain—and see what science says this London might be.

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"He stopped suddenly before the entrance of a miserable alley.

"Look! there's not a soul down that yard but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or warse. Write about that! Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawn-broker's shop o' one side and the gin-palace at the other—twa monstrous deevils, eating up men, and women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open, and swallow in anither victim and anither. Write about that."

* * * * *

"Well—but—Mr. Mackaye, I know nothing about these poor creatures."

"Then ye ought. What do ye ken about the Pacific? Which is maist to your business?—thae bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' the other side o' the world, or these—these thousands o' bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' your ain side—made out o' your ain flesh and blude? You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at hame."—*Alton Locke*, vol. i. pp. 124-127.

Now, certainly, the thanks of the public are owing to honest old Sandy for this admirable expression of the theory we are alluding to, as well as to Sandy's biographer, for the specimen he has given us in the two volumes before us, of the kind of works that men of genius would still be able to produce were the theory made imperative.* Nor do we doubt that, at a fitting time, or when talking with another than Alton Locke, Sandy

* The character of Sandy Mackaye in "*Alton Locke*" is a true creation, and deserves a place among the best fictitious portraiture that the genius of recent novelists has added to our gallery of quaint but interesting physiognomies. Whoever has read "*Alton Locke*" will often think of the little old bookseller sitting in his back-shop. It is no mean honour to Scotland that the author should have selected a Scotchman for so prominent a part in his story, for Sandy is the real hero; and in this case the hero is intended to represent, at least in one aspect, what is best and deepest in the philosophy of the time. Wordsworth paid a similar compliment to Scotland when he made the hero of the "*Excursion*" a native of the braes of Atholl; but in Sandy Mackaye the compliment is far more emphatic, for the essential thing about Sandy, the thing that makes him a favourite with the author, is just his transcendental Scotticism, and one feels that in no other way could the author have consistently introduced such a character—such a compound

could have assigned to his theory of the obligation of all modern literature to have a social reference, its true extent and limits. Yet the strength with which the theory is asseverated in the foregoing passage, and the fact also that it is so extensively gaining ground, seem to render some *caveat* desirable.

Directly in opposition, therefore, to Sandy Mackaye's doctrine, were that doctrine to be understood in its literal and most exclusive sense, we would affirm that poets *ought* to write about the Pacific; that it is the very essence of the poetical nature, as distinct from other kinds of human disposition, to be inclined to write about the Pacific. It was Coleridge, we think, who, in his elaborate appreciation of the poetry of Wordsworth, pointed it out as one of the most decisive proofs that a young man could give of the possession of a genuine poetic faculty, that he should show a tendency, in the choice of his subjects, to prefer such as were purely ideal, such as were farthest removed from the sphere of his own or of general experience. That he himself wrote about the "Lady Christabel," the "Ancient Mariner," and the "Damsel with the Dulcimer," whom in vision once he saw, was, therefore, Coleridge must have thought, a real evidence that he possessed the imagination of a poet. To the same effect is Jeffrey's well-known remark that he would propose, as the best means of ascertaining whether a reader had a taste for true poetry, to put into his hands Keats's "Endymion," and find out how he liked it. On similar grounds, also, the very title of Professor Wilson's poem, "The Isle of Palms," would amount, even before the poem itself had been read, to an indication that the author had been moved by the genuine kind of impulse. Now, all this is the reverse of *Sandy Mackayism*. Sandy Mackaye drags back the reluctant young poet with a vehement, "What hae ye to do wi' the Pacific?" and throws him violently into the midst of Clare Market, with an order to make poetry out of *that*. Coleridge, on the other hand, views the tendency of a literary man to concern himself only with what is going on around him, as a proof that, whatever intellectual capacity or

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of cynicism, scepticism, prudence, humour, integrity, kindness, and thoughtfulness — than under the guise of a Scot. And, altogether, we have to say of "Alton Locke," that it is a book of real power, abounding in much that is profound and beautiful. But we cannot refrain from an expression of earnest remonstrance against the utter misrepresentation it makes of Calvinism. We do not think it necessary, at least in this Article, in which we confine ourselves to the relation of the work to social science, to introduce a discussion concerning Calvinism and the religious character of "Alton Locke;" but, using purely philosophical language, we would simply assert our conviction that, distorted as Calvinism may have been as described in "Alton Locke," it is, when properly stated, the noblest formal and systematized expression that has ever been given to the world of those transcendent relations that bind man to the supernatural and the infinite.

originality that literary man may possess, the true vein of poetry is wanting in him; and hence he accounts it a matter of gratulation when a young writer, disdaining topics which experience might supply, is seen either wooing back into shadowy life the Dryads and Naiads and Fauns of the old Greek world, or launching his dreamy skiff on the blue waters of an eastern sea, and reaching under skies of golden brightness some green island of the blest, down in whose coral caves lie lustrous gems and wrecks of unknown argosies, and over whose verdant surface grow balm-diffusing trees with flowers of every hue.

Had Coleridge and Sandy Mackaye met, they would perhaps have succeeded in arriving at a common conclusion by means of a series of concessions on each side. Sandy Mackaye, if he had consented to argue, would probably have shewn that, if the possession of real poetic genius is evidenced, especially in youth, by a tendency to pure imagination, to conceptions remote from experience, yet, in the end, such genius can attain its full scope and energy only by allying itself to the heart, and allowing the real and the historic to determine and inspire the greater portion of its manifestations. Had Shakespeare, like Spenser, left us nothing but poems of the ideal, had his works consisted of nothing but compositions after the exquisite style of certain parts of "*Midsummer's Night's Dream*," he might still, Sandy might have said, have been regarded as a marvel of poetic phantasy; but he would not have been felt to have been, in all, so immense a gift of Nature to the world. Human interest, he might have said, is a necessary condition of every artistic work entitled to rank among the very highest. How this element of human interest is to be interfused with the form that the intellect may have shaped, and which variety of many possible forms is to be at any time selected, are mere questions of circumstance; but, be the form what it may, if the work is to be of the transcendent species, human interest must be there. And, in illustration of this, he might have called attention to the fact that the greatest poetic geniuses of all ages—Homer, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Burns, Goethe—have been men who, though doubtless they possessed the power of spontaneously pouring forth in large volume the cold white vapour of causeless intellectual conceit, yet used that power sparingly, drew down around their teeming invention the habitual restriction and difficulty of a reference to human destiny, and waited on each specific occasion for some powerful historic incident or some keen personal experience, the heat of which, shot out along with the intellectual vapour, and instantaneously enkindling it, might convert it from mere whiteness and leisurcly wreathing towards the sky, into glare and flame and a heaven of red explosion. When

Æschylus wrote his "Seven against Thebes," it was, Sandy might have said, as if a modern poet were to tell a sublime story of ancient Manchester; and, when Sophocles composed his "Œdipus at Colonos," the effect upon the Athenians was as if, by some noble literary performance of our own day, the thoughts of all London were to be turned with intense emotion to the soil of Battersea. To all which, of course, Coleridge would have had his answer. Not denying much that Sandy had said, he would have still insisted on the legitimacy and value of mere excursions on the Pacific, mere shapings in the misty ideal. Every imagination of the intellect, he might have said, every creation by the mind of a merely logical thing or existence, that is, of a thing or existence lying wholly out of the inventory of real objects, is an extension of the human sphere, an aid in the future evolution of the *human* universe. It is the function of man not only to cultivate his instincts of sociability, not only to illuminate and ennoble the whole sphere of his existing relations with the world as it exists up to the present point, but also by the generation of new thoughts, notions, chimeras, and mental combinations, to contribute to the general mental development and increase which time unceasingly promotes. Hence conceptions like that of Oberon and Titania, or like that of the Damsel with the Dulcimer, and poetry like that of Spenser or that of Keats, are by no means waste; they do not, it is true, add aught either of brightness or of heat to the already glowing sphere of human relations and concerns, but they are so many feathery threads the more for that silver fringe of the possible wherewith the golden orb of the actual is surrounded; and the time may come when the fringe too shall be overtaken by the expanding radiance, and all the ideal that the human phantasy may have originated shall, by Divine and Omnipotent decree, be absorbed and incorporated in the established real. And into still cloudier regions Coleridge might have waxed his flight, till Sandy, growing impatient, would have thought that he had taken opium.

But however the controversy is to be decided, one thing is clear, that, for the present at least, *Sandy Mackayism* is a theory which cannot be too largely put in practice; that the origin of what we have called a Literature of Social Reference is a fact of immense importance; and that, without prejudice to Pure Literature, this other literature may well extend its aims and energies, and enlist a larger number of practitioners and devotees. In short, and to state the matter more explicitly, one of the noblest and most fruitful propositions that could be made at the present time would be that the literary men of any country as a class, or at least a portion of volunteers from their number, should go forth among the working classes and the poor of that country,

mix with them as hearers and friends, realize their very condition, appreciate and criticise their demands, and, to the utmost of their peculiar opportunities, become their advocates, guardians, and leaders. The effect of such a league, express or understood, would be to bring what may be called the professional intellect of the country into connexion with the data of the pressing social problem; to place the whole united guild of writers, or a portion of it, in the direct career of the social service.

We have already mentioned certain characteristics common both to men of letters and to *prolétaires*, which would make such a combination easy and natural—their common pecuniary *insouciance*, and their common susceptibility of being moved by broad instincts and primary generalities. It is evident, however, that, on the side of the literary man, there would be certain special faculties that would fit him peculiarly for the task undertaken. * His trained faculty of expression, for example, would be of incalculable advantage. It is a known fact that a literary man, called upon to make a report on any question of a technical kind, say a question of drainage or water supply, will, even though on Monday he may know nothing whatever of the subject, be able, if he is a person of skill and has access to the necessary materials, to furnish before Saturday a clearer, fuller, and more accurate statement of all that is wanted, than could have been prepared by the united labours for a month of an entire committee of mere men of business. Nor is he to be specially thanked for this. Expression, the arrangement of words and paragraphs, the detection of what precisely is significant, and the method of presenting it to the public apprehension, are arts to be acquired by practice; and the literary man has acquired them. Talk of Government encouragement of literature? Why, the cheapest encouragement of literature a Government could give, would be to select, if not all commissioners of inquiry, at least all compilers of public reports, from among the literary men of the country, paying them reasonable salaries by the year, or according to the work done. Thus a social literature would be organized and fostered; literary men would have a means of support; and pure literature would be left in unerastian freedom to its own development. But while Government postpones or neglects this mode of employing literary talent, literary men must perform the same service on their own account, or in the commercial interest of Journalism. In whatever interest they perform it, it may be asserted that, *cæteris paribus*, they will perform it better than any other class of men whatever. As Commissioners of Inquiry, in short, and as compilers of the necessary information, men of letters are the class most expressly qualified to take a prominent part in the enterprise of improving

the condition of the proletarian order of society. Nor, though their probable qualifications as devisers of remedies may be less marked, is it to be supposed, that they would not, in some respects, be superior also in this capacity. Generality of mind, miscellaneous culture, and that power of divining, as it were, the tendencies of the time, which it is in the nature of the literary occupation to bestow, would all help to fit a man for suggesting large and useful schemes of his own, or for criticising those brought forward by others.

Let it not be supposed that, in this proposition for a more formal *rapprochement* between men of letters and the working classes, we contemplate an overriding of the moneyed order, or a diminution of its rightful influence. A league between men of letters and the working classes to the exclusion of the intermediate class of capitalists and agents of the various material functions of production and commerce, would be, in the present state of the world, a league of revolution, a confederacy of ruin. Pedantry leading poverty—such would be the true aspect of a league so constructed. France is an example of what a country would become were *littérateurs* to monopolize the function of statesmanship. With all our sneering at the millocrats and shopocrats, there is a noble function for them, and whatever scheme of co-operation for social improvement omits them, carries with it the seal and the certainty of failure. Not to speak of the numerous individuals scattered through our men of property that are animated by as sanguine a philanthropy as any that can be found among men of letters, and that possessing equal powers of thought and equal accomplishments with men of letters, thus have all *their* qualifications for the task of social leadership with others besides; the class itself as a whole has an appropriate office in the business of social administration. Indeed, *de facto*, at present nearly the whole of the business of administration is in the hands of this class; and while the class continues to exist, such must always, in some measure, be the case. It is on them that the work devolves of carrying speculation into practice; of embodying, with the requisite degree of caution and slowness, the conclusions that men of science and philosophy have previously thrown into the national atmosphere. Living in hourly contact with facts, conventions, and customs as they exist, and having every thought and scheme of their own conditioned by the chance of finding a safe inlet for it in the world of daily action or business, it is they that deaden the shocks of too vehement opinion, and interpose between mental aspiration and the chaos it would otherwise create. Only sometimes they require a stimulus. And such a stimulus would be furnished at the present time in England, nay is being

furnished, by the combined activity of the two other orders of society, the men of letters and the *prolétaires*. As the demands of the time are more distinctly thundered in their ears, the moneyed too will catch something of the right and generous spirit, and their movements will gradually begin to correspond.

Such a *rapprochement* as we have been speaking of may be said to have actually commenced in this country. For years, as we have said, our literature of social reference has been growing in dimensions; and from time all but immemorial there have been individuals practising the profession of authorship who have gone as missionaries among the poor, and brought back reports and statistics. The names of Chalmers, Alison, and Chadwick, may be mentioned as examples. But, so far as we are aware, the first instance in this country of a literary man going forth among the *prolétaires* purely in his character as a literary man—that is to say, neither as a preacher of religion, nor as a sanitary reformer, nor as a scientific statistician, nor as a party-journalist; but only as a describer on a systematic plan of whatever facts he might find—has been that afforded by Mr. Mayhew. Passing along one of the narrow dirty streets in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane one Sunday morning more than a year ago, and seeing the haggard men and women lounging about, and the ragged boys playing in the kennel, the thought, couched in Sandy Mackaye's words to Alton Locke (near that very spot) "write about that," occurred to Mr. Mayhew. He plunged at once into the business; went first among the Spitalfield weavers, was led thence by an accidental connexion to the Docks, and so on zigzag to the slopworkers, the boot and shoemakers, the pick-pockets, the inmates of lodging-houses, the merchant-seamen, the costermongers, and various other portions of the vast London proletariat. The results were communicated to the public in the famous series of Letters on the Metropolitan Poor in the *Morning Chronicle*. That series, begun towards the end of 1849, has now, we believe, been brought to a close; and Mr. Mayhew is publishing a more general and elaborate account of his investigations in the form of a Cyclopædia. Other literary men followed Mr. Mayhew in the same track of activity, or accompanied him in his visits to the scenes of his labours; these visits were suspected at first, but very soon an affection for the man and for his enterprise began to pervade the proletariat; he and his literary friends were welcomed wherever they went; and the idea therefore is, that something like a commencement has been made in the important work of bringing the *littérateurs* and the *prolétaires* of London into conference.

Mr. Mayhew's delineations of the state of the proletariat are an admirable specimen of the literary faculty and method applied

to the elucidation of social subjects. He divides the proletariat (we are obliged to use this French term oftener than we could wish, having no English word of exactly the same signification) into three sections—Those that cannot work, Those that will not work, and Those that will and do work. His published observations have hardly yet extended to the first of these sections, which would include, we suppose, the infirm, the sick, the aged, the idiotic, and kindred classes; neither is it with respect to this section of the proletariat that the chief difficulty is felt to exist. There remain, therefore, the other two sections—Those that will not work, or, in other words, the vagrant and criminal portions of society; and Those that will and do work, and yet remain poor, or, in other words, the working classes at large. Mr. Mayhew's revelations with regard to the actual condition of both these divisions of the proletariat, have been, as all England knows, most novel and astonishing; and his generalizations of the facts he has observed have been also, in many respects, philosophic and interesting.

The results of his special studies of the vagrant and the criminal portions of society have been resumed by him in the first number of his *Cyclopædia*, which is devoted to "The Street-Folk," as follows:—

"Of the thousand millions of human beings that are said to constitute the population of the entire globe, there are—socially, morally, and perhaps even physically considered—but two distinct and broadly marked races, viz., the wanderers and the settlers; the vagabond and the citizen; the nomadic and the civilized tribes. * * * A greater development of the jaws and cheek bones, says the author of the 'Natural History of Man,' indicates a more ample extension of the organs subservient to sensation and the animal faculties. Such a configuration is adapted to the wandering tribes; whereas the greater development of the bones of the skull—indicating as it does a greater expansion of the brain, and consequently of the intellectual faculties—is especially adapted to the civilized races or settlers. * * * Moreover, it would appear that not only are all races divisible into wanderers and settlers, but that each civilized or settled tribe has generally some wandering horde intermingled with, and in a measure preying upon it. According to Dr. Andrew Smith, who has recently made extensive observations in South Africa, almost every tribe of people who have submitted themselves to social laws, recognising the rights of property and reciprocal social duties, and thus acquiring wealth and forming themselves into a respectable caste, are surrounded by hordes of vagabonds and outcasts from their own community. Such are the Bushmen and *Sonquas* of the Hottentot race—the term 'sonqua' meaning literally *pauper*. The Kafirs have their bushmen as well as the Hottentots; these are called *Fingoes*—a word signifying wanderers, beggars, or outcasts. The Lappes seem to have borne

a somewhat similar relation to the Finns. * * * A phenomenon still more deserving of notice is the difference of speech between the Bushmen and the Hottentots. The people of some hordes, Dr. Andrew Smith assures us, vary their speech designedly, and adopt new words, with the intent of rendering their ideas unintelligible to all but the members of their own community. For this last custom a peculiar name exists; it is called '*cuze-cat*.' This is considered as greatly advantageous in assisting concealment of their designs. * * * It is curious that no one has as yet applied the above facts to the explanation of certain anomalies in the present state of society among ourselves. That we, like the Hottentots, Kafirs, and Finns, are surrounded by wandering hordes—the '*sonquas*' and the '*fingoes*' of this country—paupers, beggars, and outcasts, possessing nothing but what they acquire by depredation from the industrious, provident, and civilized portion of the community; that the heads of these nomades are remarkable for the greater development of the jaws and cheek bones than of the skull; and that they have a secret language of their own—an English '*cuze-cat*,' or '*slang*,' as it is called—for the concealment of their designs: these are points of coincidence so striking that, when placed before the mind, they make us marvel that the analogy should have remained thus long unnoticed. The resemblance once discovered, however, becomes of great service in enabling us to use the moral characteristics of the nomade races of other countries, as a means of comprehending more readily those of the vagabonds and outcasts of our own. * * * The nomade, then, is distinguished from the civilized man by his repugnance to regular and continuous labour; by his want of providence in laying up a store for the future; by his inability to perceive consequences ever so slightly removed from immediate apprehension; by his passion for stupifying herbs and roots, and, when possible, for intoxicating fermented liquors; by his extraordinary powers of enduring privation; by his comparative insensibility to pain; by an immoderate love of gaming, frequently risking his own personal liberty upon a single cast; by his love of libidinous dances; by the pleasure he experiences in witnessing the suffering of sentient creatures; by his delight in warfare and all perilous sports; by his desire for vengeance; by the looseness of his notions as to property; by the absence of chastity among his women, and his disregard of female honour; and, lastly, by his vague sense of religion, his rude idea of a Creator, and utter absence of all appreciation of the mercy of the Divine Spirit.

"The nomadic races of England are of many distinct kinds—from the habitual vagrant, half-beggar half-thief, sleeping in barns, tents, and casual wards, to the mechanic on the tramp, obtaining his bed and supper from the trade societies in the different towns, on his way to seek work. Between these two extremes there are several mediate varieties—consisting of pedlars, showmen, harvest-men, and all that large class who live by either selling, showing, or doing something through the country. These are, so to speak, the rural nomades—not confining their wanderings to any one particular locality, but ranging

often from one end of the land to the other. Besides these, there are urban and suburban wanderers, or those who follow some itinerant occupation in and round about the large towns. Such are, in the metropolis more particularly, the pick-pockets, the beggars, the prostitutes, the street-sellers, the street-performers, the cabmen, the coachmen, the watermen, the sailors, and such like. In each of these classes, according as they partake more or less of the purely vagabond, doing nothing whatsoever for their living, but moving from place to place, preying upon the earnings of the more industrious portion of the community—so will the attributes of the nomade tribes be found to be more or less marked.”

In this description it is easy to recognise the peculiar hand and method of the man of letters. Having the native literary instinct for the general point of view, and availing himself of that acquaintance with the generalizations of current science, and of that miscellaneous stock of information which it is almost a rule of the literary trade to possess, although not many members of the trade may possess it in the same degree, Mr. Mayhew has here, in the true literary style, caught at an analogy, a resemblance between the familiar and the remote, vague, it may be, and by no means perfectly unexceptionable, but still so far genuine, and capable, if well apprehended, of casting new light on the subject under consideration, and, as it were, putting the public mind on a new scent in its endeavours after a suitable solution.

Taking the foregoing passages in relation to that portion of society with which they are chiefly concerned, namely, the professed vagrants, and combining with them those passages in the *Morning Chronicle* Letters in which, with similar generality, Mr. Mayhew expounded his views with regard to the pick-pockets and other criminal classes in particular, we should say that his special communication to the English people respecting that great section of the proletariat which the vagrants and the criminals together compose, consists in this—that the origin of this form of proletarianism has a deeper root than is commonly supposed; that our words profligacy, improvidence, idleness, though of course undeniably just and proper, are yet not exactly the most scientific and pregnant terms that we could get to start from in our inquiries as to the means of remedy; and, in short, that overlooking for the time being our propensity to instantaneous moral condemnation and disgust, we must learn to view the matter provisionally as a question of *physical organization*. We have looked carefully into Mr. Mayhew's various expositions under the head of the vagrant and criminal classes, and we find the physiological hypothesis and mode of judging predominant. “Conformation,” “nervous system,” “configuration of head,”

"development of muscle," "formation of jaw,"—such are the phrases he recurs to, such the conceptions towards which, in his speculations on the subject, his thoughts gravitate. There is a vagrant type and a criminal type; the vagrant and the criminal are each a special variety of the genus *Homo*; and the questions of vagrancy and crime would thus seem to form items in a perfect theory of ethnology. This mode of thinking and talking is, of course, by no means practised for the first time by Mr. Mayhew. Blumenbach and physiological science long since introduced it. But we do not think that it has ever received such an expansion, and such a direct application to the practical treatment of social questions as it has recently received at the hands of Mr. Mayhew.

The vagrant and the criminal, according to Mr. Mayhew, are two diverse varieties of a certain well-marked form of human character. Both are distinguished, in the first place, by a stronger and fiercer appetite, a greater craving after animal enjoyment, than in general characterizes other classes; and, along with this, both exhibit a deficiency of those habits and qualities which, in other classes, constitute the legitimate means of acquiring the objects of desire, namely, foresight, the faculty of present restraint for the sake of a future gain, and the power of sustained labour for a considerable space of time. Both are disposed, as the phrase is, to take a short cut to, not wealth, for that is hardly the goal the majority of them prescribe for themselves, but the means of gratification. It is said of the Lazzaroni of Naples, that if you come up to one of them as he lies sunning himself against some marble wall, and offer him the most extravagant sum to go an errand, he will not, ragged as he is, and large as the inducement seems, move a step if he does not chance to be at that moment hungry. "I am not hungry," he says, lifting his head, and looking at you with his large black eyes, as if, in the circumstances, he were surprised at your offer. Acted on by the present stimulus of hunger, the same man will work violently for a brief period. So with the West Indian negro at the present day; and so with the native Americans, whom the Spaniards used as slaves before negro slavery was invented. The constitution of the vagrant or the criminal in civilized society is, in some degree, the same. Vehement activity for a short period, succeeded by abject indolence, or by a fit of brutal enjoyment; incapacity of sustained or regular labour of any kind—these are his proper characteristics. Place two men, the one of the criminal, and the other of the non-criminal type, at any piece of work, with the promise that after a certain time a certain remuneration—say a purse of money hung up within reach—will follow. Here, even if we omit all consideration of the difference

of the maxims of conduct pre-existing, so to speak, in the *minds* of the two men, we can see how the mere habits and susceptibilities of their *bodies* would determine them to different courses of action. The man of the non-criminal type, his body already trimmed and brought into subjection by the long discipline of habit, would feel a certain quiet pleasure in the repetition of those muscular motions that constituted the work prescribed for him, or, at least, the repetition of these motions would not pain him; he would saw, hammer, or chip on, his brow smooth, and his thoughts meanwhile ranging discursively over the little field of his miscellaneous interests in this world—his children, the last number of "Copperfield," his unpaid butcher's bill—the purse of money for which he was all the time working, only now and then occurring to his recollection. This man would do the work and earn the purse. His neighbour of the vagrant or the criminal type, on the other hand, would have another set of conditions to contend with—the *ennui* of incessant repetitions of muscular motions, which in his case would have to be carried on by conscious force of will, and not by the unfelt suasion of habit; the suggestions of an imagination too vivid in the matter of beer-pots, glasses of gin, and Sukey of St. Giles's; together with, as a necessary consequence, a general perturbation of the nerves, and a sensation of thirst about the *fauces*. The probability in this case is, that the man, after thrilling for some time to the diabolic fire within him, would throw up his work, and, if he saw opportunity, run off with the purse. And so throughout with the vagrant and criminal classes; the chief distinction between the two classes being, that the criminal has more cleverness and more courage than the mere vagrant.

Now, whatever value there may be in this particular mode of viewing the case, assuredly it cannot be presented to any honourable and profound mind, without calling up a host of considerations that require to be taken along with it. In the first place, there is the question as to the origin of this restlessness of organization, this diseased nervous constitution, in which, repeated as it is in hundreds of thousands of individuals scattered through society, vagrancy and crime are asserted to have their root. How much of the vagrant disposition of any existing vagrant arises from his previous vagrancy? how much of the criminal disposition of any existing criminal from crime persisted in during the previous course of his life? To what extent is the generation of the vagrant or criminal constitution in any man a process of successive voluntary increments; and of how many acts of plain and avoidable viciousness must even the least favourable specimen of original humanity have been guilty before the criminal propensity became indurated in him, so as to make

him in the end, and as the final result, a rogue and scoundrel, by irretrievable physiological necessity? And even if, as the result of such an inquiry, a proportion of the criminal propensity of the individual should be thrown back into the pre-existing ages of the world, into those ancestral conditions of society from which, by a fiat beyond our control, we inherit these bodies of ours, these nervous systems, these souls with whatever taints them, how far, in real feeling and fact, does that affect the matter? Physiology, hereditary organization, congenital constitution—why, everything under the sun may be turned into a question of that! A boa-constrictor kills men by the law of his kind, and in virtue of an organization he has received from nature; yet we do not love or forgive him. An earwig, a spider, perform but their appointed functions; yet the unzoological mind most decidedly thinks them loathsome. And so, despite all knowledge that vagrancy and crime have a root in physiological causes, in undue preponderance of muscle or occiput, in transmitted irritability of nerves, men do and ever will hate, proscribe, loathe, and condemn them. No amount of faith in physiology can make a Bosjesman shaped like the letter S a lovely object; and no considerations of defective or diseased organization can recommend a criminal, as such, to the toleration or affection of better men. Moral indignation and disgust at crime are proper after all; nor, let the physiological hypothesis of the conditions of criminality gain what prevalence it may, shall we be obliged, on that account, to strike such terms as scoundrel, profligate, villain, human law and justice, out of our language, or measures of stern repression out of our social procedure. For, even if the worst comes to the worst, is there not this crushing answer in reserve, that if vagrancy and crime are developments of certain forms of organization, then we find along with them other developments of organization in the shape of moral hatred and disgust?

Notwithstanding all this, however,—and the tone of Mr. Mayhew's remarks is such as to show, that though he may not have pressed this view of the case so much as other writers, he is not indifferent to it,—it remains true that this introduction into the social problems concerning crime and vagrancy of the physiological mode of conception was needed, and is likely to prove of great service. Of the various conceptions that may be entertained of one and the same thing, it may so happen that one is more suitable for one purpose, another for another. Thus, while for one purpose—that of affecting the soul—it may be best to define thunder, in the powerful phrase of childhood, as the voice of God heard in the sky; for a different purpose, it may be preferable to have recourse to scientific language, and talk of the air

rushing in to fill a vacuum. In like manner, though the words profligacy, ruffianism, rascality, do soundly enough express what crime, in its relation to the just human sentiment, is felt to be, yet it may very well happen that, in the business of determining for society at large the best systematic method of dealing with the criminal classes, it may be proper to lay aside, for a little, terms with such agitating associations, and to cultivate an acquaintance with the colder synonyms which the alleged physiological accompaniments of criminality suggest.

If then society should agree, for the sake of practical benefit, to substitute, in its collective capacity, the colder and more scientific mode of regarding crime for the warmer and more sentimental; what, it may be asked, ought to be the consequence, as respects our procedure with criminals? Clearly, in such a case, there would still remain an option between two very different courses. On the one hand, it might be possible, strictly in accordance with this method of viewing crime, to advocate a policy of extermination and war to the death against all or any selected portion of the criminal order. "Get rid of the criminal interest anyhow; sweep it into the dust-bin; tumble it over London Bridge;"—such are the phrases, as we know, in which one thinker of our day, over whom the sentimental mode of viewing crime has a power all but absolute, issues the conclusions to which that mode of judgment has led him. But it is not alone through that method of judgment that these conclusions may be arrived at. As a husbandman pulls up weak and hopeless plants for the sake of the general crop, so, without the least tincture of anger or passion, a sage of the merely physiological school might with perfect consistency recommend a process of dealing with the criminal interest which he should define, in the language of his own hypothesis, as the extirpation of all depraved organisms. Against this, however, or at least against its admission in any universal shape, a thousand reasons protest. Considerations of practicability, considerations of economy, considerations of mercy and of agreement in our actions with the general course of things, all demand that, whatever right of ultimate recourse may be retained to the method of extermination, society in its overt treatment of criminals shall assign a large place to the method of reformation.

It has been Mr. Mayhew's fortune to bring to light and illustrate more explicitly than had been before done, a very important consideration, which ought to tend the same way. This is the consideration of the amount of really good and improvable moral substance that is to be found among those whom society deems as its outcasts. Fully to expound this consideration, exhibit it by examples, and guard against the objections its state-

ment must provoke, would require a dissertation apart; the essence of the assertion, however, (still adhering to the language of the physiological hypothesis), may be said to consist in this—that what society designates the criminal disposition is in reality not necessarily an organization vicious or defective in all respects, but only an organization defective in certain respects that happen to assume a high and singular importance in the arrangements of the social struggle. In other words, the “criminals and vagrants” of society may not, in a moral view, be necessarily the worst men in it. They may be, the physiologist holding this opinion might say, only the *worldly-weakest* men; and were an inventory of all those qualities that together constitute a perfect character drawn out, including sensibility as well as perseverance, generous impulse as well as power of sustained labour, it might turn out on a comparison of two characters, on the plan of preferring the one that should have the larger sum-total of good points, as estimated by the addition of attached numerical values, that some poor convict in Newgate might be on the whole a finer and better human creature than the judge that tried him, or the most honourable merchant known in the city. Or, divesting the argument of every semblance of exaggeration, it may, at least, be affirmed that there are hundreds of individuals now ranking in the criminal class of the population, who, if placed under some system designed for the express purpose of cultivating and strengthening those parts of the human constitution debility in which forms the criminal propensity, might, in virtue of the training there received, and of such native good qualities as they may all the while have possessed, rise far out of the stratum they were born in.

What, then, is the system of training to which criminals ought to be submitted; or, in other words, what effect is this physiological view of crime which Mr. Mayhew has done so much to enforce and popularize, calculated to have on our established modes of prison discipline? A very important effect, we should be inclined to think. True, the civilized countries of Europe have, for a long time, abandoned, in a great degree, that system of criminal treatment which aims at pure punishment, pure vengeance, the pure infliction of suffering; and have tried to modify the system so as to make it include, to some extent, the ends of prevention and reformation. But whatever improvement may on the whole have been made, it is quite certain that this department of our social procedure is even yet wretchedly conducted. Our best model prisons are at present the objects of ceaseless literary ridicule. They can scarcely, in any effective sense, be called places of *punishment* at all, for the state of material comfort in which their inmates live is very far superior

to any that the honest poor can enjoy, and the only penal element they contain is that of physical restraint; and so far from being institutions adapted for the *reformation* of those placed in them, they are found, in perhaps the majority of cases, to make their inmates worse. In many prisons criminals are corrupted by their opportunities of intercourse with more depraved members of their own class; and in the best, the only methods that have been put in force, with even the imagination that they might promote a reformation of character in the criminals, are these three—seclusion, compulsory labour, and occasional scholastic or religious instruction: methods which, though it would be unfair to deny that they prove useful, certainly do not by themselves constitute that organized system of prison discipline which we have a right to expect from a country that has chosen “The Reformation of the criminal” as its motto in this branch of the public administration.

Clearly enough, if this motto is to be preserved, and if there is any value at all in physiological considerations as applied to the subject of crime, the only perfect system of prison discipline will be one which, while it answers in the just degree the ends of punishment and prevention, shall at the same time contain a set of methods scientifically adapted, as far as science can be made available, to the cure in criminals of that precise defect or vice of organization which is one of the many conditions of their liability to crime. Now as, in a variety of instances, probably indeed in all that are in their nature corrigible, this defect or vice of organization may be defined as a *constitutional incapacity of sustained labour*, it follows that a perfect system of prison discipline should address itself with the utmost speciality to the development in criminals of the contrary virtue, that is, in the more vague and common phrase, to the development of habits of assiduity and industry. But no mere system of physical restraint, with a rule of compulsory labour and opportunities of scholastic or formal instruction incorporated in it, can be expected to accomplish such a result. If it is to be accomplished at all, there must be an imitation within the prison of those very conditions of existence without the prison which are found to form, promote, and test a healthy and persevering character. With the exception of the physical restraint, or compulsory seclusion from the outer world, the whole tenor of life within a prison, so far as a prison is to be regarded as an institution for reformation, ought to be a scientific reproduction of the incidents of a severe and laborious life without the prison; the restraint and seclusion thus being, as it were, but a benevolent simplification, in behalf of certain weak individuals, of those universal conditions of life which all must submit to. In shutting up its convicted crim-

inals in jails and bridewells, society ought virtually to address them as follows:—"By the fact that you have committed actions forbidden by the law, you have at least proved yourselves weaker and worse in certain respects than your fellow-citizens: whether this arises from a hereditary taint communicated to you, or even from the culpable negligence of society in times past to the class to which you belong; and whether also some of you may not possess, notwithstanding your failure in the particulars under notice, some good and interesting points of character, are questions which we will not at present discuss: that you are incompetent to the battle of life out of doors is enough, and, as persons in this predicament, it is necessary for your own sakes, and for the sake of the general good, that you should be collected and shut up within walls under strict and severe regimen: this restraint and this severe regimen, while they will be felt as a punishment by you, will also be an express and intentional arrangement in your favour—exactly such as permission to use a swimming-belt would be to persons incapable of learning to swim by mere unassisted exertion: protected thereby as far as possible from the operation upon you of those external temptations and distractions which render spontaneous virtue difficult to the free, you shall still find all the essential conditions of life, all its rules, all its motives, pursuing you into your retreat: the prison for you shall be a little world reproduced with careful scientific modifications within the bosom of the great one: those of you that shall conduct yourselves there in such a manner and for such a length of time as shall seem to qualify you for commencing the harder struggle out of doors, shall have the swimming belt taken off, and be dismissed as cured; but those of you that give evidence of incurable viciousness or imbecility, shall, however small your overt offence may have been, be detained in prison for ever."—Such are the conclusions to which those views of criminal treatment which are suggested by physiological science, in the widest sense of that term, would lead the public mind.

Mr. Mayhew, occupied as he has chiefly been with the exposition of the evil, has scarcely applied himself to the consideration of the remedy. There is another man, however, whose labours in this investigation, prosecuted long, zealously, and with all the advantages of intimate personal experience, seem to us to fit into Mr. Mayhew's expositions, as their natural sequel and completion. We allude to the well-known Captain Maconochie. We have no space to describe at large the views and proposals of Captain Maconochie on the subject of the treatment of criminals; suffice it to say, that the most prominent feature of his scheme, and that which characterizes all the rest, is its proposal

to do away with *time-sentences* altogether—imprisonment for two years, transportation for seven years, and the like; and to substitute what may be called *mark-sentences*, that is, sentences to earn a certain number of marks by labour and by good behaviour in a penal condition, before readmission into free citizenship. This proposal of Captain Maconochie is a social invention of the highest value. The principle of the mark-system carried thoroughly out, as Captain Maconochie designs it should, would be the nearest possible thing to a perfect solution of the question at issue; it would be exactly such a reproduction, with scientific modifications, of the conditions of real life as we have shewn the question to demand. As far removed from maudlin sentimentalism, as it is from vindictive terrorism; severe yet considerate; scientific in conception, yet eminently practical—Captain Maconochie's scheme is one which, we do not hesitate to say, it will be a lasting disgrace to the English Government not to carry into effect in its main features with all possible celerity.*

Turning from Mr. Mayhew's sketches of crime and vagrancy in the Metropolis, to his expositions of the condition of that much nobler and more attractive branch of the proletariat—the great community of working men and women—one sees still further exemplified the value of literary talent and literary methods as applied to the elucidation of social topics. Those admirable daguerreotypings of individual physiognomies—tailors, needlewomen, seamen, shoemakers, carpenters, &c.—with which the *Morning Chronicle* letters abounded; those picturesque, yet, as we believe, accurate descriptions of scenes and incidents, and reports of actual conversations; that spirit of good humour and sociability, excessive as some people thought, which pervaded the letters, and must doubtless have smoothed the way of the writer in his intercourse with the classes they described; and, finally, that acquaintance with general forms of thought, and that tendency to general expressions which were conspicuous throughout—are to us so many testimonies of the marvels that might be effected were the united literary faculty of the country to make a dead set upon the entire social problem.

It is not our intention here to go over Mr. Mayhew's investigations into the various trades in detail, nor to collect and specify the various forms of grievance which these investigations brought to light. Misery, misery everywhere, was the purport of the letters. As one read them, one's previous conception of the mass of suffering known to exist under the smiling surface of

* For a fuller exposition of Captain Maconochie's scheme see a short Pamphlet by himself, entitled, "*The Principles of Punishment, on which the Mark-system of Prison-discipline is Advocated.*" London. Oliver. 1850."

civilized society, received a terrible increase of distinctness. All London seemed built over a hideous gulf. And as the reader carried his fancy from London to other great cities, and from the great cities to the rural interspaces that separated them, it required all his presence of mind, and all his power of realizing the fact of the equal existence of misery in times past, to save him from abject despondency. But, great as the revelation of real misery doubtless was, the revelation of discontentment was still greater. Everybody seemed to be complaining; every trade seemed to be eaten up by grievances. Passing from trade to trade, and hearing grumbling from almost every mouth that spoke—from men apparently in the receipt of sufficient means, as well as from the victims of the most palpable poverty, one's patience became exhausted, and one could hardly refrain from dismissing all the complainants together, with a peremptory assurance that every station has its peculiar burdens to bear, and that working-men must just bear theirs. Only on reflection did one see the unfairness of such a momentary impulse. One had to reflect that the position of working-men is peculiar, that they constitute as it were the substratum of society, that the whole business of social administration is transacted, as it were, over their heads, and often with little reference to their interests; and one had thus to become aware how much of purely political discontentment, of aspiration after the franchise—a state of sentiment the propriety of which would have to be discussed on its own merits—mingled with the cry of real pain and destitution. But it was when the reader fastened on some particular class of revelations and followed out some individual line of inquiry to its utmost lengths, that his feelings assumed a juster tone.

Now, of all the forms of misery in trades expounded and illustrated in Mr. Mayhew's Letters, the one that seemed the nearest in character to an all-pervasive influence of ruin, and that has become most closely identified in the public eye with the fact of the prosecution of such an inquiry at all, has been the practice of what is called *Slop-work*. The theory of slop-work may be regarded as a discovery of Mr. Mayhew. The thing was in existence before; it had already festered for years in the very vitals of the proletariat; it had infected several trades incurably, and it was passing rapidly into others, as by an irresistible contagion. Nay, so natural a consequence was it of the operation of the law of supply and demand as regulating employment in an over-populated community, that the existence of such a form of misery among us might have been affirmed by a clever economist without an induction at all, on mere grounds of antecedent probability. But it had escaped notice. Thousands upon thousands were suffering from it—were complaining of it in all directions;

economists, too, were walking over people's heads, formulizing, generalizing, and laying down the law; and yet, somehow or other, no one pronounced the word *Slop-work* as it ought to have been pronounced in the public ear, or wrote it down in the catalogue of registered social phenomena. It was reserved for Mr. Mayhew to do this. Almost as soon as he had begun his inquiry the fact presented itself to him. *Slop-work* was the expression of complaint he met on all sides; half of his investigations were into *slop-work*. Pursuing the subject with the zeal of a discoverer, and accumulating such masses of example as guaranteed a perfect induction of all the essential particulars, he gave his results forth to the world; and now *Slop-work*, both as a phrase and as a conception, is irrevocably made familiar to the public mind.

It seems to have been in the trade of the operative tailors that Mr. Mayhew first clearly discriminated this form of social misery, and obtained the means for distinctly shaping it forth to his own conception. Indeed, the term *slop-work* belongs by wretched birthright to this trade; and it is by a license of speech, suggested by convenience, that the application of the term has been extended to other trades. An extract or two will make clear, in a general way, what is meant by *slop-work* in this trade, and what advances the practice has already made in it. We avail ourselves, for the purpose, of an abstract of Mr. Mayhew's investigations into that trade, which we find done to our hands in a pamphlet written by the reputed author of "*Alton Locke*," previously to the publication of that novel, and forming, as it were, the text upon which the novel is the sermon.

"It appears that there are two distinct tailor-trades—the 'honourable' trade, now almost confined to the West End, and rapidly dying out there; and the 'dishonourable' trade of the show-shops and *slop-shops*. The honourable shops in the West End number only sixty, the dishonourable four hundred and more; while at the East End the dishonourable trade has it all its own way. The honourable part of the trade is declining at the rate of one hundred and fifty journeymen per year; the dishonourable increasing at such a rate that in twenty years it will have absorbed the whole tailoring trade, which employs upwards of twenty-one thousand journeymen. At the honourable shops the work is done, as it was universally thirty years ago, on the premises, and at good wages. In the dishonourable trade the work is taken home by the men, to be done at the very lowest possible prices, which decrease year by year, almost month by month. At the honourable shops from 36s. to 24s. is paid for a piece of work for which the dishonourable shop pays from 22s. to 9s.—but not to the workman: happy is he if he really gets two-thirds or half of that. For at the honourable shops the master deals directly with his workmen; while at the dishonourable ones the greater part of the work, if

not the whole, is let out to contractors or middlemen—‘sweaters,’ as their victims significantly call them—who, in their turn, let it out again, sometimes to the workmen, sometimes to fresh middlemen; so that out of the price paid for labour on each article, not only the workmen, but the sweater, and perhaps the sweater’s sweater, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, have to draw their profit.

“*Evidence of a working tailor, quoted from the Morning Chronicle.*—‘In 1844, I belonged to the honourable part of the trade. Our house of call supplied the present show-shop with men to work on the premises. The prices then paid were at the rate of 6d. per hour. For the same driving capes that they paid 18s. then, they give only 12s. now. For the dresses and frock-coats they gave 15s. then, and now they are 14s. The paletots and shooting-coats were 12s.; there was no coat made on the premises under that sum. At the end of the season they wanted to reduce the paletots to 9s. The men refused to make them at that price, when other houses were paying as much as 15s. for them. The consequence of this was that the house discharged all the men, and got a Jew middleman from the neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane to agree to do them all at 7s. 6d. a piece. The Jew employed all the poor people who were at work for the slop-warehouses in Houndsditch and its vicinity. This Jew makes on an average 500 paletots a week. The Jew gets 2s. 6d. profit out of each, and having no sewing-trimmings allowed to him, he makes the workpeople find them. The saving in trimmings alone to the firm since the workmen left the premises must have realized a small fortune to them. * * * The Jew who contracts for making the paletots is no tailor at all. A few years ago he sold sponges in the street, and now he rides in his carriage. The Jew’s profits are 500 half-crowns, or £60 odd per week—that is, upwards of £3000 a year. Women are mostly engaged at the paletot work.’

“*Evidence of another workman.*—‘Sometimes we do earn as much as 15s.; but to do this we are obliged to take part of our work home to our wives and daughters. We are not always fully employed. We are nearly half our time idle. Hence our earnings are, upon an average throughout the year, not more than 5s. 6d. a week. * * * The reason why we are so long idle is because more hands than are wanted are kept on the premises, so that, in case of a press of work coming in, our employers can have it done immediately. Under the day-work system no master tailor had more men on the premises than he could keep continually going; but since the change to the piece-work system, masters make a practice of engaging double the quantity of hands that they have any need for, so that an order may be executed ‘at the shortest possible notice’ if requisite. A man must not leave the premises when unemployed; if he does, he loses the chance of work coming in. I have been there four days together, and had not a stitch of work to do. * * * Another of the reasons for the sweaters keeping more hands than they want is, the men generally have their meals with them. The more men they have with them, the more breakfasts and teas they supply, and the more profit they make. The men usually have to pay 4d., and very often 5d., for their breakfast, and

the same for their tea. The tea or breakfast is mostly a pint of tea or coffee, and three or four slices of bread and butter. I worked for one sweater who almost starved the men; the smallest eater there would not have had enough if he had got three times as much. * * * The sweater's men generally lodge where they work. A sweater usually keeps about six men. These occupy two small garrets; one room is called the kitchen, and the other the workshop; and here the whole of the six men, and the sweater, his wife, and family, live and sleep. One sweater I worked with had four children and six men; and they, together with his wife, sister-in-law, and himself, all lived in two rooms, the largest of which was about eight feet by ten. We worked in the smallest room, and slept there as well—all six of us. There were two turn-up beds in it, and we slept three in a bed. There was no chimney, and, indeed, no ventilation whatever. Almost all the men were consumptive, and I myself attended the dispensary for disease of the lungs. We were all sick and weak, and loath to work. Each of the six of us paid 2s. 6d. a week for our lodging, or 15s. altogether; and I am sure such a room as we slept and worked in might be had for 1s. a week; you can get a room with a fireplace for 1s. 6d. The usual sum that the men working for sweaters pay for their tea, breakfasts, and lodging is 6s. 6d. to 7s. a week, and they seldom earn more money in the week. Occasionally, at the week's end, they are in debt to the sweater; this is seldom for more than 6d., for the sweater will not give them victuals if he has no work for them to do. Many who live and work at the sweater's are married men, and are obliged to keep their wives and children in lodgings by themselves. Some send them to the workhouse, others to their friends in the country. Besides the profit of the board and lodging, the sweater takes 6d. out of the price paid for every garment under 10s.; some take 1s., and I do know of one who takes as much as 2s. The usual profit of the sweater, over and above the board and lodging, is 2s. out of every pound. Those who work for sweaters soon lose their clothes, and are unable to seek for other work, because they have not a coat to their back to go and seek it in. Last week I worked with another man at a coat for one of Her Majesty's ministers, and my partner never broke his fast while he was making his half of it. The minister dealt at a cheap West End show-shop. All the workman had the whole day and a half he was making the coat was a little tea. But sweaters' work is not so bad as Government work after all. At that we cannot make more than 4s. or 5s. a week altogether. * Government contract work is the worst of all, and the starved-out and sweated-out tailor's last resource.'"

Such are a few specimens of the facts illustrative of the slop-system in the tailor trade adduced by Mr. Mayhew in his *Lettors*, and on the basis of which "*Alton Locke*" has been constructed. A full theoretical exposition of the system, however, exhibiting its necessary origin in the facts and tendencies of the age, and tracing its bearing on the accepted generalities of economic science, is still a literary desideratum. We can only guess

at Mr. Mayhew's views of the subject from some remarks on "the philosophy of cheapness," made by him in the course of a speech at a public meeting of operative tailors, convened in London, after his connexion with the *Morning Chronicle* had ceased.

Suppose any trade or profession—that of tailors or any other—to be at any given moment in a perfectly healthy and normal condition; that is, suppose all the hands employed in that trade to be in the receipt of a sufficient weekly salary in exchange for labour rendered daily for a fair number of hours six days out of every week. What are the circumstances that, if brought to operate on that trade, would reduce it from its normal and healthy to a degraded and poverty-stricken condition? Economists, in replying to this question, always lay stress on one agency of degradation—the undue increase of the workmen in proportion to the work to be done. In every trade, say they, there is a certain amount of work to be done, a certain amount of capital to be divided out in wages; increase, then, the number of workmen in that trade, either by a process of breeding within the trade or by the importation of fresh hands from without, and the result will be that, if the work itself is not proportionately increased, each workman will be worse off than before. "Keep down your numbers to the just limit" is, therefore, the standing advice of the economists to complaining trades—a specific application, it will be observed, of their great recipe for the abolition of material misery all the world over.

Without formally contradicting this, Mr. Mayhew and others demand, as we understand them, a deeper study of what may be called the natural history of the process of deterioration in trades. Granted that the one necessary and unfailing characteristic of a degraded trade is an overplus of hands in proportion to the quantity of work to be done, along what train of circumstances does a trade usually march before it reaches this predicament?

The moving spirit of our commercial system, if not the dominant social sentiment of our time, is, as all admit, the mania for cheapness, the passion for good bargains. "To buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest," is the maxim on which commerce is founded. Both the economists and their adversaries admit this as a fact. But the economists admit and consecrate it, their adversaries admit and denounce it. When the economists have run an argument up into that maxim, they hold that the controversy is brought to a dead lock, and can be carried no further. Their adversaries, on the other hand, reach that maxim only to step out into a region of moral considerations, and move, as it were, a powerful previous question. They admit that to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest is the practice, but they deny that it is the duty, of men in their

dealings with each other. They even assert it to be a species of selfishness, and a positive wrong. The duty of a man is to do what is just; and the circumstances that determine what *ought* to be the price of an article, may by no means be the same as those that determine what *is* its price in the market. Thus, if a starving bootmaker offers me a pair of boots at a price which I know cannot repay him, all the political economy in the world cannot make it right in me to take advantage of the man's necessities, and buy the cheap boots. *I ought to pay him more than he asks.* Now, generalize this case of the imaginary bootmaker, and you have the true field of dispute between the economists and their adversaries. "Men will buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," say the economists. "Yes," say their adversaries, "and they are wrong for doing it, and will never be right till in some way or other they shall find themselves recognising a very different principle in their dealings with each other."

After this preliminary disagreement in their respective appreciations of the sentiment of cheapness, now supreme in commerce, both parties may proceed in tolerable harmony to trace the effects of that sentiment as operating on particular trades. The demand for cheap goods leads of course to a universal straining after cheap methods of producing them. But, according to Mr. Mayhew, there are two classes of methods by which production may be cheapened—the legitimate and the illegitimate. Among the legitimate methods Mr. Mayhew includes the substitution of machine-labour for hand-labour, the application of scientific improvements to manufacturing processes, improved business arrangements—in short, all methods by which the same quantity of work as before can be accomplished by a less quantity of human labour. Let these cheapening agencies come into play in any particular trade, and unless the increase of demand for the commodity which that trade supplies is such as to make up the difference, a greater or less number of the hands in the trade will become superfluous, and, if they are not drafted off, the trade will suffer a depreciation. At what a tremendous rate this kind of cheapening agency has been working among us in recent times, may be inferred from the fact mentioned by Mr. Mayhew, that at the time of the last census, the entire working population of Great Britain was estimated at four millions out of eighteen millions and a half, while the mechanical power at work in the country was equal to the labour of 600 millions of men. That is to say, Great Britain, by the help of machinery, was going through an amount of work with four millions of human labourers, which, without machinery, could not have been accomplished except by a working population of 604 mil-

lions. This certainly tells both ways. For, seeing that notwithstanding this intrusion of machinery on the domain of human industry, our island still supports a larger population, it follows that somehow or other, taking society in the gross, mechanical improvement does create avenues of employment for the hands it displaces. Still, as regards individual trades, it remains true that this kind of cheapening agency, legitimate, and even in a sense noble, as we are obliged to consider it, is a cause of degradation and misery to very many persons. It is unnecessary to refer to instances; they must occur to every one. So much for—in Mr. Mayhew's phrase—the *legitimate* modes of cheapening production. Some trades, however, have suffered depreciation by the action of another class of agencies which he denominates *illegitimate*. Of such illegitimate agencies he enumerates not a few, all of which, however, appear to be resolvable into this—the cupidity and tyranny of employers, taken in conjunction with the cupidity and ignorance of the operatives. Bent on bringing the cheapest goods into the market so as to tempt purchasers, master-tradesmen vie with each other in devising all sorts of methods by which their goods may be got up cheaper than before; and, having exhausted all the virtue of such legitimate methods of cheap production as consist in scientific improvements, more economic business-arrangements, &c., many of them fall back on that instinct which tells them, as surely as political economy could, that the price of labour may be lowered by increasing the competition. There are various ways of effecting this. A master-tradesman bent on producing cheap goods may offer his workmen lower wages, and, on their refusing to accept them, may carry his offer to others who are too glad to do so—to unskilled labourers, women, children, Irishmen, paupers—in short, to any one who can make a shift to do the work required, and are in circumstances to be content with less remuneration. Every such recruiting of a trade from without is a permanent increase of the amount of labour attached to it for subsistence, and consequently, unless the demand is stimulated up to the level of the increased cheapness, it is a blow at the prosperity of the trade. Again, a master-tradesman, without lowering the wages of his men nominally, or, besides doing so, may in reality lessen his expenses by making them find certain tools or materials for their trade hitherto supplied to them, or by making them do their work at home, and so saving the cost of workshops, fire, light, &c. Farther, a master may accomplish the same end by exacting an inordinate amount of work from every workman in a given portion of time, if the system is that of day-work; or, which is perhaps more common, by changing the system of day-work into one of piece-work.

In either case, the effect is the same as if the number of hands attached to the trade were increased. Thus, if out of an establishment of 300 men, accustomed to work ten hours a-day, 100 are induced, by the temptations of piece-work, to labour fifteen hours a-day instead, they, by this extra work, secure the dismissal of 50 of their companions.

All these last-mentioned agencies of cheap production, which have their origin, it will be observed, partly in the cupidity and tyranny of masters, partly in the cupidity and ignorance of the men, Mr. Mayhew, somewhat hastily, as most persons will think, stigmatizes as illegitimate. When a trade has been submitted for a while to the operation of any of these degrading agencies, or of all of them together, it is on its descent into a system of *slop-work*. The reason why the tailor-trade is the example, *par excellence*, of the slop-system at the present day, is, that the degrading agencies have been able to operate there with peculiar ease. In the first place, sewing being a kind of work either already familiar, or easily made so, to a large number of people, it is not difficult for masters to find extraneous hands willing to do work on terms which the regular workmen would refuse. Again, in no trade is the indirect method of lowering wages by means of petty charges on the workman so practicable. Fines for late work, and the obligation on the workman to find his own "trimmings," were here easily introduced; and the system of piece-work, conjoined with the practice, so profitable to the employer, of work out of the establishment, seemed at first even a boon to the workmen. Ceaselessly subjected to all these mutually-assisting agencies, the tailor-trade of London has in a few years degenerated from a comparatively healthy condition into the state in which we now see it—a few "honourable" masters still adhering to the old system of work on the establishment reasonably paid for, but the great majority practising the "sweating" or "dishonourable" system; and the former gradually giving way to the latter at the rate of a hundred and fifty workmen dragged down every year. But it is not only the tailor-trade that is undergoing this form of degradation. In various other trades, according to Mr. Mayhew's reports, there were symptoms of an infection of the slop-system, and a commencement, very ominous to the workmen, of the distinction between "honourable" and "dishonourable" firms. Nor is London the only seat of this disease. In all great towns and all over Britain the slop-system is gaining ground. It is the current form of misery in handicrafts—the vortex towards which all trades seem with greater or less velocity to be at present tending.

Such, so far as we are able here to sketch it, is a summary of what may be called the theory of the *Slop-system*. And, cer-

tainly, in this sketch there is established a very strong case of what, in the language of a French writer, is called a *Contradiction Economique*. True, the fundamental assertion of the economists is not in all this denied or disproved, but is rather illustrated and corroborated—that the characteristic sign or condition of a depreciated trade is overplus of workmen in proportion to the work to be done, or to the capital to be distributed in wages. But when the process of depreciation is followed, as above, step by step, it is seen that, however true this proposition may be, the everlasting statement of it as a solution of all difficulties, is a mere pedantry. The standing error of the economists is, that they offer the statement of a law as tantamount to the promulgation of a rule; and this is an instance of it. It is true, for example, that the way in which machinery acts to the detriment of a trade is by making a number of the hands in that trade redundant; but what a mockery of a rule for mending this it would be to say to the displaced workmen that they must forsake the trade, and to the trade in general that it must regulate its own numbers? When a lad of fourteen or fifteen enters a particular trade, is it to be expected that he or his parents shall have previously discussed the generalities of supply and demand, so as to act scientifically in the affair; or that the trade itself shall have gone through the necessary calculation before admitting him? Even when, as in the case of the Spitalfields weavers, a hereditary population persists obstinately in a ruined trade, and so secures its own misery, is it a sufficient answer to the philanthropic clamour to say that the men have themselves to blame—that they should have abandoned the trade long ago, or at least not bred their children up to it? Is it so easy to implant a general conception in the minds of a mass of men as to make it a crime in them if they do not act according to it? At best, what accordance can we expect from a number of hard-working men with scientific rules and principles, except that small degree which is enforced upon them, bruised into them, by harsh and long experience? And in the interval always, what misery? It is the consummation at once of silliness and heartlessness in economists merely to announce the law of degradation in trades, and to think that thus all political duty is then discharged. Why, the very problem of politics is to keep close in the wake of the law with the whole strength of the united national intelligence and ingenuity, so as to make instantaneously good all the ruptures, all the havoc, its operation causes. If machinery, or any other depreciating agency, causes misery by displacing labour, it is a beggarly pedantry to say that machinery is a grand thing in itself, and that in the long run it creates a demand for new labour. The very question of politics in such a case is, what to do with the displaced men *at the moment*? There is a solution,

and that solution is to be suggested by a consideration of ascertained natural laws; but on whom is the burden of finding and applying the solution to be cast?

Yes, on whom is the burden of finding the solution to be cast? Are all these miseries of competition, these slop-systems, these degradations of trades, but the necessary price we in this age pay for our vaunted freedom? Must we be either slaves and be taken care of, or free men and take the anguish with it? In Peru, they tell us, all industry was controlled and managed by the State, the inhabitants being laid out into castes or professions, and the very hours of work regulated by the authority of the Incas. There, probably, though the fact is by no means certain, there was ample material prosperity. Can we not have the same without repeating the same set of conditions, without retrograding into Peruvians? Is material misery the price of civilisation? In a word, may there not be, even in this modern and complex age, a real and suitable *Organization of industry*?

To this point all social inquiries finally lead up. In the repetition of this hackneyed French phrase all literary studies of the state of the working classes necessarily end. Mr. Mayhew, with the phrase evidently struggling through all that he has written, has scarcely ventured formally to pronounce it. The author of "Alton Locke," on the other hand, boldly commits himself. Not only does he pronounce the phrase "organization of industry,"—a phrase which men of all varieties of opinion may legitimately pronounce; but he declares himself to be a believer in the Socialist version of that phrase. He is a professed Socialist. "Alton Locke" is a Socialist novel; nay more, it is, in some respects, a plea in behalf of a particular form or species of Socialism. Partaking of the general aspiration which is common to all sects of Socialists, and familiar with the generalities propounded by all the leading Socialist writers—by Fourier, by Louis Blanc, by Proudhon, by Cabet, by Owen—this author seems, on the whole, to have selected for his advocacy that form of Socialism which implies a design to revolutionize society gradually, by applying to labour the principle of association. He would institute in every trade voluntary partnerships of workmen, undertaking work on their own account, without the intervention of masters, (in the present sense of that word,) and all sharing the profits. As this is, according to his belief, the specific remedy for the disease of the slop-system, now infecting particular trades, so, he thinks, is it the only true method for the material regeneration of society as a whole. Through this porch, this funnel, if there is to be a new order of society at all, all existing trades and arrangements must sooner or later go. ASSOCIATION or CO-OPERATION, instead of COMPETITION, is the lesson of "Alton Locke." It is a plea for the institu-

tion of co-operative associations in all trades, and for the gradual abolition in this way of the distinction between the *patriciat* and the *proletariat*. True, there are other things in the novel. "Alton Locke" is, upon the whole, as powerful a literary expression as exists of the general conviction, shared by all classes alike, that the country has arrived at a state when something extraordinary, whatever it is, must be decided on and done, if society is to be saved in Great Britain. As such, therefore, it is a book that ought to be welcome to all parties—to those who, considering Government as the accredited holder of the initiative in all schemes of social reform, would seek to direct the chief force of public opinion towards some plan of *Ateliers Nationaux* as a substitute for our present Poor-Laws; as well as to those who, trusting rather to the spontaneous overtures of the people themselves, would advocate in preference such proposals as that of the Freehold Land Movement, and would trouble government only so far as to smooth the way for their legal application. Indeed, we are not sure but that the sympathies of the author of "Alton Locke" would go with either of these attempts, or with any other attempts equally feasible, in behalf of the elevation of the proletariat. But, evidently, his chief faith, as an individual, is in some express form of Co-operative Socialism—not a brutal socialism of mere external arrangements, but a socialism wherein new external arrangements should but express the activity of a new spirit within, and which should therefore deserve, as he thinks, the somewhat bold name of *Christian Socialism*, which he and his friend Professor Maurice have ventured to give it.

At what conclusion have we arrived? We have pointed out, as one of the most remarkable signs of the time, the appearance of a Literature of Social Reference, originating in and then farther promoting a *rapprochement* between those two extremes of society, men of letters and the working classes. We have examined, and, to some extent, analyzed the two most conspicuous examples that have been recently furnished in this country of this new direction and intention of literature. And what has been the result? The result has been, that in both cases we have found ourselves conducted by the writers in question to one point—the pronouncement of the terrible phrase, "Organization of Labour;" and the contemplation of a possible exodus at no very distant period out of the Egypt of our present system of competition and *Laissez-faire*, into a comparative Canaan of some kind of Co-operative Socialism. Such is the fact, startling it may be, but deserving to be fairly stated and apprehended. Right or wrong, we believe that this is a true version of the entire voice and aspiration of our current social literature. We have elicited it from an examination of but two examples; but

we believe that the most extensive examination would not invalidate it. Collect all the books, pamphlets, and papers that constitute our literature of social-reference; or assemble all our men of letters that have contributed to that literature, so as to learn their private aspirations and opinions with respect to the social problem; and the last word, the united vote will still be, *The Organization of Labour on the Associative Principle*. There are of course dissentients, but such is the vote of the majority; and so far as the vote is of value, it may be asserted that a decree of the literary faculty of the country has gone forth, declaring the avatar of political economy, if not as a science of facts, at least as a supreme rule of government, to be near its close.

If so, what a contrast there is between the thoughts of our parliamentary and official men on social topics, and the thoughts of the general intellect of the country! Within the parliamentary and official circle we find, with one or two exceptions, nothing but the smallest and most timid order of conceptions—a detritus of old Whig and Tory traditions that never had much in them; without that circle, and dashing against it so as to threaten it with a speedy overflow, is a sea of vague and daring speculation. Within Parliament, the very principle of procedure seems to be to avoid “large” measures; without Parliament, nothing but “large” measures are proposed—*Ateliers Nationaux*, Peasant Proprietorships, forms of Universal Socialism, schemes of National Education. It is not difficult to see the reason of this fact. Now, more than ever, it is from the middle or moneyed class, the men of deliberation and speciality, that our official men and legislators are chosen. Few are the representatives of the proletariat that have yet penetrated within the charmed circle, carrying with them, as they did in France after the recent revolution, their impetuosity, their eagerness for wholesale measures, their hob-nailed impatience of routine and compromise; while of representatives of the literary order of the community there are indubitably fewer in the English Parliament now than there were in the days of Walpole or Pitt. Hence the spectacle alluded to—the official statecraft of the country pecking pertinaciously at mere minutiae; the country itself tearing vehemently at all manner of generalities. So far, we have already said, this is as it should be. Practical measures should always rest on a basis of speculation larger than themselves. The men who indicate the direction along which a country is to advance are not always the best qualified for leading the country forward in it. But at present there can be no doubt that, in this country, the dissociation between the general thought of the community and its executive responsibility is excessive. Should the existing state of things continue long, one of two consequences must

happen;—either the Parliamentary system of government will fall into universal contempt, and cease to have any real efficiency; or the pressure from without will accumulate in such force as to break down the established parliamentary barriers, and renovate the executive by the infusion into it of new ingredients. Upon the whole, it is the second of these alternatives that a prudent mind would prefer; and it is as a means of increasing the so-called “pressure from without,” and of improving its character before the final crisis shall come, that one would seek to encourage to the utmost that peculiar species of literature which has recently made its appearance amongst us, and stimulate that *rapprochement* between men of letters and the proletariat, which is its necessary condition and concomitant. It is for this reason that we do not hesitate to pronounce what we have called *Sandy Mackayism* to be a hopeful tendency of our time. Let our literary men, therefore, consent for a little to look favourably on it, and even, as a class, to abate their purer forms of activity, their excursions on the Pacific, in order to promote it.

“Oh! that the highest Thought concentrated
 Could, godlike, woo this mortal maiden Now,
 So she might bear some new and lusty Future!”

For many, we know, this is an uncongenial aspiration. There is no element so sure after a little while to afflict the soul of a truly thoughtful literary man with intolerable weariness, as this element of social strife, social wrong, endless clamour after social remedies. “Let me away, let me away, out of all this, into some calmer air, some quiet wood of my own meditations. This investigating of crime and misery; this coddling and coaxing of the working classes, as if they alone had any thing to complain of; this petty chipping at the huge indurated mass of social evil—this, whatever it may be, is not my function, is not real literature. A few short years and this life on earth will be wholly over; to walk, therefore, serenely through it, with my eye fixed on what is beyond the veil, dealing with the present and the actual only in so far as they may provide me with matter and body for the conceptions that rise within me; to create, as far as in me lies, perennial forms of truth, of dignity, and of beauty, and to throw these abroad into the contemporary atmosphere, believing that they will affect men, but not knowing especially *how* they will do so—this, surely, is my task, as a devotee of the unseen and the ideal.” Such, almost inevitably, must be the feeling of a genuine man of letters, provoked into momentary impatience by the result of any slight attempt he may have made to dabble in the business of social reform or political controversy. Nor would such a feeling be necessarily selfish or epicurean. True, there is a higher view and aspiration than this, a view which would recon-

cile a habit of energetic activity in human affairs, with all possible devotion to the poetical, the abstract, or the transcendental. Let the spirit but wing its flight far enough in the direction of the mysterious and unseen, and it will be met half way by an angelic messenger dispatched to conduct it back again to Earth, with the intimation conveyed gently, but convincingly, that there only, for the present, the service of the supernatural and the Divine is to be fulfilled. Nevertheless, in one sense, even the impatient feeling we have described is connected with what is just and noble. Of all modes of thought that can be entertained, the most wretched, the most impious by far, is that which hopes to abolish misery and crime by new arrangements of the *external* circumstances of human life. Against such modes of thought there ought to be a loud and ceaseless protest. And unfortunately at present such modes of thought seem to have it all their own way. We hear much of reorganizations of society; we scarcely hear at all among our literary men of the necessity of any inner process of change in the nature of the individual. The socialism of our day is, in this respect, half brutal; and till it learns to be something else, little that is essentially good will ever be derived from it. It seems to be forgotten, that though man faces a world of visible and palpable conditions, amid which he lives and moves on earth, there is a spirit within him tracing its origin to a far other world, still connected with that world by unseen ducts and chains of golden conveyance, and capable of receiving from it power and sustenance. It is forgotten that all without a man may be set right, and yet all within him may remain wrong. We hear much of improved conditions of life, and of new social forms. We hear little of the new heart and the right spirit. But until these phrases shall be revived in our literature and in our public opinion; until the conceptions which they embody shall cease to be accounted illusions of fanaticism, and shall become known and familiar, as representing real and significant facts, all our efforts for the good of mankind must be mean, physical, and partial. If the world is ever really to be ennobled and benefited by the exertions of our professed Social Reformers, the time must come when, not ceasing to advocate their special schemes of external improvement, they shall yet hold in due reverence the immortal truth couched in those Divine words,—“Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all other things shall be added unto you.”

- ART. V.—1. *Neander—Das Leben Jesu Christi in seinem Geschichtlichen Zusammenhange.* Hamburg, 1845.
2. *Geschichte der Pflanzung und Leitung der Christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel.* 2 Bände. Hamburg, 1847.
3. *Allgemeine Geschichte der Christlichen Religion und Kirche.* 8 Bände. Hamburg, 1825-47.
4. *Julian und sein Zeitalter.* Hamburg, 1812.
5. *Antignosticus, Geist des Tertullianus und Einleitung in dessen Schriften.* 2 Bände. Berlin, 1849.
6. *Der Heilige Johannes Chrysostomus.* 2 Bände. Berlin, 1849.
7. *Der Heilige Bernhard und sein Zeitalter.* Hamburg, 1848.
8. *Denkwürdigkeiten aus der Geschichte des Christlichen Lebens.* 2 Bände. Hamburg, 1846.
9. *Zum Gedächtniss August Neander.* Berlin, 1850.
10. *Neander's History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church under the Apostles.* Biblical Cabinet, vols. 35, 36. Edinburgh.
11. *History of the Christian Religion and Church during the Three First Centuries.* Translated by JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Vermont, U.S. Vol. I. Bohn's Library. London, 1850.

THE name of Neander is familiar to most of our readers. Many of them, we believe, have already learned to reverence the man, and to appreciate the value of his labours, as the chief author in these times of the development of Church History as a science, and as one of the most influential leaders of the reaction which is going on in Germany in favour of apostolic or spiritual Christianity. He lived in a land where learning is followed and honoured as a profession, and where he was accounted one of the most learned of men. In the heat of controversy, the piety of some of his contemporaries, as Hengstenberg and Tholuck, had been held up to frequent ridicule; yet all Germany continued steadily to revere the piety of Neander, as of an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile. He shared, till his death in July last, the honours of the most learned city on the Continent with men like Schelling and Humboldt—the living patriarchs of philosophy and science. With all this there were moral elements in the homage paid to Neander which are not to be found in the homage paid to merely intellectual greatness. All his life long he stood aloof from the business and conflicts of the world, and indeed had no aptitude for mingling in its affairs. His world was his study, and his companions were his books; and thus he maintained during a long career the character

of the student, with something of the habits of the recluse. His life began with the storms of the first French Revolution, and it has closed amidst the struggles of that fierce democracy which has now, as then, proclaimed war against society and the Christian Church. Neander's researches into the history of the past did not keep him from obtaining a minute acquaintance with all the great movements of his own age, both in the Church and in the world. At the same time, the very circumstance of his singularly retired and peaceful life enabled him to exercise the greater sway over the thinking and active Christianity of Germany. The teaching and Christian life of which he is the type have already begun to influence the Churches of Great Britain, and must continue to impart a healthful vigour to their system in doctrine and practice. In this belief we proceed, after a few personal notices, to give some account of his literary labours.

Johann August Wilhelm Neander was born in Göttingen on the 16th January 1789. His parents were poor, and belonged to the Jewish faith. He received the first elements of education in Hamburg, where Judaism has long retained a firm footing, and where the Christian religion was long disgraced by the worst Rationalism of the pulpit and the press. He entered the University of Halle in 1806, when Schleiermacher lent it the lustre of his name and influence. He became Professor in Heidelberg in 1811, and in 1813 began his course as Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin, where he continued to labour till his death. It is recorded of him, when previously a student at Halle under Vater, that the first circumstance which brought him prominently into notice was his answering a question in Church history which had puzzled the whole class. This he did in such a way as at once to reveal his hidden powers, and to make him a favourite with the Professor and the students. Neander is one of the many illustrious men who have been successively brought by the Government of Prussia to Berlin, that centre of German scholarship and intellectual life. The Prussian capital has fewer natural attractions than any other great European city. It has, besides, few historical associations beyond the days of Frederic the Great; and yet the collective fame of these men; and their influence on the researches or controversies of the day, have given it much of the interest which attached to ancient Athens with its schools of learning.

The personal history of Neander is an impressive illustration of the truth of Christianity; and an instance of its Divine power. He himself assures us that he had to grope his way from the venerable ritual of ancient Judaism onward to the visions of the Platonic philosophy, until he at last found repose in the doctrines and the death of Jesus of Nazareth. We accordingly see him wandering

at first among the types and symbols and prophetic utterances of the Jewish Church, then seeking relief in the schools of the world's philosophy, and finally retracing his steps to discover the pathway of truth in following the faith of his childhood to its glorious issue in Christ. Here he found the symbolical language of Judaism deciphered, while at the same time he found that his spiritual wants were satisfied, and that a practical solution was given to the mysteries of a world of sin and death. With a nature so earnest as his, he must from the first have been impressed with the representations given in the Old Testament Scriptures of the holiness of God and the guilt of man, and the need of reconciliation between the sinner and the eternal Judge. These meditations must have fostered in him that spirit of *moral thoughtfulness* which Arnold somewhere speaks of as the leading element in all true greatness of character. While scepticism, disjoined from a pure life, may keep the heart for ever away from religious truth, as in the case of men like Voltaire or Byron, all true earnestness of thought and purpose is in the direction of the Cross as its final landing-place. We see in the spiritual history of men like Neander, and Chalmers, and Foster, and Arnold, that truth and holiness bear a family likeness, having the same heavenly ancestry, and bringing the same dowry of eternal life. The examples of men like these, in their search for truth, form an impressive testimony to the divinity of that faith in which knowledge becomes one with life, and the highest soarings of man's reason harmonize with the deepest experiences of his soul.

Before proceeding to speak of Neander as an author, we must present a picture of him as a man. It may surprise some to be told of his personal appearance. One might often pass him in the streets of Berlin, and little dream that the grotesque figure, so ill-favoured and oddly attired, and so seemingly heedless of the whole outer world, was the greatest living church-historian, and one of the chief leaders of the mind of Germany. Nature certainly did not lavish on his person many of her graces, and art seemed to undo the little that nature had done. His features bore the mark of the most ungainly Jewish type; while his dress was not unlike that of a well-known tribe of his Jewish brethren, the dealers in old clothes in the back-lanes of London. No one who ever saw him in his class-room can forget the place or the man. There he stood behind a table nearly as high as himself, with his sunken eyes all but closed, or twinkling below his shaggy eye-brows, and with his thick black hair covering the greater part of his ample brow. He wore a long surtout carelessly buttoned over a spotted vest, with outside boots which reached nearly to his knees. Such was the bizarre figure that, to the stranger's surprise, entered the class-room, itself the

largest in the University. His eyes were either half-closed or fixed on the desk before him, and, on taking his place, he seized a pen which lay ready for his use. This pen he would twist and tear to pieces during the lecture; and at intervals, as some weighty utterance made him raise his sonorous voice, he would turn to his right side, and lift up both his hands in the air as in the attitude of a frantic dervish. During these different actions of the upper part of the body, one foot was placed upon the other, or when he became more animated, it was made to swing round with considerable force and strike the wall behind. Occasionally the pen which he held in his hand would fall over the side of the desk, to the great amusement of the class. When this happened he became disconcerted for a moment; then began to manipulate with one of his fingers in a like way, until some student sitting near him supplied him with another pen, when the same round of movements went on as strangely as before. In all this there is not the slightest exaggeration; we have given only an imperfect description of the reality. Yet this singularity of manner had nothing in common with that affectation which courts notoriety at the expense of custom or taste. Neander manifested a character of the most guileless simplicity, and a high-souled superiority above everything that is false. The truth is, these matters of conventionalism never entered his mind. His world was not that of vulgar show or fashion, but of moral aims and the divine life.

Beyond the circle of his study and of private friendship, Neander was chiefly known at the University, and here he was abundant in labours. Each day he was occupied in carrying on two, and occasionally three, courses of lectures in Church History, or the exegesis of the New Testament, or Dogmatic Theology, or Christian Ethics; and these lectures were delivered extempore, though with the accuracy of his elaborate writing. His constitution, even when a student, was naturally delicate; and the wonder to every one was, how he could go through so much academical labour, in combination with the constant claims of authorship. He was the idol of the students, who indeed bore to him not merely a chivalrous homage as a singularly learned man, but a filial veneration as a master and prince of Israel. His house was the place of meeting for many talented and devoted young men, who looked up to him as their religious teacher and friend, and who rejoiced to aid him in his literary labours. Few social entertainments could have more interest than the weekly meetings between Neander and parties of his students—called in German University language, *Kränzchen*. They were held in his study, on every side of which lay in confusion the folios of the Greek and Latin fathers. Tea was served in the most simple

style; and was followed by conversation on the religious questions of the day, or the character of new theological works, or on the prospects of the Church generally in different parts of the world. It was at such times that the unaffected sincerity of the man appeared, and that without restraint he drew from the treasures of his learning, or gave utterance to the holy longings of his soul. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the old man's heart as shewn in this intercourse; and never certainly did any professor exercise a more healthful moral influence over his students. He manifested a hearty sympathy with them in the struggles of the faith, and in all that concerned their spiritual welfare. His whole soul was engrossed with the cause of Christ and of Christ's Church, and his table-talk bore the marks of the great theme which was habitually in his mind. The homage paid to him by the students was particularly evinced on the anniversaries of his birth, when they honoured him, after the German fashion, with a torch-procession at nightfall. These occasions he uniformly signalized by thanking God for sparing his life, by expressing his hearty interest in the work of his professorship, and his unshaken confidence in the final triumph of Christ's truth over all the forms of false philosophy or the world's inveterate sin. Never have we heard anything more solemn or heart-stirring than one of those birth-day addresses, delivered from the open window of his house, while the students were assembled in his rooms or were standing in the court below.

Neander's private life had few incidents in the ordinary sense in which biographers use the word. He was everywhere the same earnest, humble, tender-hearted man, full of love to his Saviour and his fellow-men. He lived in great happiness with a devoted sister, who was his guide and guardian through the latter years of his life. He seldom went from home, unless when his friends forced him to make some excursion for his health, after the exhausting labours of the university. The writer can testify to having seen his name in the visitors' book, kept in the house at the top of the Faulhorn—the highest house in Europe, on one of the heights of the Bernese Alps. There was no mistaking the unique autograph, which might otherwise have been set down as the forgery of some German student, seeking to play off a practical joke at the expense of one who was the most unlikely of all men to make such an ascent.

For the last year or two of his life the strength of Neander had been giving way under repeated attacks of illness of an aggravated kind. He was sorely tried by the rapid decay of his sight, ending in almost total blindness: yet, during the whole of that time, he never complained, nor gave up his work. Those who were then with him declare that the inner eye of the soul,

which no darkness could quench, burned as brightly as ever. We might say of him as our great poet said of himself under a like trial:—

“ So much the rather, thou, Celestial Light
Shine inward; and the mind through all her powers
* Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and dispersè, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

His last illness was but of short duration. It has been truly said that nothing more was needed to make the close of his life holy than that he should continue to live as he had done. He was able to lecture till within a week of his death. He had often given a proof of his academical faithfulness, far beyond what duty required or warranted, by continuing his prelections when he should have been on a sick-bed, and by disregarding the remonstrances of physicians and friends. During his last lecture his deeply impressive voice repeatedly faltered and almost died away. However, with that self-command which he always shewed in trouble, he persevered until the close of the hour, and with the help of some students was removed to his house in a state of extreme exhaustion. On being brought thither his strength rallied. In the course of the afternoon he called his amanuensis, and, with intervals of great weakness and suffering, he calmly dictated for three hours the closing pages of his Church History. He even gently rebuked his sister, who sought to dissuade him from the task, and requested to be allowed still to labour. At last oppressed nature sank, and he was compelled, by a higher than human bidding, to give up the work to which he had dedicated the studies and labours of a lifetime. In the evening the physicians declared that the case was hopeless. Still he did not anticipate the fatal issue of his illness. The dying man's thoughts were about his academical duties, and while admitting that he was unable to lecture, he emphatically added that the delay would only be for that day, and that he hoped to resume his duties on the morrow. So truly might Nitzsch say at his funeral, “ Wie innig liebten sich August Neander und die Theologische Jugend Deutschlands!” On the afternoon of the next day he was able to hear a passage read from Ritter's Palestine, the book with which he was last occupied, and also extracts from the public journals, on which, according to his custom, he commented with his usual emphasis. His disease returned at intervals, with occasional paroxysms of suffering, which he endured with the most Christian patience. A long familiarity with sickness had disciplined him for the final struggle. He was deeply affected, however, by the watchful care of his friends, and repeatedly raised his feeble voice to thank them for what they did.

At last his mind began to waver, and, in a somewhat peremptory tone, he ordered the servant to make preparation for his rising from bed. His sister remonstrated with him, by reminding him that all his afflictions came from God, to which the meek sufferer replied, with a subdued voice, and with the return of perfect self-consciousness, "That is true; all this comes from God, and we must thank Him for it." On the afternoon of the Saturday the setting sun shone brilliantly into his chamber, and as if the spirit of a prophet were given him to behold in this material glory the symbol of that true celestial light which was soon to shine on him, he added, "I am weary; let us make ready to go home." Still his thoughts dwelt upon the past; and he fancied himself at his post, engaged in his work as a professor or an author. At one time he raised himself on his pillow and began a lecture on the Exegesis of the New Testament. At another time he asked that a paper, recently given in to the Theological Seminary, should be read. At a third time he intimated the subject of his next course of lectures "The Gospel of John, considered from its true historical point of view." And after that he dictated an additional sentence or two of his Church History, and closed all his literary labours with these remarkable words, "Thus far in general—afterwards there comes the farther development." He then asked the time, and when told that it was half-past nine, he opened his lips for the last time, and said, "I am weary; I will now go to sleep. Good night!" Shortly afterwards the fatal stupor began. He slumbered until about two in the following morning, being Sunday the 14th of July 1850, when his spirit joined those holy men whose lives he wrote and whose memories he has embalmed.

We know few scenes of death more in harmony with the previous life. We cannot but be struck with the strength of will which sought to rise above mere bodily pain, and with that humble hope in God, which was with Neander not a mere general belief but the very habit and frame of his soul. The deep hold which his previous studies had taken of his mind was seen in this, that when nature sank, and his spirit wandered wildly as in a dream, there was still but one well-marked channel in which his thoughts could run, and only one theme on which he could speak. Perhaps the most interesting circumstance of all, is the intention he expressed of making John's Gospel the subject of this winter's prelections. We believe that he began his academical course by a course of Lectures on this very subject, and he expired with the theme on his lips and in his heart. This coincidence is all the more striking, because his contemporaries have many times remarked that the fundamental points of his character were in harmony with those of

John, as the disciple of divine knowledge and heavenly love. Like John we might say of Neander that he leaned on his Master's breast, and stood beside his cross. Unconsciously he thus drew with his own hand his picture at death. His spiritual history began with a conversion like Paul's, and ended with a holy love like that of John. If any one wishes to be satisfied of this, let him read the different dedications prefixed to his several works, and see how they all breathe forth the language of the purest love to God and man. The announcement he made on his deathbed was all the more remarkable—because the criticism of Germany for years past has been gradually bearing more closely on John's gospel, as the field on which the battle of gospel history must finally be fought and won.

The funeral obsequies of Neander were in keeping with the universal respect and honour he had earned when alive. He was buried on the 17th July, in the Jerusalem Cemetery of Berlin, a little way beyond the Halle Gate. The day of his funeral was one of widespread mourning. There is a melancholy satisfaction in turning from the revolutionary scenes witnessed two years ago in that city, to the homage it recently paid to this learned and holy man. The king and the princes of Prussia sent their carriages to join the funeral-procession, which was composed of men of all classes and ranks—professors and students, clergy and officers of state, with an immense mass of citizens in the rear. The streets along which the procession passed were filled with solemnized spectators, as if every one present felt that Berlin had lost its master-spirit. The Bible and Greek Testament which Neander had used were carried by his students before the hearse, and some of the touching funeral-songs in which German religious poetry abounds were sung over the grave. Three orations were delivered on the occasion of the funeral. The first was by Dr. Strauss, one of the clergy of the Cathedral, and Neander's friend for fifty years. A second was uttered by Dr. Krummacher at the grave. The third oration was by Dr. Nitzsch, in the Hall of the University, before the professors and students.

We proceed now to speak of Neander as an author, and to take a general survey of some of his works. All his life he kept steadily to one chief subject, the History of the Christian Church. His first considerable effort was his *Treatise on Julian and his Times*, in 1812—a remarkable production for a youth of twenty-three. In 1813 his *Life of Bernhard* appeared, with his *Development of the Gnostic Systems*, and his *Life of Chrysostom* in 1818. In 1826, he published the first volume of his *General Church History*, the second volume in 1829, and the

later volumes at different intervals till his death. His History of the Apostolic Church was issued in 1832, and his Life of Christ in 1837. It is not necessary to refer here to his other writings. It would be understating the truth to say that this one theme—the History of the Church—formed the matter of intense and laborious study to Neander for forty years. It was a master-subject which acquired a complete ascendancy over him, leavening his whole thoughts and claiming all his powers. It became the mould in which his soul was cast. With him the study was not mere intellectual discipline or learned research as with many of his contemporaries. It engaged the affections of his heart, as well as the energies of his intellect, so that he manifested in his character of Church historian his whole individuality as a man.* In truth he brought to the work a combination of singular excellencies. He had amassed stores of learning to a degree almost incredible both for extent and accuracy, and to these he added a power of generalization as wonderful as the learning it methodized and explained. A broad spirit of Christian sympathy, moreover, springing out of his profound spiritual character, enabled him to identify himself with all the developments of true Christianity in the progress of the Church. To Neander the History of the Church gathered its interest from the practical development which it exhibits of that scheme of redemption, which is set forth in the Incarnation and Atonement, and is designed by God to pervade and sanctify the sinful nature of man in every age and land. This was the starting point of his historical studies, and there was connected with this practical aim the call of philosophy to represent these results in a scientific form. Hence the double character of his history, as seen on its philosophical side in the homage paid to science, and on its practical side in the higher homage paid to piety.

It is an irksome task to point out defects where there is so much solid and prominent excellence. Yet it is right to notice here a defect in Neander's character as a historian, of which he himself was well aware. We refer to the *subjective* character of

* The writer once saw a signal instance of this at an academical meeting held in commemoration of the establishment of the Berlin University by Frederic III. The king was present, and a whole host of the great literary and scientific men of the city. Papers were read on different subjects; and at last Neander stood up, adorned with the ribbon of we know not what Prussian Order. His paper was on some recondite subject connected with the *Gnostics*, which he proceeded to read with as much composure as if he had been in his study surrounded with the ponderous tomes of the Fathers. So impossible was it for him to appear at any time in any other character than as the Historian of the Church! We may here mention by the way what Nietzsche has said, that his historical monographies of men and systems have laid the foundation for endless treatises of a like kind in every department of ecclesiastical research.

all his writings. No historian, perhaps, has given the impress of his individuality to a narrative more entirely than Neander. History is with him a science of great spiritual principles, of which the facts or events are the exponents. Hence we often crave in his historical compositions a graceful and continuous self-unfolding of the narrative. There is instead a certain massiveness and monotony of style at variance with the simplicity of the early historians, and a fixed and somewhat cumbrous phraseology, which is applied to all times and classes of events. Tholuck has justly said, that in giving the History of the Church he gives too little of the History of the World. But the personal history of Neander supplies the explanation of this. We have seen how little he was familiar with men and manners, and how he lived far more in the inner world of the soul than in the outer world of sense. Nothing can supply the objective element in the historian's character but a practical acquaintance with the real world we live in. It is this which is the charm of historical writing like Macaulay's: for while Neander seldom states facts without an elaborate enunciation of the great principles they reveal, our latest British historian leads us to recognise the principles embodied in the minutest facts without this articulate statement.

In offering some account of Neander as a man of Christian thought, it is out of the question for us to attempt anything like a review of his separate works. We purposely confine ourselves to a statement and exposition of his opinions on the leading matters of Christian speculation. This rule obliges us to follow an order different from the chronological order of the publication of his works; but it may enable us to shew, in a more systematic way, what are the different parts of his Christian philosophy, and how they stand mutually connected. Following this design, our subject divides itself into these four heads:—I. Neander's idea of the character of Christ as the founder of the Church. II. His idea of the Christian Church, as Christ's kingdom. III. His idea of the Christian life, as realized and exhibited in the different members of the Church. IV. His idea of Christian truth, as the doctrine of Christ's Church. In following this arrangement, we are in a great measure applying to himself the principles of the different divisions of his own Church History.

I. Neander's representation of the character of Christ must be drawn principally from his *Life of Jesus*, although the same general principles pervade his whole writings. We can believe him when he speaks of the fear he felt in approaching this subject, and in proof of it quotes the answer of Herder to Lavater, "Who could venture after John to write the *Life of Christ*?"

Hence his long delay in taking up this subject. He felt the need of being more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christianity before he recorded the earthly life of its Divine founder. Special circumstances soon left him no alternative but to proceed. But in this very delay we have a signal instance of a reverent spirit too rare in a land where men are familiarized to treat without reverence the most holy themes. • The immediate occasion of the appearance of the work was the previous publication of the Life of Jesus by Strauss in 1835. Neander's book, however, instead of being a polemical reply, contains in an independent form his own statement of positive truth.

His design is to maintain in harmony the supernatural and the strictly historical character of Christ. As to the former, he takes up a position entirely distinct from that of the older Rationalists of the school of Semler and Paulus: as to the latter, he as distinctly opposes the later Rationalism of the school of Hegel and Strauss. With Jesus there has been the introduction of a totally new spiritual element into this sinful world. Hence his representation of him, according to the favourite phrase of the later German theology, as the *Urmensch*—the ideal man. His life is the perfection of human nature purified from sin and in entire harmony with God's law. It represents the accordance and reconciliation between the ideal and the phenomenal—the law of God and the life of man. Christ is thus both the one new moral element of history, and, as he nobly said, the miracle of history. He at once sanctifies history and transcends it. This new element is designed to pervade all history as the heaven that leavens the whole lump. To the adorable Redeemer all history points as the realization of perfect manhood, and in likeness to him all spiritual excellency lies. Everything out of Christ reveals a strange discord between what is and what ought to be. In ways like these is it that Neander loves to speak of the Divine Saviour. All his writings exalt him to this place of spiritual pre-eminence. He is careful to shew negatively, that there was nothing borrowed or derivative in Christ's character, seeing that he was in every sense *αὐτόχθονος*. This sublime originality of Christ's life proves its freedom from all earthly admixture, and thereby indirectly proclaims his divinity. He was entirely free from every element peculiar to the three great sects among the Jews of his age—the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes, and also from the influence of oriental theosophy. This is proved positively by what the Germans call the *plan* of his earthly life. In opposition to all speculations like those of Hase and De Wette, which speak of Christ's purpose having changed from opposing circumstances in his life, Neander steadfastly proclaims the unity of his purpose as the

Redeemer from first to last, and in proof appeals to his constant sense of the Messiahship.

Neander's Christology has two prominent features,—first, its human or anthropological; secondly, its strictly historical character. In the one we detect the marks of German theology; in the other of Neander's personal studies. As regards the former, he loves to think of Christ's character on its human side; and hence he constantly speaks of him as "the Son of Man"—*der Menschen-sohn*. He deals much less with the questions connected with Christ's relation to God. Sometimes he uses expressions that look like Sabellianism; but we believe this arose in a great measure from his accepting the fact of Christ's divinity without seeking to explain the mode of it. No man knew better than Neander the practical meaning of the command, that as men honour the Father so should they also honour the Son. The second element in his Christology is its historical character; and here his own character as a historian comes prominently forward when he so frequently speaks of Christ as this one moral element in history—the source and soul of all holiness in the world. He had surveyed the wide expanse of history with its anomalies and contradictions and grievous sins; and he ever turns with new wonder and love to think of him who came to reinstate and transfigure the fallen nature of man. Few theologians have realized more vividly than Neander the mystery of the Incarnation as the greatest of all historical facts; or its manifold applications to the wants and wounds of man's soul. Christ is to him the central figure in all history; and in his view a scheme of history would be as defective without a primary reference to Christ, as a scheme of astronomy which made no mention of the sun.

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the general consent of the narrative in the Life of Christ, as a defence of His supernatural and historical character. It flows on with its singular admixture of principles and events; and, as a whole, it forms a record of Divine things, artlessly told, yet pregnant with meaning, and proving against all unbelief that these things, on strictly historical principles, were literally true. We cannot here illustrate the full bearing of Neander's leading principles on this phase of the apologetical controversy. Suffice it to state, that the Deism of the earlier Rationalists, and the Pantheism of the later school, meet and agree in denying the supernatural, and by consequence also the strictly historical element in the Gospels, for both of which Neander contends. This they do on totally different grounds; the older Rationalists because of the supposed absence of any necessity for special divine interference in the established order of things,—the later Ration-

alists because of the presence of the same divine element already in the self-development of the universe, and the consequent impossibility of a more special divine manifestation than the sequences of nature themselves. The one view represents what is miraculous in revelation as an uncalled-for departure from God's regular plan in creation; the other as a practical severance of God from himself, and hence an impossibility. Against both extremes Neander defends the supernatural and historical claims of the Gospels, by shewing what the divine elements in Christ's life are, and how truly they bear the impress of authentic history.* The critical theory of Strauss, proceeding on the pantheistic philosophy, implies that there is but little of actual history in the narrative of the Gospels beyond the general fact that Jesus lived, taught, gathered disciples around him, and at last died in Judea. The supernatural circumstances of his life form the mythical drapery, borrowed from the Messianic conceptions of the Old Testament, and thrown around the personal character and history of Jesus of Nazareth. The figure is that of an extraordinary man, and the dress is taken from those prophetic times when men's souls were filled with the imagination of a Messianic king and kingdom.

We must content ourselves with referring to other sources for an articulate statement of the manner in which Strauss's criticism and philosophy interpret and supplement each other. We content ourselves with the remark, in connexion with our immediate subject, that there are three fatal historical objections to this whole scheme. 1. It fails to explain the origin of the Gospel representation of Christ. Strauss attributes our version and picture of Christ's life to the prevalence of Messianic ideas among the Jews, which they applied to Jesus of Nazareth. In his view Christ is made the embodiment of all these prophecies and hopes. But this is only shifting the difficulty a step farther back from New to Old Testament ground. These prophecies and anticipations require themselves to be explained. From what central body did these gleams of scattered light proceed? How are we to account for the gradual development of these prophecies into greater clearness and fulness? Why was it that the whole existence of the nation was identified with them, and that this Messianic hope became the great element in their national life? It is not enough to say that the character of Christ in the Gospels is the

* Neander's great contemporary and fellow-historian, Niebuhr, of whom he ever spoke with the highest praise, and who with his philosophical genius drew the line between fact and fable in the early history of Rome, used to declare that all belief in history is at an end if the Gospels are not true; and now, from their united testimony, the principles both of sacred and secular history are made completely to harmonize.

reflection of these Messianic times; because the question still remains, what was the origin of that very Messianic idea which grew with the nation's growth and strengthened with its strength? Moreover, the effect is altogether disproportioned to the cause, seeing that even the Apostles were proverbially slow to learn, being weighed down by the most grossly carnal conceptions, and often cleaving to a scheme which Christ specially set himself to overthrow. The Christ of the Gospels is not the Messiah of a material Judaism, but the Head of a pure and spiritual kingdom, which Christ's followers during his lifetime could ill comprehend. 2. A second objection to Strauss's system lies in the result itself, the very phenomenon behoving to be explained, namely, the recorded life of such a personage as Christ. How comes it that from such heterogeneous elements there should emerge a character of spotless purity and perfection? What explanation is to be given of the accordance between so-called mythical legends, and a moral life like His? Why in Christ's character is there the absence of everything to degrade, and the presence of every attribute to exalt and sanctify? If all this is fabulous, why have men ever pointed to it as that which transcends all history? and why is it consciously or unconsciously made the practical standard of all morality? Why does Christ's life still stand out above all the moral achievements of our race, and above the highest conceptions of poetry? Why is the only perfection to be found in the past, and in this one example in all the past? Surely it is strange that there should be morally no stain on the portraiture, but that every line of it should be instinct with perfection. There was the most ample room for moral imperfection, if Strauss's hypothesis is true, because these mythical elements are nothing but the ever-shifting clouds that float over the table-land of history. Strauss can never answer the question, why the mythical Christ is still morally the perfect one? 3. If we look to Christ's life as an originating principle, Strauss's theory gives no explanation of the effects produced by it in all after-ages. It neither explains the problem of the personal perfection of Jesus of Nazareth, nor the parallel problem of the existence of a Church which is the living historical witness of Jesus. We explain the discovery of America, and the events that followed it by the enterprise of Columbus. We trace the mechanical triumphs of steam to the inventive genius of Watt. Here, however, we have an effect out of all proportion greater, and yet behoving to be explained by a cause correspondingly less. The truth is, that a common historical element must be sought for in the prophecies that preceded and foreshadowed Christ's life—in the sublime reality of that life itself—and, finally, in the results of that life as seen in the

subsequent history of the Church. It is this which makes Christ's appearance on the earth to be, as Müller says, the "end of ancient and the beginning of modern history." Looking at the matter in its details, we observe the progress of the same divine influence from age to age. What, for example, can explain the historical accordance between the Gospels and the Acts, or between the Acts and the Epistles, or between the New Testament as a whole and the spiritual life of all subsequent centuries,—in a word, between Christ and His Church? Are all the martyrdoms of the saints—their good confessions—their holy lives—nothing more than the vain adoration of a legend or a myth? Nothing can explain this holy unity between the personal character of Jesus and the life of His Church, but a common substratum of historical truth. We must recognise in him a true historical personage, before we can with reason trace up to him all that is good and holy and true on the earth in the lives of His disciples in every age. There are only two alternatives; either to apply the mythical element to the subsequent history of Paul, and even of Augustin and Luther; or, beginning at the other end, to trace the historical element upward to Christ himself. If we do the former, we turn history into caricature; if we do the latter, we overthrow every form of the mythical theory as applied to the Gospels.

Something analogous to the result of this controversy has been seen among ourselves, when the discoveries of geology have from time to time formed the ground of successive attacks against the faith. Characteristically enough of both countries, the attack in the one case proceeded from the side of physical science, and in the other from the side of criticism and the higher philosophy. In Great Britain the result has been to evoke a profounder science, and to prove a deeper harmony between the words and the works of God. In Germany, too, it has been already proved, that the enemies of Christianity exulted without cause, and that its friends were filled with groundless fear. This controversy has called into being a sounder criticism, guided by a deeper piety. Strauss thrust the spear into Christ's side, and forthwith there came out blood and water.

II. We now proceed to develop Neander's idea of the Church or Kingdom of Christ. It is but a step from the consideration of the character and work of Jesus, to that of the spiritual institution which He came to establish. With Neander the Church is the manifestation or life of Christ in history. Christ's kingdom was not a sudden display of His power, unconnected with the previous history of the world. According to that law of development, which he everywhere notices as the great law of history, there were, both in the human systems of Heathenism,

and in the divine economy of Judaism, many intimations of the coming of this kingdom. There is nothing more masterly in Neander's writings, than the introductory chapter in his general history of the Church, in which he speaks of the position of the Heathen and Jewish world before Christ appeared. Here we see the germ of much of that Christian literature which has since been engaged in detecting the intimations of Christianity given by all other systems of religion. This part of his work is the noble gateway by which we enter the temple of Christian history.

To begin with Heathenism. After noticing the different forms which it took—its Scepticism represented by Pilate—its Deism by Lucian—its Pantheism by the elder Pliny—its superstitious Fanaticism by Plutarch, he goes on to represent Stoicism and Platonism as its highest moral attainments. It is in the Platonic philosophy that he traces the points of contact between Heathenism and Christianity, and shews how many were gradually led from the one to the other. Platonism did not like Stoicism assign an ultimate place to the nature of man, but regarded it in its close alliance with the divine nature. It represented man's present life as one to be spent in communion with God, and as a preparation for a higher state of living in God. By showing the necessity of a closer union between heaven and earth, it was fitted to prepare its more earnest followers for the higher spiritual life of Christianity. Neander in these speculations widely differs from many who have thought that the greatest homage was paid to Christianity by denouncing heathenism in every phase and form. He has done service to Christianity, by showing both the utter insufficiency of heathenism, and also its struggle and appetency in its noblest forms for a higher life than its own. By so doing he has proved Christianity to have all the marks of a religion fitted for the world, and he has given effect to the views of Paul, in those passages where he speaks of the Gentiles being a law to themselves, and of their poets calling them the offspring of God.

Neander represents Judaism as a preparatory dispensation, invested with a particular and not a universal form, and yet vitally different from Heathenism, inasmuch as it exhibits the character of God, as the God of holiness and mercy, for the objective ground of faith. In tracing its historical tendencies, he sets forth its *three* great types, as seen in the sects of the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes. The first were characterized by outward religion as opposed to the religion of the heart; the second by a cold and negative faith, utterly void of living power, and closely akin to materialism; the third by a spirit of ascetic contemplation, in union with a retired and devout life. This is one of many generalizations in Neander's

writings, where he discovers, in these early times, the workings of those common principles and tendencies which the history of each age has developed anew, and which show man's religious nature to be ever fundamentally the same.

It is impossible not to be struck with the accordance between these views and the personal history of Neander. We stated that he had been brought up as a Jew, that he had imbibed the spirit of the Platonic philosophy, and that, afterwards, by a gradual course, he had been led to embrace Christianity. He was fitted to describe these forms of life because they formed part of his own personal experience. When he speaks of the prevailing worldliness of the Jewish mind, he alludes to what was probably the first cause of his offence at Judaism. When again he shows how the lofty visions of Platonism rose above the grosser forms of heathen thought, and indirectly prepared the soul for receiving the message of Messiah, he is but recording in the case of others what was literally true of himself. When, last of all, he proves that Judaism on its spiritual side was so closely akin to Christianity, as in the cases of Paul and Nathaniel and Nicodemus, he unconsciously draws his own picture, as the Jew who finally submitted his soul to the teaching of the Cross. We see his spiritual history best portrayed in his exposition of the union of the Jewish and Greek elements in the Alexandrian school. There is an apartment in one of the picture-galleries of Italy, which contains exclusively portraits of the great masters painted by themselves. The idea of making such a collection is a singular and happy one, and the collection itself is wonderfully complete. So is it often in the world of literature, where men draw portraits of themselves, not on actual canvass, as in the Florence Gallery, but in the subjects on which they write, and the pictures they draw of others. An example of this self-representation we find in Neander's account of the school of Philo, where he says that "the spiritual tendency of the religious nature was fitted in this case to give men a greater receptivity for Christianity. It revealed itself as the *gnosis*, which first sought rightly to interpret the spirit of the Old Testament. Christianity showed that that golden age which the Alexandrian Jews expected, was already revealed, and had come into actual manifestation. In these respects, the religious tendency of thought in the Alexandrian school might really become the spirit of transition to and agreement with Christianity."

Such were the two great systems in the world's history which prepared it for the reception of Christianity and for the growth of the greatest and holiest of all earthly institutions, the Church of Christ. All questions connected with the Church

resolve themselves into two—(1.) the mutual relation subsisting between Christ and the members of the Church; and (2.) the relation between the members of the Church themselves. These two questions suggest the two fundamental laws of the Church. The one of these is its obedience to Christ; the other the spiritual equality of its members. Let us notice these separately, according to the views contained in many scattered portions of Neander's writings.

First, the great law of the Church's existence is its subjection to Christ. Its character in its collective and organized capacity must be determined by the relation in which its individual members stand to Christ as the dispenser of their spiritual life. In the Church there is the embodiment of all those spiritual influences which have in every age emanated from Christ to all believers. Hence the accordance between the position occupied by the Church and that first occupied by Himself as its Founder and head. For as Christ was infinitely exalted, by His sublime and holy personality, above the characters of individual men, so must His Church be exalted above all the social organizations of the earth; and as Christ was thereby fitted to exercise His holy influence over all, and to pervade men of all classes by His Spirit, so is it the design of the Church spiritually to pervade all the forms of social life, to sanctify them by its holiness, and to liken them to itself. The same principle applies to the whole as to its separate parts; and as every believer who receives the gift of spiritual life from Christ becomes thereby subject to His law and to the guidance of His Spirit, so the Church in its corporate capacity acknowledges Him as the source of its blessings and the framer of its laws. From these positive principles the negative conclusion follows, that the Church has nothing in common with earthly kingdoms. It is not a political society—a State. It is a purely spiritual society, with spiritual means and ends; and it is only by differing from all worldly societies that it can influence them for good. Hence the Scripture motto which Neander prefixes to the first volume of his history, and on which every chapter of it is a commentary—"My kingdom is not of this world." There is a fundamental distinction between Christ's kingdom and all the kingdoms in the heathen world, in this, that they were established for temporal ends; and it differs also from the theocratic economy of Judaism, because it has nothing of its political appendages, its sensuous ritual, and its apparatus of particular customs and laws.

The second great law of the Church is the spiritual equality of its members. This is the law of their mutual relationship, as fellow Christians. The first of these laws determines the latter,

because any individual pre-eminence is incompatible with Christ's supremacy. Where there is this authority of Christ over all, there must be the common subjection of all to Christ. This equality proceeds on the relation in which the members of the Church stand to Christ as their Saviour. The laws which bind the planets together depend on the great law which binds them severally to the sun ; and the law which binds children together depends on the common relationship which they bear to their father. Whatever establishes a spiritual difference among the members of Christ's Church, is fatal to this original relation between Christ and them.

These are the two general principles on which, according to Neander, the Church rests. In applying them to its actual development, he maintains that it was no part of Christ's purpose to lay down a fixed and definite plan, according to which it was to be once for all organized, and which was to be rigidly adhered to in all subsequent times. Christ's work was chiefly confined to the manifestation, by word and deed, of those great principles out of which the structure of the Church should gradually arise. His relation to it was seen negatively in the abolition of everything that gave to it the aspect either of a particular economy, or of a hierarchical priesthood as among the Jews. As to the positive side, he left it to the free agency of the spirit of Christianity in men's souls to determine its special organization under all varying circumstances and at all different times. Christ did not formally establish the full scheme of a Church ; but he made known the universal principle applicable to its existence and activity on the earth. In maintaining this original equality among Christians, Neander lays great emphasis on the diversity of Christian gifts in different members of the Church. This circumstance principally determined its outward organization and progress. While Neander holds the incompatibility of a special priestly class with the original spiritual equality designed by Christ, he holds as strongly the necessity of reciprocal helpfulness among the members of the Church themselves. These gifts are the *organs* of which Christ makes use in the edification of his Church, according to those varieties of human nature in which there is still seen the higher unity of the same divine life. Hence Paul's comparison of the members of the Church to the different members of the body, and hence the meaning of these gifts in the miracles of Pentecost, as applicable to the Church at all times. According to Neander, the special circumstances which determine the organization of the Church may thus be stated to be these three—1st, the free development of this spiritual life flowing from Christ and dependent on him ;

2dly, the possession of different Christian gifts, according to the representations of Paul; and, 3dly, the influence of outward circumstances as giving a special direction to the form of the Church.

Such is an outline of Neander's general theory of the Church. The leading feature of his whole system is the eminently spiritual view which he gives of the Kingdom of Christ. This is shown in the close union he ever seeks to establish between the Church and Christ, and in the undivided supremacy which he gives to its Divine Head. Everywhere Neander recognises the Church as the institute of spiritual Christianity, and does homage to it in this particular. Its organization is in his eyes a secondary matter. He values it for exhibiting that spiritual life which Christ gives to His disciples, and by which He unites them, by many unseen ties, as a holy community under His law. All these representations of its spirituality betoken the depth of his own personal Christianity. Its existence in a world of sin, and the historical display of its holy power is in his hand the golden thread which runs through the dark coloured web of the world's history. He trembles for the ark when it falls into the hands of worldly men. How many examples do his writings reveal of the divine influence of the Church, when it remained true to its original spirituality, and how many more of its corruption and decay when it became a mere appendage to political society, and its holy character was lost under the thralldom of Byzantine power!

The anti-Judaic character of Neander's scheme of the Church must also be noted. This appears most prominently in a depreciation of outward form, which shews the violence of his reaction against Judaism. When such a change takes place, it is far less common to observe entire deliverance from every vestige of a former system, than to detect the continuance of some previous habits of thought and action. We are told that when the primeval forests of America are set on fire, and burned down, there rises up a new vegetation, quite distinct from that which preceded it; and so in some measure has it been with a nature like Neander's. His phraseology, his ideas, his principles, bear no trace whatever of a Jewish origin, if, indeed, the very violence of the reaction be not the best proof that he was a Jew. This has told for good, by leading him always to exalt spirit above form, the inward principle above the outward manifestation, the religion of the heart above ceremonial worship. It has sometimes told for evil, by making him often confound spiritual Judaism with formal Pharisaism.

A third element in Neander's Church-system, we need hardly say, is its eminently Protestant character. We use this phrase

now in its broadest sense, to distinguish his opinions from every form of the Romanist scheme, whether more or less perfectly developed. Rome and Oxford stand here on the one side, Berlin and all Protestant Germany on the other. The one system starts from the idea of the Church, and descends from it to that of individual Christianity; the other starts from this individuality, and then ascends to the conception of the corporate institution or the Church. In the one scheme the Church forms and creates Christian life; in the other, the Church is the expression and the product of this life. The one regards the Church as the parent of Christianity, the other regards Christianity as, under Christ, the parent of the Church. Neander's general opinions lead him to reprobate the whole system of the Romish Church, as opposed to the spiritual equality of believers. Its exaltation of a priestly caste implies the confusion between Old and New Testament ideas. Its substitution of outward union for inward unity is a practical denial of the difference between the visible and invisible Church. Thus he vigorously resists that monarchical system which was introduced by Cyprian, and developed by Gregory the Great.

From the historical investigations of men like Neander Britain has much to learn. In England the study of primitive times has been almost exclusively confined to men who, though within the pale of Protestantism, have abjured the Protestant theory of the Church; and the literature of Scotland has few works in ecclesiastical history that treat of times more remote than the period of the Reformation. Germany has far outstripped the ecclesiastical learning of England, while in the theory of the Church at least it has remained true to its hereditary Protestantism, with the exception of an extreme party among the Lutherans, who seek to invest the Church with a sacerdotal character which Luther never sanctioned. In this spirit German historians have deeply studied the constitution and development of the early Church, and have triumphantly shewn that it gives no countenance to Romanism. What Britain now needs is a like learning, characterized by the ascendancy of a like Protestant element; and it would be the relinquishment of a substantial good, if with its jealousy of much that popularly goes under the name of German theology, it were to refuse the results of these investigations, when they bear so closely on the defence of our common faith. A better knowledge of these principles would be the best antidote to that spirit of mysterious awe with which Romanists invest these primitive times. It would disarm men's minds of the spell of this ecclesiastical fiction, and prove, moreover, that though Protestantism got its name at the Reformation, its principles are old as Christianity, and are instinct with

its apostolic and ancient strength. England derived her Reformation from Germany at first, and may now learn much from Germany as to the true historical meaning of primitive Christianity.

III. We now descend from the general to the particular, in the form of a few notices of Neander's representation of the Christian life, as exhibited in the different members of the Church. This opens the wide field on which he manifests the spirit of his truly Catholic Christianity. The principles unfolded in his account of the character of Christ, and of the constitution of the Church, he applies to the Christian life of individual believers. As the Divine Head did not circumscribe the Church by the limit of fixed and unalterable rules, but left it to assume different forms in outward organization, so also the Christian character and life has not one type and form but many, according to the varieties of individual human nature. These idiosyncrasies, when brought under the influence of Christianity, not only prove the higher unity of Christ's character as the source of all Christian life, but also serve for the wider display of its sanctifying and transforming power as a religion adapted to the whole race. Neander's whole views on this matter are summed up in the title of one of his smaller treatises—"Das eine und mannigfaltige des Christlichen Lebens." Just as a physical philosopher—his illustrious fellow-citizen Humboldt—has represented the different aspects of nature in all lands, and shown in all the working of the same material laws, and as his unparalleled knowledge of the globe has enabled him to trace the unity throughout this magnificent panorama; so is it with Neander in his details of the endlessly varied Life of the Church. We may truly say, that his field is the world. In these varieties of the Christian life, he has ample scope for applying his favourite doctrine of diversity of gifts, and for showing how Christ has made use of the most different instruments for advancing his cause and kingdom. He has never scrupled to turn aside from the highway of philosophical history to the bypaths of private or social life, that he might exhibit the power and preciousness of living Christianity. Indeed this was the very aim of his whole History from the first. Hence in the first sentences of the Preface, he declares it "to have been from an early period the chief end of his life and studies to represent the history of the Church as an eloquent proof of the divine power of Christianity—as a school of Christian experience—as a voice sounding throughout all centuries—of edification—of instruction and warning to all who are willing to hear." He says also in the Preface to the third section of the second volume, and in reply to unfriendly criticism on this very point, that he will

never recognise a distinction between the aim of Church history to edify and its aim to instruct. Such was Neander's design ; and that he has fulfilled it will be evident to all who can appreciate the spirit of Christian sympathy and love which breathes throughout his works.

It is in this spirit that in his *Life of Jesus* he points out the different classes of men with whom Christ came in contact, and the manner in which he applied his truth to their different spiritual conditions. He shows in his *Apostolic History* the corresponding differences between Paul, and James, and John in their characters, and lives, and teaching, and finds in all the groundwork of a common faith and holiness. He shows in his *General History* the presence of this all-pervading Christianity in men like Augustin and Chrysostom, with all the marked differences in their personal history, and in their representations of divine truth. In his *Monography of St. Bernard*, he discovers the same Christian truth and life, during those medieval times when true Christianity well-nigh disappeared amidst the corruptions of the Church of Rome. His studies confined him principally to the earlier centuries. In his miscellaneous writings, however, he has given portraits of modern Christians, such as Pascal, Chillingworth, Baxter, Oberlin, Wilberforce, and Arnold, and in all he has shown the unity of the Christian life. And in passing we may note certain points of resemblance between the last of these men and Neander himself. They were at one in leading a life of fellowship with Christ, and of holy self-devotion to his cause, in their common love for history and pursuit of it as a leading study ; and in their theological systems, which exalt the sanctifying tendency of Christianity, and stand somewhat loose to the dogmatic precision of the Reformation.

Neander's great merit in this department lies in giving prominence to the idea of the *Universal Church*. With unwearied steadfastness and labour, he has set himself to bring to light the practical results of Christianity on the earth. Perhaps nothing is better fitted to give a true stamp of catholicity to the Church than the study of the past in Neander's spirit, and the consequent acquaintance with the different forms of Christian character, thought, and action. We are thus raised up above the jarrings and heats of present controversy, and in the manifold beauty and power of this Christian life, we learn the lesson of that charity which hopeth all things, and yet rejoiceth only in the truth. And surely at a time when Protestantism has openly mourned over its many rents and wounds, and when Romanism is reasserting the double claim of its unity and universality together, there is much need for Christ's true Church hearing "this voice of instruction sounding through all centuries." As

the isothermal lines often follow an irregular course on the map, and traverse different latitudes of land and sea, so in like manner may the same vital Christianity be found under many diversities of individual character, national custom, and ecclesiastical order. This at least was true of Neander; for the sympathy he has shown in dealing with the past, he showed also in the interest he felt in the Christian movements of his own day. His favourite delineations of primitive Christianity, in the freshness of its love and fervour of its zeal, are in accordance with the spirit in which he used to speak of the labours of the missionary field, with its thousand proofs of the influence of the Gospel; or of such efforts as are made in Britain and Germany to rally the forces of Protestantism, and to demonstrate by brotherly love the unity of the faith.

IV. We proceed, finally, to consider Neander's position as a theologian or scientific expositor of Christian truth. It is fitting that this should be done last, because his whole tendency is to represent Christian science as the product and exponent of the Christian life, or rather of Christianity as an historical manifestation. We are now better prepared for this view than at an earlier stage in our dissertation.

In the strict sense of the word, Neander is not a theologian. He does not rank with men like Nitzsch or Müller, whose special field is dogmatic theology; and he is certainly inferior to both in dialectical power. From the character of his mind, as well as from the whole scope of his studies, Neander dealt less with the abstract ideas of theology than with concrete spiritual principles; and with these, chiefly as they have developed themselves on the field of ecclesiastical history. His true position is not among the theologians, but among the historians of theology. But if he is less qualified than others of his contemporaries accurately to expound theology as a science, he far excels them all in his power of determining the spiritual tendencies of theological systems. In his hands, the study of the history of doctrines in the Church has been elevated to the rank of a science, and figures as one of the chief divisions in the Theological Encyclopædia. He used often to speak of *Exegesis* and *Dogmen-Geschichte* as the two handmaids of theology. Here he has had full scope for the exercise of his learning and of his powers of generalization. He has, besides, succeeded in giving a real and vital interest to these investigations—threading his way with ease where others have been lost in a labyrinth of confusion, (as in the detail of the forms of the Gnostic heresy,) grouping miscellaneous facts under general heads, and often in the spirit of Cuvier with his fossil osteology, reconstructing from a few irregular and ill-assorted particulars the full proportions

and details of an obsolete system. Neander, as we have already seen, contemplated the Christian life as manifested in various forms. We must notice that he attributes a like variety to Christian doctrine and thought. Indeed, it is with him a fundamental idea to apply the same principles to both. As the Christian life might assume these forms according to the individuality of each believer, Christian doctrine might also assume many different corresponding forms. It was, he maintains, no part of Christ's intention to confine the Christian life to one fixed and stereotyped rule, nor to confine Christian intelligence and thought to one fixed formula of religious doctrine. In both provinces of action and thought alike our Lord asserted and established, by word and deed, the seminal principles out of which Christian life and doctrine were gradually to emerge, according to the law of historical development. These forms of representation, he holds, reciprocally explain and supplement each other; while they also prove the power of Christianity to influence the various tendencies of man's nature, and to make these serve the purpose of advancing among all men the work of Christ's kingdom.

As a chief feature of all Neander's expositions of historical theology, his sympathy with every system in which he found essential Christianity preserved must be noticed. He is a peacemaker in theology. He even maintains a kind of historical necessity for these different phases of Christian doctrine, believing that this process of development, when once begun, must advance, and that from these tendencies of different systems the harmonious representation of Christianity in its highest unity was to be gathered. To scientific theology, he applies the same general principles which we have referred to as pervading other parts of his system. We have seen that he under-rates the value of outward institutions in the organic framework of the Church. In like manner he has little favour for Confessions of Faith as the symbolical embodiment of the Church's creed. What he most approves of is something in analogy with the apostles' creed, which deals chiefly with the great historical facts on which Christianity rests, and which the whole Church avows. He has as great a jealousy of formalism in Christian doctrine as in Christian life, and he everywhere asserts the principle of freedom as a chief part of the Christian scheme. This he has sometimes carried to an extravagant length. The two most prominent examples which he gives of these different tendencies in theology, occur in the exposition of the teaching of the Apostles, and of the Eastern and Western Churches in the post-apostolic age. The three representatives of apostolic theology are Paul, James, John. Paul represents the most marked opposition between Judaism and Christianity, and the entire

deliverance from the Judaic spirit, in union with the power of systematic and dialectical development. James represents in his theology the more gradual transition from Judaism to Christianity. John is the representative in Christian science of the intuitive element embodying itself in the spirit of divine contemplation. Peter occupies an intermediate place between Paul and James. These are the different forms of the apostolical teaching; and, as there was then this variety of theological representation, so he maintains that it has been and must be in every subsequent age. Hence the frequent use which he makes of the difference between the doctrinal phraseology of the Western and Eastern Churches, as exhibited, the one in Augustin the other in Chrysostom. The tendency of theology in the West was to start from the position of man as a sinner, and his need of divine grace, while in the East theology started from the view of Christianity as giving a higher divine creation to man. The one gave greater prominence to the doctrine of man's sin, and allied itself to the teaching of Paul; the other gave prominence to the doctrine of God's love, and allied itself most closely to the school of John.

Neander loves to apply his favourite principle of unity in variety to the condition of the Church, with its manifold opinions, in our own times. If there are found in the primitive times different types of theological truth, it is equally true that then too were developed the different types of error which have only reproduced themselves in after ages. To give one example of this: Germany has had successively to encounter two different forms of Rationalism already referred to, the one that of Semler and Paulus, and the other that of Hegel and Strauss. Neander has in many places shown that these were the two great heresies of the early Church, represented respectively by the Ebionites, with their gross and unspiritual conceptions of Christianity, and by the Gnostics, with their spiritual allegorizing and mythical idealism. So truly does one age revive in a new form errors which prevailed many centuries ago, and with all the restless activity of man's spirit, it still holds good that there is nothing new under the sun. The history of heresies in the Christian Church seems to follow that circular course which recent science has proved to mark the tracks of tempests in the material world.

Neander's theological system bears all the marks of a great *transition* period. He lived and died in the full hope of a new epoch in the Church, when it shall renew its youth, and reassert the power of its spiritual principles as in the brightest times of its history. His system reminds us less of those geological formations which have been calmly deposited from the

waters of a former world, than of those which have been upheaved by eruptions from below, and which bear on them the indurating and convulsive marks of fire. In comparing him with the men who preceded him, we perceive that theologically he is far in advance of them. Semler, Schleiermacher, and Neander, are the types of three distinct epochs in German Theology. Semler's system is that of Rationalistic Deism. Schleiermacher's is that of Christianity in some degree vitiated by false philosophy. Neander exhibits Christianity on the whole in the true spirit of faith, and in a clearer development and scientific harmony of its doctrines. Though theologically in advance of Schleiermacher, Neander always paid him a most reverent homage, as that great teacher who had breathed a new spirit into the Church, and given an impress to modern theology which it still strongly bears. Neander is not, moreover, a copyist of the past. In him we observe the union of two different tendencies—the one applying to the past—the other to the future. His historical studies had familiarized him with past theological systems, and yet, instead of seeking to revive one or any of these, he was accustomed to regard it as the purpose of his theology to exhibit, in a new form, the fundamental truths of the faith, adapted to the science and Christian consciousness of the age. He believed it impossible to revive unchanged the systems of previous centuries, and he sought a new development of theology more in keeping with the present state and necessities of the Church. In the last year of his life he was engaged with Nitzsch and Müller in editing a Journal which may be regarded as the true representative of this school of German Theology. It is entitled, "*Die Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben.*" The first number appeared in January 1850. We extract a few words from the preface, in illustration of the preceding sentences. After stating the need for opposing the destructive tendency of Rationalism and Pantheism, and uniting all evangelical Christians, he adds, "We acknowledge that tendency in Theology as the only conservative one which is at the same time according to its special law freely progressive. We are persuaded that it is not the problem of our age to revive and call back into artificial life an old form of Church constitution or of theology, but to labour in order that something new may be formed for the future, resting on the one unchangeable foundation, and having the power of that divine word which is ever renewing its youth in perpetual freshness. Although among those who are united in this work different relationships are maintained to Schleiermacher, the great teacher of the reviving German Church, they are yet unanimous in the conviction that the further develop-

ment of our theology must attach itself to him, and that the mighty impulse given by him must long continue to influence the Christian philosophy of Protestant Germany." It is no less strange than true, that opposite parties in Germany unite in revering the memory of Schleiermacher, and also in quoting his authority in support of their systems; just as it was said of Burke, that his writings were the armory out of which the two great political parties in the country obtained their weapons.

We can only, in conclusion, notice one or two of the more prominent features in Neander's Theology, more in the way of showing its tendency than of exhibiting its details. 1. In the comparison which Neander draws between Christianity and Judaism, he maintains the existence of a specific and vital difference between the two economies; instead of regarding them as two economies illustrative of one and the same scheme, and marked alike by the same spiritual principles. Neander is apt to exalt the New Testament at the expense of the Old, partly from the reaction against his early Judaism, and partly from the tendency of the later German theology since Schleiermacher to place in opposition the *law* of the one against the *love* of the other. It is certainly one of the greatest desiderata in the theology of this school, that it should learn to appreciate more accurately the spiritual religion of the Old Testament, both in its display of grace on the part of God, and faith on the part of man. There is, and there can be but one method of acceptance under every economy, whether more or less advanced; and the difference can only be of a formal, and not of a material kind. 2. Neander's view of sin is eminently practical. Few men have realized more profoundly than he the fact of spiritual separation between man and God. It is at this point that he is fundamentally at issue with Schleiermacher and Hegel, who both represent sin as the necessary transition to moral freedom, and thereby deny in substance its moral guilt, as the self-willed departure of the creature from God, and opposition to him. Neander does not enter much into the question of the transmission of sin. He argues, on the one hand, from the actual existence of sin now, to its origin in the initial moral history of the race; and, on the other hand, assuming this initial fact, he explains its transmission from the ordinary law of historical development. Sin came into being from the inexplicable caprice of self-will; but when once in being, it continues to operate as a new factor in human history. In this sense, he rejects the Augustinian hypothesis of federal transmission, as assuming a principle utterly at variance with the data of Christian consciousness. This example illustrates the influence of Neander's historical principles on his theology. Whatever may be said of Augustin's theory, certain it is that Neander has

not removed the moral difficulty attaching to the whole subject of transmitted sin and guilt; for the question still remains, why does God place man under the influence of such historical laws as practically entail on him the fatal and inborn tendency to sin? That he has done so, is indeed historically true; yet why is this the law of history? Why is the world so framed as that this tendency to sin should be transmitted from age to age? The fact is admitted, but on Neander's theory, as well as on that of Augustin, it behoves to be explained. 3. Neander's view of the atonement corresponds, in its leading principles, with his view of sin. As sin was a great historical fact in the world, it needed a counterpart fact in history to restore man's fallen nature, and to bring it again into harmony with God. Müller states in the preface to his work on Sin, that it was when he sat at the feet of Neander his master, that he became practically convinced that the whole of Christianity consists in this relation between sin and the atonement. Neander dwells more on the atonement in its subjective than in its objective side. He sees in it the display of God's love—tending to change man's heart and direct it anew, rather than a homage to God's immutable law. In many parts of his exposition of the Pauline theology, it is hard to see where he draws the line between justification and sanctification. Here, as in the former case of sin, he delights to present the matter in its historical aspect, and to speak of the whole life and work of Christ as the source of a new spiritual influence in the world. He underrates the legal element in the atonement, partly from the constitution of his religious nature, which predisposed him, as in the case of Chrysostom, whom he so much revered and resembled, to meditate on God's love; and partly from the tendency of his school to oppose the theology of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the prominence which it gives to the legal necessity for the sufferings of the Divine Saviour.

The preceding record, rather than criticism, of the literary life and labours of Neander, may be considered with a deeper interest, from the circumstance that his influence on the religious opinions of Great Britain is every year becoming more marked, and is one of the most considerable of the foreign influences which are now working in this country. There is perhaps no German whose ideas admit of being more readily transplanted into the soil of the English mind. The reason of this is that he deals so much with the practical realities of Christianity. He is, moreover, in a great measure free from that element of mysticism which makes much of German literature distasteful to the English nation, or at least confines the interest in it to a few. If it be the case that the problems of modern Germany must soon be met and canvassed in this country, one necessary preli-

minary is an intelligent comprehension by us of the leading systems which have indented themselves so deeply on the churches and schools of the continent. We rejoice, on the whole, at the growing ascendancy in Britain of Neander's fresh, genial, and reinvigorating spirit. It cannot fail to give new fervour and freshness to our religious life and doctrinal systems, that we should become conversant with specimens of the revived Christianity of a people who, after being disaffected from the Apostolic faith by the prevalence of Rationalism, are slowly but surely returning to it. The struggles through which such men have passed enhance the value of their labours. Instead of frowning on them because they do not reach the level of our hereditary orthodoxy, we should rather regard them as champions of Christian truth in perhaps its fiercest struggle since the days of the Apostles. It deserves, moreover, to be noticed, that while in Germany the prevalence of opinions like Neander's is an indication of a return towards the principles of the Reformation, their prevalence in this country, among some classes of persons, seems to betoken a departure from that standard, and a tendency towards a theology of a less definite kind. Those who are Neander's followers in Germany are generally men whose religious faith is becoming clearer and its articles more numerous. In Britain some are apt to make his spirit and opinions a medium of transition from our doctrinal theology to a mystic Rationalism. A system which in Germany is a symptom of opinion moving in one direction, may, in this island, be the symptom of a current moving in an opposite direction.

In closing this Article, we are reminded of the great guides of action and opinion who have been recently taken from the Churches of Switzerland, Scotland, and Germany. Vinet, Chalmers, and Neander, form an illustrious group of theologians, differing in the variety of their natural gifts, yet believing in the one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and in their several spheres eminent promoters of the Christian cause. The first that was taken away was Vinet of Lausanne, who to a gentle nature and most Christian spirit, added powers and acquirements of the first order, and who has done so much to assert for the truth of Christianity a scientific claim, and a spiritual authority. His personal friends all speak of the keen analysis of his perceptions, the calm philosophy and calmer faith which pervaded his reasonings and illustrations, and the noble qualities of heart and soul which made them love him while they honoured him. Vinet's spirit was tranquil and full of beauty, like the lake on whose shores he lived and died; and he often shewed that he could ascend from the graces of the Christian life to the lofty speculations of Christian science,

as the shores of Lake Lemman stretch upward into the majestic elevation of the Alps. Then came the death of Chalmers, causing a void not soon to be filled in Scotland. He died, without warning, in the midst of an old age as active as his manhood, and when, to the native vigour of his mind, there was superadded the mellowness of Christian grace and faith as life declined. Seldom has more signal homage been paid to character or worth than on the day when the General Assembly of his Church, and a multitude of his countrymen, followed him to the grave. We refer to this, because the likeliest thing we know to the funeral of Chalmers has been the funeral of Neander. In both solemnities there was something of the same moral character, because in both there was the same tribute of homage to moral worth and greatness. It was neither the more eloquence and philanthropy of the one, nor was it the colossal learning of the other, that gave this moral grandeur to a funeral ceremony. It was because in both cases the powers of the departed were dedicated to the service of God and man. Men gave utterance at their graves to the silent reverence that had been growing and gathering strength while their labours multiplied, and their lives were spared. In both cases the heart of a nation was struck, and Christendom bowed before the rod. Nor are there wanting several distinct points of agreement in their lives as at their deaths. We may point alike to the cases of Chalmers and Neander as instances of the power of a common Christianity. However different might be their starting-points, they yet agree in the desire they felt at the crisis of their lives for spiritual deliverance, in their common testimony as to the quarter whence deliverance came, and in their moral transformation by Christ and His love. They agree also in the impulse which they have given to Christian thought and action in their respective lands. The gifts of Neander fitted him for his work in a land of pre-eminent thought and learning. Those of Chalmers were adapted to the necessities of a land of social enterprise and political movement. Neander did his work by representing for our study and example the Church of the past—the Church of apostles and martyrs and early saints. Chalmers accomplished his by seeking, like a great master-builder, to raise up the structure of the Church in his own times. The lives and labours of both must now materially influence the Church of the future at home and abroad. In these two men we see the types of the two phases of spiritual character which have often repeated themselves in the world—represented in the apostolic age by Paul and John; in the early Church by Augustin and Chrysostom, and in the time of the Reformation by Luther and Melancthon.

- ART. VI.—1. *El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire.*
By BAYARD TAYLOR. 2 vols. London, 1850.
2. *The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains.*
By RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON. 2 vols. London, 1845.
3. *L'Asie Centrale. Recherches sur les Chaines de Montagnes et la Climatique Comparée.* Par A. DE HUMBOLDT. 3 vols. Paris, 1843.
4. *An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals.* By WILLIAM JACOB, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. London, 1831.

If there are now any disciples of those ancient schools of philosophy, which taught that mundane affairs are destined to recur in continually repeated cycles, they might, with some plausibility, appeal to recent events, in confirmation of the belief. By the revolutions and wars of 1848, we are reminded of the swarms from the northern hive pouring down on southern Europe, and of the contests and combinations which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. The present rage for the mediæval threatens a recurrence of the struggles, civil and religious, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the rise of new Lauds, and new Bonners, if not a return to a darker age, with its Peter the Hermit preaching a new Crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. And the tide of emigration, flowing from all quarters to the gold-diggings of California, appears a counterpart to the swarms of reckless adventurers who followed Cortez and Pizarro to the conquest of Mexico and Peru. Our days seem destined to witness a fulfilment of the prophecy,—

Alter crit tum Tiphys, et altera, quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas; erunt, etiam, altera bella;
Atque iterum, ad Trojam, magnus mittetur Achilles.

Speculations are already rife respecting the revolution which the discovery of this modern El Dorado is to effect in the social relations of the civilized world, dependent as they are on standards of value, and pecuniary obligations, public and private. The recipients of fixed incomes are looking with dismay to such a change in the value of money as that consequent on the discovery of America, of which Latimer complained so bitterly in his day, declaring every thing to be “of too much,” though he was ignorant of the true cause, and joined in the popular cry against inclosures and sheep-walks, forestalling and “regrating.”

For the protection of annuitants against the expected golden tide from California, a member of the House of Commons has given notice of a motion in the next session, for converting the

Consols into corn-rent annuities. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether the landed interest will be satisfied with the attainment of the good bishop's climax, "I thinke, verily, that if it thus continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pigge a pound." They are looking to the New World to redress the errors of the Old, to importations of gold to correct the evils of importation of corn. They are flattering themselves with the return of the golden age of agriculture, when gold, depreciated in value by its abundance, shall be as effectual as Bank restrictions and one pound notes in restoring the palmy days of agricultural prosperity. Then shall wheat once more be sold for six pounds the quarter; then shall half the wages of labour be again paid out of the poors' rate; then shall farmers again mix brandy with their claret to qualify its coldness; and again ride over the lieges as, with well-filled money-bags, they gallop home from market, reckless alike of open free-trade foes, or faithless farmers' friends, —

*Ipsæ, lacte, domum referent, distenta capellæ
Ubera; nec magnos metuent armenta leones.*

There can be no doubt that the transfer of portions of the American colonies of Spain to the restless and energetic Anglo-American, will effect considerable changes, both commercial and political, peopling the shores of the Pacific with an enterprising race, stimulating productive industry in all countries, opening new fields of commerce, directing old traffic into new channels, and bringing the extreme West into juxtaposition with the extreme East, the backwoodsman of the Mississippi with the subjects of the Celestial Empire; perhaps accelerating the dissolution of the American Union, and causing its stars to re-arrange themselves into new constellations. We are not, however, among the number of those who expect the auriferous gravel of California to produce any very great alteration in the relative value of gold to other commodities. There are many considerations which lead to this conclusion—the limited nature of auriferous deposits in general; the exhaustion of some sources of supply, and the diminished productiveness of others; the increased consumption of gold for the purposes of ornament and luxury, and in the monetary transactions of an increasing population, commerce, and civilisation. These all tend to an enhancement of the value of gold; and require the discovery of new sources of supply to maintain the equilibrium. The great change, moreover, in the prices of commodities, as measured by the precious metals, consequent on the discovery of America, was effected not by gold, but by silver, and was caused by the proportion which the comparatively small quantities first brought to Europe bore to the existing stock; diminished as it had been

“Thy marble bright in dark appears,
 As slowly steals a silver flame
 Along the letters of thy name,
 And o’er the number of thy years.”

This young man, whose memory his friend has consecrated in the hearts of all who can be touched by such love and beauty, was in no wise unworthy of all this. It is not for us to say, for it was not given to us the sad privilege to know, all that a father’s heart buried with his son in that grave, all the hopes of unaccomplished years; nor can we feel in its fulness all that is meant by

“Such
 A friendship as had mastered Time;
 “Which masters Time indeed, and is
 Eternal, separate from fears.
 The all-assuming months and years
 Can take no part away from this.”

But this we may say, we know of nothing in all literature to compare with the volume from which these lines are taken, since David lamented with this lamentation: “The beauty of Israel is slain. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither rain upon you. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love for me was wonderful.” We cannot, as some have done, compare it with Shakspeare’s sonnets or “*Lycidas*.” In spite of the amazing genius and tenderness, the never wearying, all involving reiteration of passionate attachment, the idolatry of admiring love, the rapturous devotedness, of one of the greatest beings which nature ever produced in the human form, displayed in the sonnets, we cannot but agree with Mr. Hallam in thinking, “that there is a tendency now, especially among young men of poetical tempers, to exaggerate the beauties of these remarkable productions;” and though we would hardly say with him, “that it is impossible not to wish that Shakspeare had never written them,” giving us, as they do, and as perhaps nothing else could do, such proof of a power of loving, of an amount of *attendrissement*, which is not less wonderful than the bodying forth of that myriad-mind, which gave us Hamlet, and Lear, and Cordelia, and Puck, and all the rest, and which indeed explains to us how he could give us all these;—while we go hardly so far, we entirely agree with his other wise words:—“There is a weakness and folly in all misplaced and excessive affection;” which in Shakspeare’s case is all the more distressing, when we consider that “Mr. W. H., the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets,” was, in all likelihood, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a man of noble and gallant character, but always of licentious life.

which, however obscure to us, appear to indicate, that in those days its site was well known, as in the vicinity of a country from which the chief supplies of gold and precious stones were procured. "The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good, there is bdellium, and the onyx stone." This may be remarked by the way as an intimation that the Deluge had not obliterated the physical features of the antediluvian earth, and, in conjunction with the olive branch of the dove, it ought not to have been overlooked by those who expect geological monuments of that event, and who think they find them in the organic remains of the stratified rocks, or in the boulder deposits of the pleistocene glacial sea. Though geologists have abandoned them, both those exploded errors, which passed current in the early periods of the science, have still their adherents.

The early civilisation and metallic wealth of the Hebrews and Egyptians, contrast strongly with the contemporary condition of Greece. The Book of Kings, amidst general statements of the accumulated treasures of Solomon, the gold which he lavished on the Temple, and on the house of the forest of Lebanon, describing all his drinking vessels of gold, and none of them of silver, which was nothing accounted in his days, and as plentiful in Jerusalem as stones, also furnishes definite numerical statements of the gold which he collected in one year, amounting to six hundred threescore and six talents, exclusive of that obtained by the trade with Ophir, amounting to four hundred and twenty, or according to the reading of the Book of Chronicles, four hundred and fifty talents. The Greeks of the same period are represented, in the Homeric poems, as possessing gold and silver ornaments, but as exchanging brass, iron, slaves, and oxen, for other commodities.

If gold, as regards its discovery and application to the arts, must be considered the most ancient of metals, it must be viewed as the youngest in its geological relations. There are strong reasons for believing that the principal supplies of it are derived from districts which became auriferous at an epoch so recent as that which immediately preceded the historic or human era of geology.

During the reign of the Wernerian dynasty of geologists, before Smith had discovered the means of identifying strata by their organic contents, it was held that the deposits of different epochs were distinguished by peculiarities of mineral composition. Attempts were even made to define the age of a rock by measuring the angles of the crystals which it contained. These views have yielded to more extended observation. Indurated and crystalline structures have been found to be indications not

of the age of strata, but of the disturbances by which they have been affected; and of contiguity to masses of igneous rocks. The silurian strata of Wales, for instance, which are much broken and contorted, and are interlaced with, or traversed by, igneous rocks, such as greenstone, syenite, and porphyry, have assumed a subcrystalline character. This being the form under which these deeply seated rocks are usually presented to our view by the disturbing forces to which they have been subject, they obtained from this circumstance, in conjunction with the paucity of organic remains, till lately discovered in them—the name of transition; on the supposition that this was an original condition, intermediate between the crystalline structure of granite, then deemed an aqueous rock precipitated from a chemical solution,—and those strata denominated secondary and tertiary, whose sedimentary origin was unequivocal. In Russia, on the contrary, which has only been disturbed by local undulating movements, and not affected by great disruptions, accompanied by the intrusion of igneous matter, we see the silurian strata in their normal condition, as horizontal beds of soft clay, incoherent sandstone, and slightly consolidated limestone and shale, differing little in external aspect from the newer secondary and supra-cretaceous rocks of other parts of Europe.

Amidst the dislocations of the Alps, the lias, which in England is soft and horizontal, assumes a subcrystalline character so like that of the so-called transition rocks, that it was long confounded with them, till its true place in the series was determined by means of its fossils, which are only discernible on a weathered surface. In the vicinity of active and extinct volcanoes the tertiary strata, usually soft and incoherent, appear under lithological aspects undistinguishable from the more consolidated secondary strata.

If mineral characters are not a criterion of the period when given strata were formed, neither are metallic veins. It was once held, on too limited an induction, that veins of copper, lead, &c., characterized certain parts of the series. This, however, is only a local truth. Their presence is dependent on the contiguity of igneous masses and centres of disturbance by which access has been opened to the interior of the globe. Metallic lodes are richer, too, in the vicinity of the underlying igneous rocks as they are called, such as granite, certain porphyries, syenites, and traps, than near the newer porphyries, dolerites, and true volcanic rocks, which have burst through and overflowed the strata.

These generalisations, which were announced about ten years since by M. Neckar, are as important for their practical applicability as for their theoretical bearing on questions respecting the

means by which mineral veins have been formed and filled. They were founded on a review of the principal mining districts of Europe; and every subsequent observation has confirmed their truth. The silurian, and even the devonian or old red sandstone groups are, for instance, richer in Cornwall where they are in contact with the underlying granite, than in Wales where they have been only penetrated by igneous outbursts; and it is only in the vicinity of such igneous masses that the Welsh rocks are at all metalliferous. Axes of disturbance again have produced abundance of lead in the carboniferous limestone of Northumberland, Derbyshire, Flintshire, and the Mendips, though it is rare in the broad undulations of the same rock which overspread the greater portion of Ireland. Workable mineral veins are seldom found in England in strata more recent than the carboniferous limestone; though they are profitably worked in younger beds, where they have been upheaved and dislocated on the flanks of some of the continental chains. Contact with the granite has even rendered some of the tertiary series crystalline and metalliferous, in the Andes, and among the metals with which they have become charged is gold, though it is more abundant in the older slates, and the eruptive igneous masses which traverse them. As the Sierra Nevada of California is a prolongation of the same great chain which, under the names of the Cordilleras and the Andes, ranges through South America, it might be presumed in the absence of more definite information, that the distribution of gold followed the same laws there as in other portions of the chain, and that the lower rocks may have become auriferous at the time of those igneous operations by which the more recent tertiary strata acquired their supply of that metal. Nor does the scanty knowledge which we possess respecting the geology of California afford any reason for supposing that it offers an exception to the general rule which prevails as to the position of gold in other parts of the world as well as in South America.

The most important gold districts next to America are those of the Ural Mountains which separate Europe from Asia, and the vicinity of the Altai chain which divides Asiatic Russia from China. There we have clear evidence of the recent origin of gold. The auriferous gravel of the Ural, and the auriferous rocks from which it has been derived, are both confined to those parts of the chain which lie to the east of its culminating ridge.

From these circumstances, and from the north and south direction of the axis of disturbance, features which it possesses in common with other regions having auriferous and peculiar mineral characters, Baron Humboldt had inferred that the formation of the gold veins was but little anterior to the destruction of the mammoth or northern elephant (*elephas primigenius*.)

whose remains are buried in the gold-bearing detritus. To these Sir R. I. Murchison has added other independent arguments, by developing the geographical changes which the region had undergone in former geological epochs, and by deducing from the results that the auriferous phenomena must have been posterior to all such conditions. Without entering into details, it may be briefly stated, that on the western flanks of the Ural there are certain ancient conglomerates of the permian and older eras, composed of fragments of the rocks of that chain, with remains of large reptiles and land plants—the fragments increasing in size as the chain is approached, and the organic remains following the same law of increase eastward.

From this it is evident that the Ural at that time constituted a tract of less elevated land than at present, from which detritus was borne by rivers into a western sea. That its rocks were not then auriferous is inferred from the fact, that not a particle of gold is found in this ancient detrital deposit. It is the same with certain tertiary beds on the east of the chain. The exact position in the tertiary scale is doubtful from the absence of organic remains, but they are clearly older than the mammoth gravel which alone contains detrital gold. From the distribution, moreover, of detrital copper and iron in the permian strata, which may be traced to their parent sources east of the culminating ridge, it is evident that it could not have reached its present position west of that ridge under the existing system of drainage, and that the present watershed must have been established after the impregnation of the Uralian rocks with copper and iron, and before they became charged with the gold now so extensively dispersed through the masses of mammoth gravel derived from their ruins.

The Ural is the type of an extensive auriferous region, largely worked, and on the examination of which some of the first mineralogical and geological science of the day has been brought to bear. It may be made therefore a standard to which to refer the highly-coloured descriptions of the wealth of California, derived as they are from less trustworthy sources. For these reasons we shall describe it in some detail.

The axis of the chain of the Ural has, as we have already stated, a north and south direction, unbroken by any great transverse valleys, its height nowhere exceeding from 2000 to 2500 feet. Its highest ridge consists of greenstone, porphyry, and other eruptive rocks, of which there have been a succession of parallel minor outbursts, on the eastern flanks, extending into the low grounds of Siberia, and having masses of silurian, devonian, and carboniferous rocks folded between them. These strata, the beds of three ancient successive seas, are unaltered

and fossiliferous in their upper portions, and at a distance from igneous rocks and axes of disturbance, but assume, in their lower portions and near igneous masses, the metamorphic characters of micaceous, talcose, and chloritic schists, jaspideous and flinty slates, quartz rock, and crystalline limestone. Of the eastern igneous rocks, a kind of granite is proved to be the most recent, by the fact that it has not only burst through the sedimentary strata, but has pierced the other eruptive masses, the greenstones, porphyries, and serpentines, by which the sedimentary strata have been disturbed, contorted, and sometimes turned over in inverted order. On the western flank of the chain are undulating strata of the permian group before mentioned, the uppermost of the palaeozoic series, which derives its name from this wide district of Russia, which is exclusively occupied by it. The equivalent strata in Western Europe were previously known as the lower part of the new red, or poikilitic system, from which they are now separated on the evidence of their fossil contents.

The extreme limits of the gold region of the Ural extend about 600 miles northwards, from 52° north latitude, within which limits the auriferous deposits constitute a zone, or series of parallel zones, distributed at intervals over a tract about 150 miles wide: but the most productive portions, in which the chief gold works are situated, do not extend so far, either to the north or south, by about 100 miles at each extremity. We have thus an auriferous region larger than that of California, even without including that of Siberia, which is three times as large as France.

Gold has been extracted from the rocky matrix at five or six points; but these mines were found so much less productive than the washings, that they have all been abandoned except the mine of Beresvosk, near Ekaterineberg. These mines in the solid rock have shown that gold occurs here, as in other auriferous regions, under two conditions; in the one, dispersed through the rock after the manner in which iron pyrites is often disseminated through clay-slate, or garnets through mica-slate; in the other, in small veins of auriferous quartz, traversing felspathic rocks, which cut through talcose, chloritic, and clay slates, like the Cornish elvans.

The mine of Beresvosk is of the latter description. No shaft has been sunk in it to a greater depth than twenty-eight fathoms, at which depth there was no perceptible change in the nature of the mineral substances; but, owing to the influx of water, and the want of steam-engines, the works were only prosecuted at the depth of sixteen fathoms when Sir R. Murchison visited them.

The proportion of veinstone to gold at this mine averaged,

from 1745 to 1841, 52,000,000 poods to 679 poods of gold, or rather more than 76,000 to one. The produce of the auriferous gravel varies exceedingly in different localities, and, from time to time, in the same locality. At Beresvosk 100 poods of gravel formerly yielded from five to eight zolotnicks of gold, but now the same quantity only yields from one quarter to one half of a zolotnick. This last measure being 1-96th of the pound, which is 1-40th of a pood, it follows that, under the most favourable conditions at these works, the proportion of gold to refuse varied between one to 76,000 and one to 48,000; and that, under the least favourable, it was no more than one to 1,536,000. Rose states the mean produce at one zolotnick to 100 poods, which is one to 384,000. In this last case, nearly 172 tons of gravel would require to be moved and washed to obtain one pound avoirdupois of gold, which is equal to 14 oz. 11 dwt. 20 gr. Troy, —worth about £56 at the price of standard gold, though from the quantity of natural alloy it was probably at less value.

Veins of silver are extremely rare in the Ural; but that metal occurs native, in small quantities, in some of the veins of copper; and the gold contains an alloy of silver varying from six to sixteen per cent.

The gold in the alluvial gravel is accompanied by a variety of earthy and metallic minerals, derived, like itself, from the destruction of the neighbouring rocks. Quartz, which had formed the gangue or veinstone of the original auriferous veins, is the most common of the earthy minerals; and magnetic iron sand, the constant concomitant of gold in all parts of the world, the most abundant of the metallic minerals. Platinum is occasionally found in the auriferous alluvia, and gold in the platini-ferous; but in general they constitute distinct deposits.

During sixteen years, from 1822 to 1838, more than 45,000 lbs. English avoirdupois of platinum were raised in the Ural; but the comparative rarity of the metal, the cost of production, and the few purposes to which it is applicable, have caused the abandonment of all the works except those carried on by the Demidoff family.

Diamonds are associated in Brazil with gold, platinum, and other minerals which occur in the Ural. From these circumstances, and from the general character of the district, Baron Humboldt predicted that they would be found there; and, on his departure for Siberia, he even ventured to assure the Empress of Russia that he would not return without presenting to her diamonds, the produce of her own dominions. It was during his journey to the Altai that the first discovery was made. Above forty specimens have been found in the auriferous gravel of Chrestovodsvigensk, since abandoned from its poverty in gold;

and a few others were subsequently obtained at four distant points. The smallest of these Russian diamonds weighed one-eighth of a carat, the largest rarely exceeded two carats; though one was found weighing $7\frac{7}{16}$ carats. The matrix from which the diamonds found in the washings of Brazil are derived, is a quartzose micaceous rock, called itacolumite; and a rock of identical composition has been found in the vicinity of the diamond-bearing alluvia of the Ural.

The auriferous alluvia, which occur in groups through the extensive zone already described, are individually of limited, but varying dimensions; forming oblong masses from 300 to 400 yards long; the breadth of the smallest being one-twelfth, and of the largest, one-twentieth of their length. Though richest near the affluents of the existing streams, they are clearly not the deposits of those streams, which have cut channels through them, but belong to a condition of surface different from the present, as regards levels and hydrographical relations.

They occur indiscriminately on dry plateaus as well as on the borders of rivers. The principal accumulations fill hollows in the rocky surface, but they are spread, in smaller quantities, over the sides of hills, one hundred feet high; a fact which proves, that though the detritus is local, and borne only from short distances, it has been accumulated by agencies which carried it down in broad sheets, and lodged it on acclivities as well as in depressions. In the hollows, and in the hollows only, it is covered by a thick bed of clay.

The depth of these detrital deposits is as various as their superficial extent, being dependent on the depth of the original depressions in which they have accumulated. The average depth may be about three and a-half to five feet; but there are others twelve, fifteen, and even, in extreme cases, fifty feet deep. The gold-bearing beds are, however, small compared with the entire mass; and are found, indiscriminately, in its upper, middle, and lower portions. When the depth does not exceed ten or fifteen feet, the works are carried on in the "open cast" manner, or "to the day;" but, in a few cases, where two or three feet of auriferous shingle are covered by fifteen feet of barren ground, the more valuable portions are extracted by means of subterranean galleries supported by props of timber. The materials of the shingle are fragments of the neighbouring rocks, only slightly water-worn, like the flint gravel round London, mixed with occasional blocks one or two feet in length.

In some cases, gravel, rich in gold, rests on rocks containing gold, disseminated, or in veins; but, in general, the subjacent rocks are destitute of all traces of gold. From these circumstances, and from the fact that veins of gold and silver are known

to be richest near the surface, Humboldt inferred that the gold veins of the Ural were, for the most part, superficial, and that they were destroyed with the destruction of their containing rocks, when the detrital deposits were formed.

One of the most remarkable features of the auriferous shingle of the Ural, consists in the presence of the bones of extinct pachyderms entombed in it, such as the mammoth, rhinoceros, and *bison priscus*, or aurochs. They are found in the superficial clay or loam, and also, in immediate contact with the rock, beneath the whole mass of detritus, which, in one case, was fifty feet deep. Instances have occurred in which a zone of osseous fragments separated the auriferous from the sterile portions of the mass.

The remains of these animals occur in greater abundance, and in a less mutilated condition, in the deposits composing the high banks of the great rivers which flow eastward and westward from the chain; and in still greater quantities in the estuary deposits of the great Siberian rivers bordering the Icy Sea. It is in these last that frozen carcasses of the mammoth and rhinoceros have been found in such a state of preservation as to be devoured by the bears, when detached from the frozen cliffs.

No marine remains have been met with in any of the Uralian gravel; and this circumstance, together with the local nature of the debris, and the mode of its distribution, has led all the geologists who have explored the region, to conclude, that the auriferous shingle was formed on a terrestrial surface, and that the mammoths inhabited the Ural and Siberia through a long period, during which their remains accumulated in the then existing hollows of the rocky surface by lacustrine and river agency; and that they were destroyed by debacles which accompanied the movements by which the present watershed was established, the waters being thus poured off as the dried beds of rivers and lakes were raised into the irregular mounds of gravel which now constitute the auriferous alluvia.

This last elevation, which probably added several hundred feet to the height of a large portion of central Asia, is supposed also to have contributed to the destruction of the large mammals, by the increased cold which it produced. From facts, however, which have been discovered respecting the woolly covering and dental structure of some of them, it is clear that they were capable of living under much lower degrees of temperature than would be suggested by the climatal conditions of the regions now inhabited by allied genera and species. The necessity for so great a change of climate as their presence was once supposed to indicate is thus precluded. It would corroborate the views of the lacustrine and fluviatile origin of the mammoth gravel, if

fresh-water shells, the frequent concomitants of these extinct mammals in Europe and North America, should be discovered in the alluvia of the Ural. At present we find no more mention of them than of marine remains. From our own observations in Britain, we have been convinced that this island was inhabited by the same species of elephant and rhinoceros, both before it sank under the glacial sea which overwhelmed the greater portion of the northern hemisphere, and also after the bed of that glacial sea was again laid dry. We have as little doubt, from the evidence collected by Humboldt, Murchison, and others, that the Ural was exempt from the marine operations of that epoch; and that it was one of the centres from which these large pachyderms repopled the countries which the glacial sea had covered. We cannot, however, consider, that as yet any satisfactory explanation has been offered as to the cause of their final disappearance from Europe and America. The period which intervenes between the close of the erratic, or glacial, and the commencement of the historic era, is that which has been the least studied, and is at present the most obscure in the whole cycle of geology.

But to return to gold, from this digression into which the mammoths have led us. The veins of auriferous quartz at Beresvosk had been worked from 1745, and some gold was extracted from the alluvial beds so early as 1774; but their continuous and vigorous exploration dates from 1814, in consequence of the discovery of a large pépite, or lump of gold, in the preceding year, by a peasant girl, whose name, Catherine Bogdanow, Humboldt has thought worthy of being recorded, from the influence which the discovery exercised on the prosperity of the district, adding that he had seen her, and that she was married to Iwan Pokhorrow. Even under the stimulus given to exploration by this event, the whole of the Ural yielded little more, in 1816, than 200 pounds' weight of gold. In subsequent years the produce increased so much that it reached the annual value of about half a million sterling. This amount has rarely been exceeded, and latterly, from the exhaustion of the alluvia in some districts, has begun to decline, but, in the meantime, very extensive districts in eastern Siberia, on the flanks of the Altai chain, have been found to be so highly auriferous, and have yielded so much gold to recent researches, that the produce of Siberia, which a few years since was not more than one-third of that of the Ural, has risen to two and a half millions sterling; making the total annual value of the gold raised in the Russian dominions equal to three millions sterling.

We will now gratify our gold-loving readers with a sight of pépites, or lumps of gold, larger than have ever yet issued in

authentic bodily form from the *placers* of California. The works of Zarzov-Alexandrofsk, near Minsk, are celebrated for having produced several of these masses, evidently the wreck of some rich vein-stone or nest of ore. In 1826, during the visit of the Emperor Alexander, one was found weighing 24½ pounds, several of 13 and 16 pounds having previously been found. In 1843, another lump weighing 78 pounds English was obtained from the same works, and is now deposited in the Museum of the Imperial School of Mines at St. Petersburg. The surface is a little porous, and free from all adhering vein-stone. The famous Grano d'oro, found in 1502 in Hispaniola, and lost in the storm in which Bobadilla and Roldan perished, weighed rather more than 32½ pounds. In 1821, a pépite of 48 pounds English had been obtained from the gold-washings of North Carolina. This, till the discovery of the Russian pépite of 78 pounds, was considered by Humboldt the largest gold boulder ever found, except one reported to be in the possession of the Sultan of Borneo, the weight of which, however, is of doubtful authority. He remarks, that of all the auriferous regions with which he was acquainted in the two hemispheres, the washings of the Alleghanies were the most remarkable for the abundance of pépites weighing from four to sixteen pounds, and, in one or two instances, twenty and twenty-eight pounds, adding, however, that neither there, nor in the Ural, were these large masses deemed indications of the general richness of the deposit in which they occur.

The gold region of the Ural forms only part of a great auriferous zone, auriferous in groups separated by varying intervals, which extends on about 8° of latitude through the whole of Northern Asia and through a part of Europe, from the northern flanks of the Altai chain, and the sources of the Lena and Obi. In its range through Europe, it includes districts, both in the East and West, which, in ancient times, yielded much gold and silver;—Spain and Portugal on the west,—Thrace, Macedon, Wallachia, Transylvania on the east. A connexion may be traced between these eastern groups and the auriferous districts in Moravia, Bohemia, Silesia, and Saxony, terminating after a considerable break, in the British Isles.

In Siberia, as well as in Brazil, Mexico, the Alleghanies, and, in short, wherever gold is produced, the matrix consists of metamorphic sedimentary rocks, such as have been described in the Ural, or the associated igneous rocks by which the metamorphic characters have been induced; while the chief supplies are derived from detrital deposits composed of the wreck of those rocks. Having thus given some account of the gold districts of the Russian dominions, we will now take a rapid survey of the sources

from which the precious metals have been derived in ancient and modern times, and of the supply of gold in different periods of the history of the world.

Gold and silver, making due allowance for the obscurity and exaggeration in the histories of those early times, appear to have accumulated to a considerable extent in Egypt, Nineveh, and Babylon. The Egyptians drew their gold from mines in Nubia and Ethiopia, and from traffic with the natives of the interior of Southern Africa. The sources whence the precious metals were obtained by the ancient possessors of Babylon, were the parts of Asia eastward of the Tigris, and on the borders of the Caspian Sea, together with whatever was known of Thibet, China, and India beyond the Ganges.

The Greeks of the time of Herodotus knew little of Central Asia north of the Altai mountains, which separate Siberia from Bactriana—and these remote regions were the appropriate seat of the marvellous. The gold possessed in abundance by the Nomadic tribes of Siberia was, however, no fable, whatever we may think of the one eye of the Arimaspes, or the griffin guardians of the gold. It has been suggested by Humboldt, that the skeletons of the mammoths may have furnished the foundation for the story of the griffins. The modern Baschirs regard them as the bones of their forefathers!

Remains of ancient mining operations have been traced by Pallas and other scientific travellers in Siberia, on the Southern and Eastern borders of the Ural, which are ascribed to the Seythians; and the date of them is placed anterior to the conquests of the Tartars, B.C. 150; because that people were acquainted with the use of iron, whereas the only metallic tools of these rude miners were of copper. The Russian gold works are therefore but a return to ancient sources of supply, which not having been under the dominion of nations far advanced in civilisation, had not been exhausted. The precious metals accumulated in Judea in the time of Solomon, would consist of the amount which the Israelites brought out of Egypt, when they spoiled the Egyptians; to which would be added the spoil of the Canaanitish nations, and the gold and silver obtained by traffic with the Phenicians. The Ophir of Solomon appears to have been a general name for the coasts of Africa and Asia, bordering the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean; as that of Tarshish was for the Phenician colonies or factories on the southern coasts of Spain and Portugal. Lowth is of opinion, that the circumnavigation of Africa, recorded by Herodotus as having been made in the days of Pharaoh Necho, had been accomplished two centuries earlier; and he infers, from the three years occupied by the ships of Tarshish in their voyage from Eziongeber, that they sailed down

the Red Sea, and returned by the Mediterranean. To the gold and silver collected in Babylon, derived from mines in Eastern Asia, would be added the accumulated plunder of Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, and other countries subdued by the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian monarchs. Of all the sources whence gold and silver were derived before the discovery of America, the mines of Egypt appear to have been the most productive, even without giving explicit confidence to the credulity of historians, and the boastings of vainglorious monarchs, who recorded their annual produce by inscriptions. As the supplies from these mines fell off, from exhaustion from foreign invasion, or domestic anarchy, those of the Greeks and their colonies began to rise into importance. For the art of mining, as well as for letters, the Greeks were indebted to the Phenicians; and during the earliest period of Grecian mining, their operations were carried on chiefly by Phenician workmen, and confined to the islands of the Mediterranean, of which Thrasus, Cyprus, and Seplinos were the most celebrated for gold. During the second period, the Athenians worked silver mines in Attica, and the gold of Thrace, Thrasus, and Thessaly. The third period was that during which Philip, having possessed himself of gold mines which had been worked from remote times by emigrants from Thrasus, improved and extended them.

In Italy, the earliest miners were the Etruscans, who worked copper on the mainland, and iron in Elba. We have no mention of their gold mines, but gold was collected by the Thalassi, a people of Upper Italy, from the sands of the Po, and the valleys of Piedmont, which were not exhausted before the time of Augustus. The Noric Alps, now Illyria, were rich in gold, which was also collected in Gaul at the foot of the Pyrenees; but the mines of Spain and Portugal, whose coasts from the Ebro to Cape St. Vincent were the Tartessus of the Greeks, and the Tarshish of the Jews, were the chief European sources of the precious metals, from the period of the commercial ascendancy of the Phenicians, to the decline of the Roman Empire. Their produce was chiefly silver. Ezekiel, in his description of the Tyrian commerce with those countries, makes no mention of gold. "Tarshish was thy merchant, by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches. With silver, iron, lead, and tin, they traded in thy fairs." Under the dominion of the Carthaginians and Romans, the principal Spanish supplies of gold were from Asturias, Galicia, and Lusitania. The chief mines of silver were near Cordova and New Carthage; the latter—probably not the modern Carthagena, because no traces of metals or mining have been discovered in that neighbourhood—employed under the Romans 40,000 people, and yielded 24 drachms daily. Taking the drachm

at sevenpence halfpenny, this gives a daily average for each labourer of fourpence halfpenny; and as the pay of a foot soldier at that time was twopence halfpenny, besides an allowance of food, of nearly equal value, it has been inferred that the works were more productive than profitable. Silver was extracted in considerable quantities in Sardinia, and there are traditions of gold. There may have been a little raised in Sicily; but the greater portion of the precious metals coined there was obtained in exchange for corn and wine, and other produce of the soil.

The metallic wealth of the early ages being collected in the public treasuries, and not diffused among the mass of the people, was easily transferred by conquest from the minor sovereigns to the great monarchs of Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and Macedon. It is probable, however, that the victories of Alexander caused but little of the precious metals to pass into Europe, tending rather to disperse over Western Asia and Egypt the accumulated treasures which he had captured in Babylon. When the Romans, about 200 years before Christ, having subdued Carthage, turned their arms against Antiochus, one of the successors of Alexander, they began to draw the existing riches of the East to Italy. These, with the accruing produce of the mines of which they became possessed by conquest, were gradually concentrated, during the following century and a half, to the reign of Augustus, in Rome; thence to be diffused to the extremities of the empire, in exchange for the luxuries with which the provinces supplied the metropolis of the civilized world. It would appear, however, that after the mines fell into the hands of the Romans, their produce began to decline—partly from their richest portions having been previously extracted, and partly from the system adopted under the Republic, of letting them out to farm for short terms. This led to the operations being conducted in an unsubstantial manner, with a view to immediate profit rather than permanent productiveness, and thus accelerated their decline. By some of the earlier Emperors a change of system was introduced, the mines being placed under the management of public officers. They were now worked more systematically, and with increased productiveness, but the increase did not keep pace with the increased expenditure. In the reign of Trajan, therefore, they were again let to private adventurers, who worked them under the supervision of the State. In this way some new mines of gold were opened in Dacia, Istria, and Dalmatia. By the third and fourth centuries, the extraction of the precious metals had gradually diminished throughout the Roman Empire, and by the fifth had entirely ceased, in consequence of the inroads of the Barbarians. The mines first abandoned from their

exhaustion were those in Eastern Asia and Spain. The new mines on the Danube were the first to suffer from the invasion of the Barbarians. Those of Western Asia and Thrace were the last possessed by the Byzantine Emperors.

From the year 480 to 680, the most diligent research has been able to discover no notice of mining operations in any writings of the period. The works first resumed were in those parts of the present Austrian dominions which extend over the ancient Dacia, Upper Mæsia, and the two Pannonias.

The date of the recommencement of mining activity in Hungary is fixed by some writers in 745, by others a century earlier. These countries, with Bohemia, the Salzburg Alps, and the Tyrol, were the sources from which the precious metals were chiefly derived during the Middle Ages. In 786, Charlemagne granted to two of his sons power to search for gold, silver, and other metals, in certain parts of his dominions; and up to the close of the 13th century, they were obtained in small quantities in various parts of France. The mines of Saxony and of the Hartz were discovered in the tenth century, and appear to have been more productive of the precious metals for the first few hundred years which followed their discovery than they are at present; for though they still yield silver, and a trifling quantity of gold, their chief value arises from their lead, copper, iron, manganese, and cobalt. Some gold was collected from the stream works of Spain and Portugal during the dominion of the Moors, and they perhaps worked some of the silver mines. The most celebrated Spanish mines, during the Middle Ages, were the quicksilver mine of Almaden, which exercises so important an influence on the produce of silver in America, and the silver mine of Guadalcanal, both of which had been worked by the Romans. The great mineral wealth of Spain, however, in the present day, consists of the lead mines of Andalusia, which, by their richness, have reduced the value of that metal in all parts of the world. The gold of Lusitania, Gallicia, and the Asturias, which yielded annually to the Romans, if Pliny's numbers can be relied on, twenty thousand pounds' weight—is reduced, in modern times, to that collected at Adessa, a district of St. Ubes, which in seven years amounted only to one hundred and twenty pounds. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the gold mines of Thrace were worked to a considerable extent by the Turks.

Among the gold bearing countries of Europe the British Isles must not be omitted. Gold is still found, in small quantities, associated with tin in the stream works of Cornwall; and associated in small plates with hæmatic iron, in some of the mines. In Merionethshire a little is obtained from the gozan or decomposed iron pyrites in the upper part of a copper lode;

and the gentlemen of the Government Geological Survey detected a small particle in a vein of quartz, at some ancient workings in Cardiganshire, which tradition ascribes to the Romans. Scotland, however, is that portion of the United Kingdom which has been most productive of gold. In the reign of James the Fifth it was collected at Lead Hills to the value of three hundred thousand pounds, and in smaller quantities in the preceding reign, and also under the Regent Morton. In the reign of Elizabeth, an Englishman employed three hundred men at a place near Elvanfoot, still called the Gold Scaur, who collected gold, in a few summers, to the value of one hundred thousand pounds. Before these sums, the produce of the celebrated Wicklow Gold Mine, of modern times, sinks into insignificance; the highest estimate of its produce which we have met with does not exceed ten thousand pounds. The value of that raised by the Government while they worked it, between 1796 and 1800, was £3675. The greater portion of the gold was collected from an auriferous alluvium, extending about three quarters of a mile along the banks of a rivulet at Croghan Kinshala, and trifling quantities were obtained at three other spots, on opposite sides of the mountain. Mr. Weaver, one of the Directors of the Government works, states that the washings paid their expenses, and something more; but, as the alluvial deposit was of limited extent, it was deemed advisable to undertake some expensive works in driving an adit to try the various lodes in the neighbourhood, in the hope of intersecting an auriferous vein, of which there appeared a probability from the quartz adhering to some of the specimens. Not a particle however could be detected, either in veins or disseminated through any of the rocks; and a considerable expense having been incurred, the works were abandoned. It is probable that the alluvial gold had been derived from the upper portions of a lode auriferous only near the surface, which had been destroyed by the processes which formed the detrital deposit. The gold in the alluvium, accompanied as usual by magnetic iron sand, occurred in lumps varying from minute grains to the weight of six, seven, nine, eighteen, and in one instance, twenty-two ounces. This last enjoys the reputation of being the largest specimen ever found in Europe; an honour, however, which it must concede to Scotland, which claims, according to Pennant, to have produced a lump of thirty ounces.

Be this as it may, it is worthy of remark, that while the Emperor of Russia, in his zeal for science, deposited his pépite of seventy-eight pounds in a public museum, the more practical and economical British Government of that day, which was adding some six hundred millions to the national debt, sent

theirs of twenty-two ounces to the melting pot; and presented a gilt cast of it to the Museum of the Dublin Society.

Notwithstanding the use made of the reputed gold of Britain by Agricola, in the well-known address to his troops—"Fert Britannia aurum et argentum, et alia metalla, pretium victoriæ,"—its *alia metalla* are more valuable than the gold and silver mines of the whole world. When the South American mines were in their zenith, Humboldt estimated the total annual produce of gold and silver in Europe, Asia, and America, at £10,755,000. The total value of all the metals raised in Great Britain was estimated by Sir Henry De la Beche, in his report on Cornwall, at £10,597,000, of which £50,000 was derived from silver, chiefly the produce of argentiferous lead ores,—and from gold nothing. To this he adds £9,000,000 as the value of the coal, at the pit's mouth, making the total mineral produce of Great Britain and Ireland worth very nearly twenty millions annually.

The great advance in the prices of commodities in Europe, caused by the influx of the precious metals from America, had taken place by the end of the sixteenth century, when comparatively small quantities had been obtained. During the two succeeding centuries, when the supplies were much greater, their effect on prices was but trifling. The rise, during the sixteenth century, must therefore have been produced by the proportion which the first supplies bore to the existing stock of the precious metals in Europe, at the time of the discovery of America, and it becomes an interesting question what that was.

The inquiry is beset with difficulties, and little more is attainable than probable conjecture. Jacob, in his work on the precious metals, has ventured on an estimate, based on the following assumptions, for most of them are little better,—that the stock of metallic wealth, in the reign of Augustus, when the produce of the mines of the Old World had attained its maximum, was £385,000,000; that the annual loss by abrasion was one part in three hundred and sixty, or ten per cent. in thirty-six years; that the ancient mines ceased to yield any produce from the fifth to the eighth century; and that the produce, on the revival of mining operations during the Middle Ages, was no more than sufficient to replace the annual waste. From these he infers, that the stock of gold and silver in Europe, in 1492, had dwindled down to £34,000,000.

The next question is, the amount obtained from the mines of Europe and America to the year 1600, when the great advance in prices was complete. This period may be divided into three—from the discovery of America in 1492 to the capture of Mexico in 1519—from the capture of Mexico to the discovery of the mines of Potosi in 1546—and from that event to the end of the year 1599.

The gold alone which has been obtained from South America would have produced but little effect on the prices of Europe; but though by far the greater portion of the precious metals which it has supplied has been silver, little but gold was obtained till the conquest of Mexico, and not much of that, notwithstanding the extravagant expectations formed by the Spaniards from the ornaments which they found in the possession of the natives, and notwithstanding the forced labour which they imposed on that unhappy race. The gold of Hispaniola was exhausted in twenty years. Humboldt estimates the annual produce of America, between 1492 and 1500, at about. £52,000; and there are good reasons for believing that this sum could not have been much exceeded between the latter date and the conquest of Mexico. For the nineteen years from that event to the discovery of Potosi, his estimate is £630,000 annually, making a total of £17,058,000 obtained from America in gold and silver, up to the year 1546. The produce of Potosi for the first ten years is uncertain. After that time, the recorded amount of the Cobos, an impost of one-fifth, so named from the Secretary of Charles the Fifth, to whom it was originally granted, shews the annual yield to have averaged £440,000 from 1556 to 1579; and £280,000 from the latter date to 1600.

Besides this, other silver mines were at work in Peru. Chili was augmenting the supply by its produce, which consisted chiefly of gold. Some of the richest mines of Mexico, from which, even at that period, the greatest produce of gold and silver was derived, were now at work, and Brazil was yielding some gold to the Portuguese, though it is doubtful how much. On the whole, the sum derived from America between 1492 and the end of 1599, is estimated at £138,000,000, after making allowance for loss by abrasion of coin. Adding to this £34,000,000 for the presumed existing stock in 1492, and deducting £42,000,000 for the sums supposed to have been exported to Asia, and applied to the manufacture of utensils and ornaments in Europe, there remains the sum of £130,000,000 as the circulating medium of Europe, at the end of 1599, or about four times the amount in existence at the time of the discovery of America.

If the difficulty is great in determining the exact amount of the precious metals circulating in Europe during the first century and a half after that event, there is not less difficulty in ascertaining with any precision the effect which this increase produced on the prices of commodities. The difficulty arises from the scanty and obscure notices we possess respecting prices during that period, from the liability of that of corn, which is the most generally recorded, to be influenced by variations of seasons, and from uncertainty as to the exact value of the weights

and measures used, and from alterations in the currency affecting the quantity of gold or silver contained at different times in coin of the same denominations.

In England, a comparison of the prices of wheat at the two periods, as recorded in Fleetwood's *Chronicon Preciosum*, and Lloyd's *Oxford Tables*, indicates a fourfold increase. The difference between the prices at which wheat was allowed by Act of Parliament to be exported, would give a threefold increase. In France the advance, nominally sixfold, becomes fourfold after making allowance for alterations in the coin. In Spain, weights, measures, and coins are involved in more obscurity than in England and France; but we have the express declaration of one Spanish writer of the time, that the abundance of gold and silver had reduced its value sixfold, and of another that an income of four hundred reals in 1619, was not more than equivalent to one of one hundred before the discovery of the Indies.

During the century ending 1700, the produce of Potosi declined; but new mines of silver, and some of gold, were opened in the country between La Plata and Peru, now constituting the Republic of Bolivia. Silver mines were also opened in North Peru, and the production of silver was much facilitated by the discovery of the quicksilver mines of Huancavelica. The ancients were acquainted with the property which mercury possesses of combining with gold, and employed amalgamation in gilding copper, and in collecting gold from the ashes of old embroidered dresses. The German miners, also, of the Middle Ages, used mercury in separating gold from auriferous earths; but the amalgamation of silver, by which the greater portion of that metal was obtained which has flowed into Europe from America, was not invented till 1557.

The silver ores of America are distinguished from those of Europe, not by their intrinsic richness, but by the abundance, and by the facility with which they were obtained. Their mean produce, according to Humboldt, does not exceed from sixty to eighty ounces of silver in the ton. Hence the proportion of silver obtained in America, by amalgamation, is as three and a half to one to that obtained by smelting; and the produce of the mines is dependent on the facility with which mercury, the rarest of metals next to cobalt, is obtainable. Humboldt estimated the total quantity consumed annually at 25,000 cwt., valued at £250,000; the two principal sources of supply being the mine of Almaden in Spain, and that of Huancavelica in Peru, with some obtained of late years from Istria, and still more recently from China. The latter country, as a source of mercury, was pointed out by him, and was resorted to at his suggestion, though not with the success anticipated:

The great increase in the precious metals during this century

under consideration, was from Mexico, where the produce delivered to the mints rose from two to five millions of piastres. It consisted of gold as well as silver,—the gold being found sometimes alone, sometimes in combination with silver and other ores.

On the whole, the mines of Europe and America are supposed to have yielded, during the seventeenth century, gold and silver to the value of £337,500,000. Adding to this the residue of the stock of £130,000,000 at the beginning of the century, reduced by abrasion to £87,000,000, and deducting from the new supplies one-tenth for the amount transferred to India and China, and one-fifth of the remainder for the portion applied to other purposes than that of coin, deducting also for loss and wear at the same rate as before, the circulating medium of Europe, at the end of the year 1699, is found to have been £297,000,000,—an increase in the century at the rate of 150 per cent.

The advance in the price of wheat, as shewn by the Oxford Tables, appears to have been from 27s., the average of twenty years at the beginning of the century, to 36s., the average of twenty years at its close. If we measure the advance by the difference between the prices at which the Legislature deemed it fair between producer and consumer that wheat should be exported, it would be more in accordance with the increased amount of circulation than that shewn by the Oxford Tables. In 1593 exportation was prohibited when wheat was above 20s. the quarter; and in 1604 the prohibitory price was raised to 26s.; but in 1688 it might be exported till the price had reached 48s. Part of this difference may have arisen from the different spirit by which the Legislators of the two periods were actuated. At the former, the object may have been to secure cheapness for consumers; in the latter, to protect native industry by remunerating prices.

The prices of commodities are dependent on other conditions than the amount of the circulating medium;—among these the most important is the increased or diminished quantity of them for which the metallic wealth is to serve as the medium of exchange. The rise of prices consequent on the discovery of America, by stimulating production must have augmented the stock of material wealth; and though we have not the means of forming any accurate calculation of the rate of its increase, or of the increase of population during the century, both must have been considerable, and must have tended to counteract the rise of prices to the extent which the increased circulation would indicate apart from this consideration.

From 1700 to 1810, when the produce of the American mines had attained its culminating point, the gold and silver which

they yielded, including that shewn by official returns to have been coined at the several mints of the Spanish colonies, and that supposed to have been exported clandestinely, amounted to £706,464,434, according to Jacob, who allows one-fourth for the contraband trade, instead of one-fifth, which was Humboldt's estimate. To this £80,000,000 are added, as the produce of the Brazilian gold lavras, making a total of £786,464,434, or an annual average yield of £7,146,767, increased by the produce of Europe to £8,000,000.

When Humboldt wrote his description of Mexico, in 1806, he stated the annual produce of Spanish and Portuguese America at 38,830 lbs. of gold, and 1,740,673 lbs. of silver, of the collective value of £9,400,000, and the total produce of Europe and America and Siberia at 57,368 lbs. of gold, and 2,175,000 lbs. of silver, equal in value to £10,755,000.

The annual loss of the circulating medium by abrasion has, in the calculation to the end of the seventeenth century, been estimated at one part in three hundred and sixty annually. For the following centuries, Jacob reduces it to one part in four hundred and twenty, in consequence of improvements in the coinage, which, commencing in England, extended to other parts of Europe.

It appears, by the experiments of Cavendish and Hatchett, undertaken to determine the alloys best adapted to the purposes of coinage, that British standard gold, of twenty-two parts fine gold and two parts of alloy, whether silver alone, or of copper and silver in equal proportions, is less susceptible of loss by friction than gold of higher or lower degrees of fineness; and that our standard silver suffers far more from wear than our standard gold. These experiments also proved, that if iron or tin were used as alloy, the wear would be nearly five times, and if copper were used, four times as great as with the alloy employed at the Mint. The alloys of the ancients consisted of those metals; and it is for this reason that the larger allowance was made in estimating the effects of abrasion prior to the eighteenth century. It has also been ascertained, by experiments at the Mint, that the form and size of the coin has a great influence on the amount of wear. On half-sovereigns the loss by abrasion is double that on sovereigns; on the silver coinage it increases more rapidly with the diminished size of the piece, being, in equal times, on crown-pieces at the rate of about three per cent., on half-crowns nine per cent., on shillings twenty-four per cent., and on sixpences thirty-eight per cent.

From these data, and a variety of other considerations into which we cannot enter, arising from the relative proportions of gold and silver in circulation, the rate of wear from the com-

mencement of the eighteenth century is assumed by Jacob at one part in 420 annually.

Besides the annual loss by friction, there is the supply of Asia to be provided for. From an examination of the export of the precious metals from America between 1803 and 1806, Humboldt estimated the proportion transferred to Asia, by the trade with India and China, by way of the Cape and the Levant, and through Russia, at nearly two-thirds of the whole produce. From accurate information of the sums exported by the East India Company, on their own and private account, from 1798 to 1810, this has been reduced by Jacob to two-fifths, from 1700 to 1810, the period under consideration.

During that period the increase of material and metallic wealth, and the growth of population, caused an increased consumption of the precious metals for other purposes than those of coin, which is still in rapid progress.

It appears that the first increase in the manufacture of articles of furniture of gold and silver dates from the reign of Anne, to which period belongs the greater portion of the old plate in the possession of the nobility and of public bodies. The introduction of tea, and the gradually extended consumption of it among all classes, occasioned a great demand for silver spoons, which were scarcely known in the preceding reign. The consumption of silver for ornamental purposes advanced at a slower rate during the reign of George the Second, but received a fresh impetus during that of his successor. Silver spoons were now made heavier; table-forks came into more general use; silver was more generally applied to the manufacture of tea-urns, tea-pots, coffee-pots, and salvers; and the use of silver plates, dishes, and covers, descended to classes of a lower grade than had before indulged in such costly luxuries. The use of watches became more general; and the introduction of plating with silver on copper was carried on upon an extensive scale in London, Sheffield, and Birmingham. While the consumption of silver was thus increased, that of gold in the various kinds of gilding, increased quite as rapidly. The number of gold-beaters was tripled in twenty years; the practice of gilding silver articles commenced, as well as the application of gilding to the decoration of the interior of houses and public buildings, which has more recently been so profusely extended. The manufacture of porcelain also absorbed a vast amount of fine gold, totally lost by the fracture of the articles to which it is applied. But the most rapid and absorbing increase in the consumption of gold during the reign of George the Third, and to the present time, has been in the manufacture of trinkets, of the quality known as Birmingham jewelry, containing individually but small quantities of gold,

but from their cheapness and adaptation to the finances of the most numerous classes, consuming, by their extended use, more gold than if the standard fineness had been adhered to.

From all the preceding considerations, the following is Jacob's estimate of the stock of coin in Europe at the end of 1809. From the produce of the mines since the year 1700, (£880,000,000,) he deducts two-fifths for the supply of Asia, and two-thirds of the remainder for ornamental purposes, together with wear, at the rate of one part in 420 annually. The stock at the beginning of the year 1700, (£297,000,000,) reduced by loss to £226,000,000, added to this result, gives, as the metallic circulation of Europe at the end of 1809, £380,000,000, an increase during the century at the rate of about twenty-eight per cent.

In estimating the effects of this increase on prices in England, we must put out of the question that portion of the period which was under the operation of the Bank Restriction Acts, and an unconvertible paper circulation. The periods selected for comparison are therefore the thirty years ending 1695; and the same number of years ending 1795. The mean prices of the Eton College Register, and Lloyd's Oxford Tables, for these two periods, show an advance on the earlier prices of thirty per cent., as under:—

	Thirty Years. 1695.	Thirty Years. 1795.
Eton,	£2 0 6	£2 11 1½
Oxford,	1 16 10	2 9 6
	3 17 4	5 0 7½
Average,	1 18 5	2 10 3

An advance on bread, meat, cheese, and butter, of about twenty per cent., is shewn by the contract prices of Chelsea Hospital for periods of three years, commencing respectively 1730, (the oldest period for which there are clear accounts,) and 1791, after which the contracts were made in a different manner. From the few data attainable, a similar advance appears to have taken place on the Continent of Europe.

It is well known, that from the middle of the eighteenth century a great accession was made to the material wealth of England by the growth of manufactures, by an improved agriculture, improved internal communications, and an extended foreign commerce; and there can be little doubt that, though to a smaller extent, and with many and long interruptions, the material wealth of the continental nations likewise increased. As respects the whole of Europe, comprehending England, and also the United States of America, which had risen into wealth and importance,

we must conclude that the mass of commodities had increased at a rate much beyond that at which the precious metals had increased. If the excess of the increase of the former over that of the latter was great, the prices of commodities ought to have fallen during the period in question instead of having risen; but it must be remembered, that times of turbulence like that of the French Revolution and its wars, favour the conversion into coin of gold and silver, existing in the form of articles of luxury, while periods of tranquillity, such as that which followed the battle of Waterloo, have an opposite effect.

It must be remembered, also, that putting out of the question such derangements of the currency as prevailed in France during the issue of assignats, in England during the suspension of cash payments, and the issue of unconvertible paper in the United States, Austria, and Russia, a system of credit in commercial transactions arose during the latter portion of the eighteenth century, which economizes the use of metallic money, by substituting for it, in large transactions, paper convertible into cash on demand, and by resorting to such expedients as the clearing house of the London bankers,* and the exchange of notes between the Scotch banks, as well as the extended use of inland bills of exchange. Increased facilities of internal communication also economize the use of metallic money, by abridging the time and risk of its transfer from place to place, where its presence is required. From these causes, a given amount of metallic circulation would, at the end of the eighteenth century, have greater power than during the preceding century, and the tendency to a reduction in the price of commodities, which must otherwise have followed their increase at a rate disproportioned to the increase of metallic wealth, would be counteracted.

During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the production of gold and silver had been constantly and rapidly augmenting, each decennial period shewing a considerable increase on that which preceded it. We have now, however, reached a time when the produce of South America underwent a great and a sudden decline, arising from the state of anarchy into which it was thrown by the invasion of the Spanish peninsula by Napoleon, and the severance of the colonies from the mother country. By these troubles capital to a large amount was banished. In Mexico, which was producing half the gold and silver furnished by Spanish America, the principal mines were abandoned, the machinery allowed to go to ruin, and the

* The adjustments at the clearing-house, in 1835, amounted to £954,000,000, making an average amount of payments of more than £3,000,000, in bills of exchange and cheques daily, effected by means of little more than £200,000 of bank notes.

silver obtained was but the gleanings of more prosperous times, raised in a desultory manner by the poorer classes. It was the same in Peru, where the banishment and emigration of the proprietors was carried to such an extent, that there was exported in three years double the amount of the precious metals which the mines had yielded during the period. Columbia, whose chief produce is gold, suffered more, and for a longer period, than any other part of South America. The gold-washings were in a great measure abandoned, or carried on by a few individuals in secluded situations remote from the scenes of hostilities. Since the return of tranquillity, labour has been diverted to the more profitable pursuit of cultivating the rich alluvial soils in which the gold was found. In Chili the produce of gold declined, partly from the scarcity of labourers, partly from the higher wages obtainable in the more profitable mines of copper. The produce of gold in Brazil had been declining since 1752; and capital has been applied to the more remunerating pursuits of cultivating cotton and other products of tropical agriculture. The low rate of profit attending the collection of gold may be inferred from an official document obtained by Eswege in Brazil, in 1818, from which it appears that 16,000 persons employed in thirty-one lavras obtained gold to the value of £7961 only; leaving, after deducting the duty of one-fifth, not quite four pounds for each person employed. The labourers were slaves; and a portion of them were most likely employed in raising food for the actual collectors of the gold; but in Columbia, where provisions are dearer than in Mexico, a gold work employing sixty slaves, and yielding to the value of £800 annually, is considered a good estate, the returns being little more than £13 per head.

From the causes which have been enumerated, as affecting the prosperity of the American mines since 1809, it resulted, that during the subsequent twenty years the total produce of Spanish and Portuguese America, in gold and silver, amounted to no more than £80,736,768; giving an average annual produce of £4,036,888, or very little more than half the average yield from 1700 to 1810. At the same time, the gold and silver of the European mines had declined as compared with the preceding 110 years; that of the Austrian dominions having sunk to two-thirds of its amount in 1773. The only increase was in the Russian dominions, subsequent to 1814, and in the Carolinas and Georgia, where gold began to be found in 1824.

For the twenty years ending 1829, the value of the precious metals raised in America, Europe, and Siberia, is estimated at one hundred millions, or five millions annually, just half its amount in 1809.

The most superficial observer must have remarked that this diminished produce has been accompanied by an increased consumption for ornamental purposes: Jacob, after much investigation in order to obtain data for calculating the actual quantity thus consumed in 1830, confessed himself unable to arrive at more than approximate conclusions, in which he placed no great reliance. His estimate at that time was,* that gold to the value of £1,636,700, and of silver to the value of £820,521, was thus applied in the United Kingdom, and gold and silver together, to the value of £5,612,711, in the whole of Europe. M'Culloch considered these estimates too high for the time; but thought they might be safely adopted or even increased to £6,000,000, for 1846. A considerable portion of the metal thus employed is derived from the fusion of old plate, and the gold recovered from the gilding of pictures and other similar articles. Respecting the proportion thus reconverted, there is great difference of opinion between these two authorities, Jacob estimating it as low as one-fortieth, and M'Culloch rating it as high as one-fifth.

If we adopt Jacob's calculations, we shall have the following as the supply and consumption of the precious metals for the twenty years ending 1829; and the stock remaining at the termination of the period:

Annual Consumption.	
For ornamental purposes,	£5,612,611
Exported to Asia,	2,000,000
<hr/>	
Produce of the mines in twenty years,	£7,612,611, or in twenty years, £152,352,220
	103,736,000
Excess of consumption over supply,	£48,516,220

The stock of coin remaining in 1809 was, by preceding calculations, £380,000,000, which would be reduced by the allowance for abrasion to £361,904,780; and deducting from this the excess of consumption over supply, there would remain £313,388,560, as the metallic circulation of Europe at the end of 1829; shewing a diminution of £66,611,440, or one-sixth in the twenty years. Coincident with this diminished supply of the precious metals, their increased consumption in the arts, and the increase of commodities to be exchanged for them—all tending to a reduction of prices—were the measures taken in England and America for returning to a metallic currency, or for placing the paper currencies on a metallic basis, by rendering them convertible into gold on demand. For this purpose there was coined in England alone during the twenty years ending 1829, gold to the value of £45,686,369, being about one-third more than the gold coinage during the preceding fifty years of George the

Third, and four times as much as that of the thirty-seven years of George the Second. ■

Between 1809 and 1829, the prices of all commodities experienced a great decline; but it would be a hopeless attempt to calculate how much of this was caused by the diminished supply of gold and silver—how much was nominal rather than real, and attributable to the previous depreciation of the paper-currency—a depreciation generally admitted, whatever difference of opinion there may be as to its amount; and lastly, how much arose from causes unconnected with currency, by which the relative value of commodities to the precious metals was disturbed. On almost every commodity some of these causes were in operation. During the whole period the price of agricultural produce was raised above its natural level by corn-law legislation. During portions of it we saw its price reduced by increased produce arising from improved cultivation, and by want of consumption from distress among the manufacturing population. In many other commodities low prices were caused by improved processes of manufacture, by which the cost of production was diminished, or, as in the case of lead, by the discovery of new sources of supply. We saw also temporary high prices arising from speculation in anticipation of a diminished produce or increased demand.

Whatever may have been the effect on prices, of a diminished supply of the precious metals, there can be no doubt, that had it lasted for half a century, they would have experienced a continued but gradual decline. During the last twenty years, however, the diminution has been arrested. The produce of the South American mines has undergone some increase from their extreme point of depression; though the great expectations formed of the extension of mining operations from the application of British capital and skill have been disappointed. The greater portion of the South American mining companies formed in England in 1826, proved failures, and the produce remains at about half its annual amount prior to 1809. Much was also expected from the gold, which about the same time began to be discovered on the flanks of the Alleghanies, in the Carolinas, and Georgia. The produce rose from 46,000 dollars in 1828, to 883,000 as the average of 1833 and 1834, declined to 282,000 in 1837, and rose again to 524,117 in 1841, equal at four shillings the dollar to £100,000. Since that time little has been heard of these works till the recent discoveries in California gave a stimulus to the search for gold in other countries, such as was experienced in the old auriferous regions of Europe on the first success of mining operations in South America.

The Russian goldworks have been far more effective than those of Georgia and Carolina. Their produce rose from 281

poods in 1827, to 496 poods in 1838 ; and it is since the last mentioned date, that the extraordinary and progressive increase took place in the produce of Siberia, which was spoken of in p. 463.

The Russian gold, with a slightly increased produce from South America, may have brought the total annual supply, before the discovery of the Californian treasures, to within a million or two of its amount, when the mines of South America were at the zenith of their prosperity.

In the meantime the consumption for ornamental purposes has been rapidly increasing ; and the increase has been chiefly on gold, for the cheap jewelry now worn by the millions, and for the gilding so profusely applied to the internal decoration of both public and private buildings. A new demand for gold has also arisen in the article of pens. It is not more than thirty years since the manufacture of steel pens, which consumes iron by tons, became at all general. As they superseded the grey-goose-quill, so they are, in their turn, being superseded by pens of gold, which may be counted by scores in the windows of most stationers' shops in the large towns, and which must be consuming gold by hundreds of pounds. It is said that in some large banking and mercantile establishments, a considerable saving is found to be effected by issuing a gold pen to each of the clerks, with an understanding that he is to replace it at his own expense, if lost or broken. We write this Article with a gold pen, and whatever quarrel the compositor may have with our scrawl, the pen is not in fault. It would have been much worse had we used pens of quill or steel. It is pleasanter by far than either of these to write with, and we have from the experience of two years no doubt that it is the most economical.

The total annual produce of gold and silver from North and South America, Europe, and Russia, in 1846, was, according to M'Culloch, £9,000,000, of which £5,600,000 was from South America ; and the total consumption in the arts, £6,000,000. Deducting from this one-fifth, which is his computation of the quantity supplied by the reconversion of old plate, &c., there would remain £4,200,000 for exportation to Asia, and for conversion into coin. There is a wide difference between M'Culloch and Jacob respecting the present amount of the metallic circulation of Europe and the United States. The £313,388,560 at which the latter estimated it in 1829, would be reduced in 1849 by abrasion, at the rate of one part in four hundred and twenty annually, to £298,642,952, and this would require an annual supply of about £711,000 to maintain it at that amount. M'Culloch on the other hand calls the metallic currency of Europe and the United States £160,000,000 in 1846, and esti-

mates the annual waste as high as one per cent., because Jacob had made allowance only for *wear*, and none for loss by shipwreck, by hoards concealed and never recovered, and by other accidents. On this calculation the maintenance of the existing stock of coin would require an annual supply of £1,600,000, or only £600,000 less than his estimated surplus applicable to coin, after providing for the export to Asia, and the demand for consumption in the arts. The export to Asia for a few years prior to 1829 had been decreasing; and in 1832 and 1833 the current flowed in the opposite direction. With respect to India, the drain resumed its old channel in 1840, and amounted in three years to £2,000,000.

If in the absence of more definite information we assume the present produce of South America at £6,000,000, and the united produce of Siberia and California at £7,000,000 more, we shall have a total sum exceeding by about £2,300,000 Humboldt's estimate of the total annual produce of Europe and America in 1806 before the declension of the South American mines. It would be necessary, moreover, that this excess should continue for nearly thirty years, in order to restore the £66,000,000, by which, according to preceding calculations, the coin became reduced between 1809 and 1829; to say nothing of further diminution between the latter date and the commencement of the increased supply from Siberia about 1840, only recently swelled by the golden tide of California.

Whether California will produce £4,000,000 of gold annually during the next half century, is very problematical. Reasoning from the analogy of other auriferous regions there are great doubts of that supply being maintained for any lengthened period.

It matters not that ten millions may have been raised during the past year, or that the same, or even a larger amount, may be raised for several years in succession. The supply will the sooner be exhausted. It must be limited according to the analogy of all other gold regions; and the period of its exhaustion is purely a question of the number and energy of those employed. We repeat, there is no reason to suppose that California is an exception to other auriferous regions. There, as elsewhere, from such geological information as has reached us, it is known that gold is dispersed through altered slate-rocks, and the igneous masses to which the alteration is due, and that their treasures have been rendered remuneratively accessible to human labour by the recent operation of great natural forces, which have ground down those rocks, and have collected their gold in the gravel formed from their ruins. It is another general rule, to which there is no reason to believe that California will prove an

exception, that the rocks or veinstones which contain gold, unlike the veins of other metals, diminish in productiveness as they are followed downwards. We may therefore conclude that there, as elsewhere, the richest portions are for the most part in the superficial gravel. It is also another general rule, that, whether as regards the rocky matrix or the detrital accumulations, the productive portions of large auriferous regions are separated by intervals of barren ground of greater or less extent. ♦

To obtain gold from the rocky matrix, three laborious processes are requisite—to break down or quarry the rock—to stamp it or reduce it to fragments of such a size that the metal may be separated from the stony particles by the action of running water—and lastly, thus to separate them by the washing process. With a few limited exceptions, in the Ural, in Transylvania, and in Brazil, gold mining, which combines all these processes, is too costly an operation to be remunerative; and the chief supplies of gold have been derived from deposits in which the *first two* have been performed by natural operations. The gold-finders of California are at present obtaining it from the river-beds, where even the washing process has been in a great measure performed for them by nature. The erosion of the streams on their banks has detached the gold from the detrital deposits through which it had been spread by water, as the result of the stamping process and of the first rough washing. They are enjoying the same advantages as if they were to go to Col. Tremont's stamping-works and gather the gold from receptacles in which the last process of washing is going on. When the river-beds shall be exhausted, and recourse shall be had to the dry diggings, the produce collected with an equal amount of labour will begin to decline; and when those collections of stamped and partially-washed metal shall also have been rifled of their treasures, and the quarrying and stamping must be performed by human labour, even aided by the steam-engine, the decline will be greater and more rapid, and the population will betake themselves to more remunerative employments. Whenever mineworks in the rock shall become the sole resource, all that skill and energy can effect to render them profitable will be brought to bear on them; many will be opened, and abandoned as unremunerative; a few will linger on, as at Beresvok, in the Ural; California will then probably have risen to agricultural and commercial importance, but its sun will have gone down as an auriferous region after having blazed its day in golden splendour. On the whole, even should the future supply be greater than we have assumed, we shall only be restored, with respect to the precious metals, to the same position as when the produce of the American mines shewed for each

decennial period a great increase on that which preceded it. Mexico, as producing half the amount derived from America, may be taken as the exponent of the whole; and the coinage of the Mexican mints increased from £10,777,298, for the decennial period ending 1709, to £23,302,633 for that ending 1749, and to £47,142,814 for the ten years ending 1809—with how little effect on prices, we have already seen.

We would urge, in concluding this disquisition on the supply of gold, and history of gold mines, that nothing can be more fallacious than the popular notion that a country is much enriched by additions to its stock of the precious metals.

“Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails it from her shore.”

The riches of a community depend on the amount of the mass of commodities which they possess, to which the metallic wealth will always bear but a small proportion. The increase of the latter will only be beneficial in so far as it stimulates industry to an increased production of material wealth; the rise of prices, while in progress, being favourable to production, by adding the increased price to the ordinary rate of profit. When the advance is complete, and prices again become stationary, this effect ceases. There can be a general rise of *prices*, from abundance of the precious metals, and some commodities may, from various causes, rise in value with respect to the rest; but a general rise of *values* is impossible, and the increased quantity of gold or silver received for one commodity, must be paid in the increased price of another. Those who produce more than they consume, will find their wealth, measured by the precious metals, increase; and those who consume more than they produce, will find theirs gradually diminish. The majority, who are both consumers and producers, will only gain by the excess of their production over their consumption. Debtors will gain by giving a smaller quantity of produce to obtain the money necessary to discharge a debt contracted before the rise of prices. Creditors will receive the same quantity of gold which they lent, but it will command a smaller quantity of commodities. The amount of the National Debt will bear a smaller proportion to the money value of the material wealth of the country; and, as the interest of it forms the largest portion of the public expenditure, the weight of taxation will be so far lightened, but the Government, in its capacity of a consumer, will pay more for commodities, and on that portion of the public expenditure the burthen of taxation will be increased. The receivers of dividends will find their command of luxuries and necessaries less as prices rise; and since a large majority of fundholders are those whose dividends are less than one

hundred pounds per annum, the change will press heavily on a numerous class. Tenant farmers who hold on lease at money rents, will find themselves under easier rents, requiring for their discharge a smaller share of the produce than they contemplated when they hired their farms; and landlords whose estates are let on lease will suffer, unless the rents shall have been reserved in grain. Tenants at will, when their leases expire, will find that they derive no benefit from the advanced prices, because rents will have advanced in equal proportion.

But though there is little reason to expect that the collective produce of gold and silver will materially increase, or that their joint value with respect to commodities will undergo much alteration, it is by no means improbable that a diminished produce of silver, the metal which loses most by abrasion, combined with an increased produce of gold, may restore for a time the old relations of the two metals. Since the discovery of America, the relative value of gold to that of silver has been as fifteen to one; before that event it fluctuated between nine and eleven to one. If there are apparent indications in Holland and France of a depreciation of gold with respect to silver, or appreciation of silver with respect to gold, this may arise in a great measure from the hoarding of small sums, in consequence of the unsettled aspect of the political horizon, in countries where silver forms the largest portion of the circulating medium.

We have no intention of entering in this Article on the interesting and romantic subject of life in California, or of the social state of that region, which, considering the materials of which its population is composed, is better than could have been expected, and reflects credit on the Anglo-American aptitude for extemporising government under conditions that appeared almost hopeless. The Californians also deserve the highest commendation for resisting the temptation to introduce slavery into their new State. Slave labour has hitherto been the invariable accompaniment of mines of the precious metals; and whether we regard the recorded miseries of the slaves in the gold mines of ancient Egypt, or the condition of the mining population of the Roman Empire, the wrongs inflicted by the Spaniards on the natives of America, or the sufferings of the Negro race transported to the lavras of Brazil; it must be confessed, that the modern form of the *auri sacra fames*, with all its gambling, robbery, and murder, disregard of the lives of Yellowskins, and shooting-down of natives, is an improvement on that of former ages.

ART. VII.—*Remains in Verse and Prose, of ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.* 1834. Privately printed.

IN the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, are interred the mortal remains of Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of our great philosophic historian and critic, and that friend to whom "*In Memoriam*" is sacred. This place was selected by his father, not only from the connexion of kindred, being the burial place of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, but on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel. This lone hill, with its humble old church, its outlook over the waste of waters, where go the ships, were, we doubt not, in Tennyson's mind, or eye, when these words, which contain the burden of that volume in which are enshrined so much of the deepest affection, poetry, philosophy, and godliness, rose into his mind,—

- "Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
- "O well for the fisherman's boy
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!
- "And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still.
- "Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me."

Out of these few simple words, deep, and melancholy, and sounding as the sea, as out of a well of the living waters of love, flows forth all "*In Memoriam*," as a stream flows out of its spring—all is here. "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me,"—"the touch of the vanished hand—the sound of the voice that is still,"—the body and soul of his friend. Rising as it were out of the midst of the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, "the mountain infant to the sun comes forth like human life from darkness;" and how its waters flow on! carrying life, beauty, magnificence, shadows and happy lights, depths of blackness, depths clear as the very body of heaven.

How it deepens as it goes, involving greater interests, larger views, "thoughts that wander through eternity," wider affections, but retaining its pure living waters, its unforgotten burden of joy and sorrow. How it visits every region! pleasant villages and farms, waste howling wildernesses, grim woods, *nemorum-que noctem*, informed with spiritual fears, where may be seen, if shapes they may be called—

"Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton,
And Time the Shadow;"

now within hearing of the Minster clock, now of the college bells, and the vague hum of the mighty city. And over head through all its course the heaven with its clouds, its sun, moon, and stars; but always, and in all places, declaring its source; and even when laying its burden of manifold and faithful affection at the feet of the Almighty Father, it still remembers whence it came.

"That friend of mine who lives in God,
That God which ever lives and loves;
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

It is to that chancel, and to the day, 3d January 1834, that he refers in poem xviii. of "In Memoriam."

" 'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

" 'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth."

And again in xix.:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

"There twice a-day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

Here, too, it is, lxx.:

"When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west;
There comes a glory on the walls:

"Thy marble bright in dark appears,
 As slowly steals a silver flame
 Along the letters of thy name,
 And o'er the number of thy years."

This young man, whose memory his friend has consecrated in the hearts of all who can be touched by such love and beauty, was in no wise unworthy of all this. It is not for us to say, for it was not given to us the sad privilege to know, all that a father's heart buried with his son in that grave, all the hopes of unaccomplished years; nor can we feel in its fulness all that is meant by

"Such
 A friendship as had mastered Time;
 "Which masters Time indeed, and is
 Eternal, separate from fears.
 The all-assuming months and years
 Can take no part away from this."

But this we may say, we know of nothing in all literature to compare with the volume from which these lines are taken, since David lamented with this lamentation: "The beauty of Israel is slain. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither rain upon you. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love for me was wonderful." We cannot, as some have done, compare it with Shakspeare's sonnets or "Lycidas." In spite of the amazing genius and tenderness, the never wearying, all involving reiteration of passionate attachment, the idolatry of admiring love, the rapturous devotedness, of one of the greatest beings which nature ever produced in the human form, displayed in the sonnets, we cannot but agree with Mr. Hallam in thinking, "that there is a tendency now, especially among young men of poetical tempers, to exaggerate the beauties of these remarkable productions;" and though we would hardly say with him, "that it is impossible not to wish that Shakspeare had never written them," giving us, as they do, and as perhaps nothing else could do, such proof of a power of loving, of an amount of *attendrissement*, which is not less wonderful than the bodying forth of that myriad-mind, which gave us Hamlet, and Lear, and Cordelia, and Puck, and all the rest, and which indeed explains to us how he could give us all these;—while we go hardly so far, we entirely agree with his other wise words:—"There is a weakness and folly in all misplaced and excessive affection;" which in Shakspeare's case is all the more distressing, when we consider that "Mr. W. H., the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets," was, in all likelihood, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a man of noble and gallant character, but always of licentious life.

As for Lycidas, we are obliged to confess that the poetry—and we all know how consummate it is—and not the affection, seems uppermost in Milton's mind, as it is in ours. The other element, though quick and true, has no glory through reason of the excellency of that which invests it. But there is no such drawback here. The purity, the temperate but fervent goodness, the firmness and depth of nature, the impassioned logic, the large, sensitive, and liberal heart, the reverence and godly fear, of

"That friend of mine who lives in God,"

which from these Remains we know to have dwelt in that young soul, give to "In Memoriam" the character of exactest portraiture. There is no excessive or misplaced affection here; it is all founded in fact: while everywhere and throughout it all, affection—a love that is wonderful—meets us first and leaves us last, gives form and substance and grace, and the breath of life and love, to everything that the poet's thick-coming fancies so exquisitely frame. We can remember few poems approaching to it in this quality of sustained affection. The only English poems we can think of as of the same order, are Cowper's lines on seeing his mother's portrait:

"Oh that these lips had language!"

Burns to "Mary in Heaven;" and two pieces of Vaughan—one beginning

"Oh thou who know'st for whom I mourn;"

And the other—

"They are all gone into the world of light."

But our object now is, not so much to illustrate Mr. Tennyson's verses, as to introduce to our readers, what we ourselves have got so much delight and, we trust, profit from—the volume we have placed at the head of this notice. We had for many years been searching for it, but in vain; a sentence quoted by Henry Taylor, in his *Notes on Life*, struck us, and our desire was quickened by reading "In Memoriam." We do not know when we have been more impressed by anything than by these Remains of this young man, especially when taken along with his friend's Memorial; and instead of trying to tell our readers what this impression is, we have preferred giving them as copious extracts as our space allows, that they may judge and enjoy for themselves. The italics are all our own. We can promise them few finer, deeper, and better pleasures than reading, and detaining their minds over these two books together, filling their hearts with the fulness of their grace and truth. They will see how accurate as well as how affectionate and "of imagination all compact" Tennyson is, and how worthy of all that he

has said of him, that friend was; and we may add with still more significance *is*—knowing now, as he is known—being blessed in the vision of God. How the likeness is drawn, *ad vivum*!

“When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
He summons up remembrance of things past.”

We do not know a more perfect illustration of that passage which we quoted in a former paper, and which we can hardly quote too often:

“The idea of his life has sweetly crept
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of his life
Has come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when he lived indeed.”

The idea has been sown a natural body, and has been raised a spiritual body, but the identity is untouched; the countenance shines and the raiment is white and glistening, but it is the same face and form.

We have learned that it has pleased the Supreme Disposer, whose ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts, to remove Mr. Hallam's remaining son by a death equally sudden as Arthur's. We have also heard that he was in every way worthy of being his brother. May we hope that by and by, when He who has smitten shall have comforted, as He alone can, the honoured and bereaved father will present to the world his Memorial of them both. In doing this we feel persuaded he will best honour them, and make them, even in death, to serve their Maker, and benefit mankind. For such a book as this we have quoted from, the full value of which, and of its author, can however only be understood by reading it through and through, is of no slender use in a country like ours. “It serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, as well as to delectation, and doth raise and erect the mind.” We may say of him,—

“*Necesse est tanquam immaturam mortem ejus defleam; si tamen fas est aut flere, aut omnino mortem vocare, quâ tanti juvenis mortalitas magis finita quam vita est. Vivit enim, vivetque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermonibus versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit.*”

“Arthur Henry Hallam was born in Bedford Place,* London, on

‘Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street;
Doors, where my heart was wont to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand.”

In Memoriam.

the 1st of February, 1811. Very few years had elapsed before his parents observed strong indications of his future character, in a peculiar clearness of perception, a facility of acquiring knowledge, and, above all, in an undeviating sweetness of disposition, and adherence to his sense of what was right and becoming. As he advanced to another stage of childhood, it was rendered still more manifest that he would be distinguished from ordinary persons, by an increasing thoughtfulness, and a fondness for a class of books, which in general are so little intelligible to boys of his age, that they excite in them no kind of interest.

"In the summer of 1818 he spent some months with his parents in Germany and Switzerland, and became familiar with the French language, which he had already learned to read with facility. He had gone through the elements of Latin before this time; but that language having been laid aside during his tour, it was found upon his return that a variety of new scenes having effaced it from his memory, it was necessary to begin again with the first rudiments. He was nearly eight years old at this time; and in little more than twelve months he could read Latin with tolerable facility. In this period his mind was developing itself more rapidly than before; he now felt a keen relish for dramatic poetry, and wrote several tragedies, if we may so call them, either in prose or verse, with a more precocious display of talents than the Editor remembers to have met with in any other individual. The natural pride, however, of his parents did not blind them to the uncertainty that belongs to all premature efforts of the mind; and they so carefully avoided everything like a boastful display of blossoms which, in many cases, have withered away in barren luxuriance, that the circumstance of these compositions was hardly ever mentioned out of their own family.

"In the spring of 1820, Arthur was placed under the Rev. W. Carmalt at Putney, where he remained nearly two years. After leaving this school, he went abroad again for some months; and in October 1822 became the pupil of the Rev. E. C. Hawtreys, an Assistant Master of Eton College. At Eton he continued till the summer of 1827. He was now become a good, though not perhaps a first-rate, scholar in the Latin and Greek languages. The loss of time, relatively to this object, in travelling, but far more his increasing avidity for a different kind of knowledge, and the strong bent of his mind to subjects which exercise other faculties than such as the acquirement of languages calls into play, will sufficiently account for what might seem a comparative deficiency in classical learning. It can only however be reckoned one, comparatively to his other attainments, and to his remarkable facility in mastering the modern languages. The Editor has thought it not improper to print in the following pages an Eton exercise, which, as written before the age of fourteen, though not free from metrical and other errors, appears, perhaps to a partial judgment, far above the level of such compositions. It is remarkable that he should have selected the story of Ugolino, from a poet with whom, and with whose language, he was then but very slightly

acquainted, but who was afterwards to become, more perhaps than any other, the master-mover of his spirit. It may be added, that great judgment and taste are perceptible in this translation, which is by no means a literal one; and in which the phraseology of Sophocles is not ill substituted, in some passages, for that of Dante.

"The Latin poetry of an Etonian is generally reckoned at that School the chief test of his literary talent. That of Arthur was good without being excellent; he never wanted depth of thought, or truth of feeling; but it is only in a few rare instances, if altogether in any, that an original mind has been known to utter itself freely and vigorously, without sacrifice of purity, in a language the capacities of which are so imperfectly understood; and in his productions there was not the thorough conformity to an ancient model which is required for perfect elegance in Latin verse. He took no great pleasure in this sort of composition; and perhaps never returned to it of his own accord.

"In the latter part of his residence at Eton, he was led away more and more by the predominant bias of his mind, from the exclusive study of ancient literature. The poets of England, especially the older dramatists, came with greater attraction over his spirit. He loved Fletcher, and some of Fletcher's contemporaries, for their energy of language and intenseness of feeling; but it was in Shakspeare alone that he found the fulness of soul which seemed to slake the thirst of his own rapidly expanding genius for an inexhaustible fountain of thought and emotion. He knew Shakspeare thoroughly; and indeed his acquaintance with the earlier poetry of this country was very extensive. Among the modern poets, Byron was at this time, far above the rest, and almost exclusively, his favourite; a preference which, in later years, he transferred altogether to Wordsworth and Shelley.

"He became, when about fifteen years old, a member of the debating society established among the elder boys, in which he took great interest; and this served to confirm the bias of his intellect towards the moral and political philosophy of modern times. It was probably however of important utility in giving him that command of his own language which he possessed, as the following Essays will shew, in a very superior degree, and in exercising those powers of argumentative discussion, which now displayed themselves as eminently characteristic of his mind. It was a necessary consequence that he declined still more from the usual paths of study, and abated perhaps somewhat of his regard for the writers of antiquity. It must not be understood, nevertheless, as most of those who read these pages will be aware, that he ever lost his sensibility to those ever-living effusions of genius which the ancient languages preserve. He loved *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, (to *Euripides* he hardly did justice,) *Lucretius* and *Virgil*; if he did not seem so much drawn towards *Homer* as might at first be expected, this may probably be accounted for by his increasing taste for philosophical poetry.

"In the early part of 1827, Arthur took a part in the Eton Mis-

cellany, a periodical publication, in which some of his friends in the debating society were concerned. He wrote in this, besides a few papers in prose, a little poem on a story connected with the Lake of Killarney. It has not been thought by the Editor advisable, upon the whole, to reprint these lines; though, in his opinion, they bear very striking marks of superior powers. This was almost the first poetry that Arthur had written, except the childish tragedies above mentioned. No one was ever less inclined to the trick of versifying. Poetry with him was not an amusement, but the natural and almost necessary language of genuine emotion; and it was not till the discipline of serious reflection, and the approach of manhood, gave a reality and intension to such emotions, that he learned the capacities of his own genius. That he was a poet by nature, these remains will sufficiently prove; but certainly he was far removed from being a versifier by nature; nor was he probably able to perform, what he scarce ever attempted, to write easily and elegantly on an ordinary subject. The lines on the story of Pygmalion, are so far an exception, that they arose out of a momentary amusement of society; but he could not avoid, even in these, his own grave tone of poetry.

“Upon leaving Eton in the summer of 1827, he accompanied his parents to the Continent, and passed eight months in Italy. This introduction to new scenes of nature and art, and to new sources of intellectual delight, at the very period of transition from boyhood to youth, sealed no doubt the peculiar character of his mind, and taught him, too soon for his peace, to sound those depths of thought and feeling, from which, after this time, all that he wrote was derived. He had, when he passed the Alps, only a moderate acquaintance with the Italian language; but during his residence in the country, he came to speak it with perfect fluency, and with a pure Siendese pronunciation. In its study he was much assisted by his friend and instructor, the Abbate Pifferi, who encouraged him to his first attempts at versification. The few sonnets, which are now printed, were, it is to be remembered, written by a foreigner, hardly seventeen years old, and after a very short stay in Italy. The Editor might not, probably, have suffered them to appear, even in this private manner, upon his own judgment. But he knew that the greatest living writer of Italy, to whom they were shown some time since at Milan, by the author's excellent friend, Mr. Richard Milnes, has expressed himself in terms of high approbation.

“The growing intimacy of Arthur with Italian poetry led him naturally to that of Dante. No poet was so congenial to the character of his own reflective mind; in none other could he so abundantly find that disdain of flowery redundancy, that perpetual reference of the sensible to the ideal, that aspiration for somewhat better and less fleeting than earthly things, to which his inmost soul responded. Like all genuine worshippers of the great Florentine poet, he rated the *Inferno* below the two later portions of the *Divina Commedia*; there was nothing even to revolt his taste, but rather much to attract it, in the scholastic theology and mystic visions of the *Paradiso*. Petrarch

he greatly admired, though with less idolatry than Dante; and the sonnets here printed will shew to all competent judges how fully he had imbibed the spirit, without servile cantonism, of the best writers in that style of composition who flourished in the 16th century.

"But poetry was not an absorbing passion at this time in his mind. His eyes were fixed on the best pictures with silent intense delight. He had a deep and just perception of what was beautiful in this art; at least in its higher schools; for he did not pay much regard, or perhaps quite do justice, to the masters of the 17th century. To technical criticism he made no sort of pretension; painting was to him but the visible language of emotion; and where it did not aim at exciting it, or employed inadequate means, his admiration would be withheld. Hence he highly prized the ancient paintings, both Italian and German, of the age which preceded the full development of art. But he was almost as enthusiastic an admirer of the Venetian, as of the Tuscan and Roman schools; considering these masters as reaching the same end by the different agencies of form and colour. This predilection for the sensitive beauties of painting is somewhat analogous to his fondness for harmony of verse, on which he laid more stress than poets so thoughtful are apt to do. In one of the last days of his life, he lingered long among the fine Venetian pictures of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna.

"He returned to England in June 1828; and, in the following October went down to reside at Cambridge; having been entered on the boards of Trinity College before his departure to the Continent. He was the pupil of the Rev. William Whewell. In some respects, as soon became manifest, he was not formed to obtain great academical reputation. An acquaintance with the learned languages, considerable at the school where he was educated, but not improved, to say the least, by the intermission of a year, during which his mind had been so occupied by other pursuits, that he had thought little of antiquity even in Rome itself, though abundantly sufficient for the gratification of taste and the acquisition of knowledge, was sure to prove inadequate to the searching scrutiny of modern examinations. He soon, therefore, saw reason to renounce all competition of this kind; nor did he ever so much as attempt any Greek or Latin composition during his stay at Cambridge. In truth he was very indifferent to success of this kind; and conscious as he must have been of a high reputation among his contemporaries, he could not think that he stood in need of any University distinctions. The editor became by degrees almost equally indifferent to what he perceived to be so uncongenial to Arthur's mind. It was however to be regretted, that he never paid the least attention to mathematical studies. That he should not prosecute them with the diligence usual at Cambridge, was of course to be expected; yet his clearness and acumen would certainly have enabled him to master the principles of geometrical reasoning; nor, in fact, did he so much find a difficulty in apprehending demonstrations, as a want of interest, and a consequent inability to retain them in his memory. A little more practice in the strict

logic of geometry, a little more familiarity with the physical laws of the universe, and the phenomena to which they relate, would possibly have repressed the tendency to vague and mystical speculations which he was too fond of indulging. In the philosophy of the human mind, he was in no danger of the materializing theories of some ancient and modern schools; but in shunning this extreme, he might sometimes forget that, in the honest pursuit of truth, we can shut our eyes to no real phenomena, and that the physiology of man must always enter into any valid scheme of his psychology.

"The comparative inferiority which he might shew in the usual trials of knowledge, sprung in a great measure from the want of a prompt and accurate memory. It was the faculty wherein he shone the least, according to ordinary observation; though his very extensive reach of literature, and his rapidity in acquiring languages, sufficed to prove that it was capable of being largely exercised. He could remember any thing, as a friend observed to the Editor, that was associated with an idea. But he seemed, at least after he reached manhood, to want almost wholly the power, so common with inferior understandings, of retaining with regularity and exactness, a number of unimportant uninteresting particulars. It would have been nearly impossible to make him recollect for three days the date of the battle of Marathon, or the names in order of the Athenian months. Nor could he repeat poetry, much as he loved it, with the correctness often found in young men. It is not improbable, that a more steady discipline in early life would have strengthened this faculty, or that he might have supplied its deficiency by some technical devices; but where the higher powers of intellect were so extraordinarily manifested, it would have been preposterous to complain of what may perhaps have been a necessary consequence of their amplitude, or at least a natural result of their exercise.

"But another reason may be given for his deficiency in those unremitting labours which the course of academical education, in the present times, is supposed to exact from those who aspire to its distinctions. In the first year of his residence at Cambridge, symptoms of disordered health, especially in the circulatory system, began to shew themselves; and it is by no means improbable, that these were indications of a tendency to derangement of the vital functions, which became ultimately fatal. A too rapid determination of blood towards the brain, with its concomitant uneasy sensations, rendered him frequently incapable of mental fatigue. He had indeed once before, at Florence, been affected by symptoms not unlike these. His intensity of reflection and feeling also brought on occasionally a considerable depression of spirits, which had been painfully observed at times by those who watched him most, from the time of his leaving Eton, and even before. It was not till after several months that he regained a less morbid condition of mind and body. The same irregularity of circulation returned again in the next spring, but was of less duration. During the third year of his Cambridge life, he appeared in much better health.

"In this year (1831) he obtained the first college prize for an English declamation. The subject chosen by him was the conduct of the Independent party during the civil war. This exercise was greatly admired at the time, but was never printed. In consequence of this success, it became incumbent on him, according to the custom of the college, to deliver an oration in the chapel immediately before the Christmas vacation of the same year. On this occasion he selected a subject very congenial to his own turn of thought and favourite study, the Influence of Italian upon English Literature. He had previously gained another prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero. This essay is perhaps too excursive from the prescribed subject; but his mind was so deeply imbued with the higher philosophy, especially that of Plato, with which he was very conversant, that he could not be expected to dwell much on the praises of Cicero in that respect.

"Though the bent of Arthur's mind by no means inclined him to strict research into facts, he was full as much conversant with the great features of ancient and modern history, as from the course of his other studies and the habits of his life it was possible to expect. He reckoned them, as great minds always do, the groundworks of moral and political philosophy, and took no pains to acquire any knowledge of this sort from which a principle could not be derived or illustrated. To some parts of English history, and to that of the French revolution, he had paid considerable attention. He had not read nearly so much of the Greek and Latin historians as of the philosophers and poets. In the history of literary, and especially of philosophical and religious opinions, he was deeply versed, as much so as it is possible to apply that term at his age. The following pages exhibit proofs of an acquaintance, not crude or superficial, with that important branch of literature.

"His political judgments were invariably prompted by his strong sense of right and justice. These, in so young a person, were naturally rather fluctuating, and subject to the correction of advancing knowledge and experience. Ardent in the cause of those he deemed to be oppressed, of which, in one instance, he was led to give a proof with more of energy and enthusiasm than discretion, he was deeply attached to the ancient institutions of his country.

"He spoke French readily, though with less elegance than Italian, till from disuse he lost much of his fluency in the latter. In his last fatal tour in Germany, he was rapidly acquiring a readiness in the language of that country. The whole range of French literature was almost as familiar to him as that of England.

"The society in which Arthur lived most intimately, at Eton and at the University, was formed of young men, eminent for natural ability, and for delight in what he sought above all things, the knowledge of truth, and the perception of beauty. They who loved and admired him living, and who now revere his sacred memory, as of one to whom, in the fondness of regret, they admit of no rival, know best what he was in the daily commerce of life; and his eulogy should, on

every account, better come from hearts, which, if partial, have been rendered so by the experience of friendship, not by the affection of nature.

“Arthur left Cambridge on taking his degree in January, 1832. He resided from that time with the Editor in London, having been entered on the boards of the Inner Temple. It was greatly the desire of the Editor that he should engage himself in the study of the law; not merely with professional views, but as a useful discipline for a mind too much occupied with habits of thought, which, ennobling and important as they were, could not but separate him from the everyday business of life; and might, by their excess, in his susceptible temperament, be productive of considerable mischief. He had, during the previous long vacation, read with the Editor the Institutes of Justinian, and the two works of Heineccius which illustrate them; and he now went through Blackstone's Commentaries, with as much of other law-books, as in the Editor's judgment, was required for a similar purpose. It was satisfactory at that time to perceive that, far from showing any of that distaste to legal studies which might have been anticipated from some parts of his intellectual character, he entered upon them not only with great acuteness, but considerable interest. In the month of October, 1832, he began to see the practical application of legal knowledge in the office of an eminent conveyancer, Mr. Walters of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with whom he continued till his departure from England in the following summer.

“It was not, however, to be expected, or even desired by any who knew how to value him, that he should at once abandon those habits of study which had fertilized and invigorated his mind. But he now, from some change or other in his course of thinking, ceased in a great measure to write poetry, and expressed to more than one friend an intention to give it up. The instances after his leaving Cambridge were few. The dramatic scene between Raffaele and Fiammetta was written in 1832; and about the same time he had a design to translate the *Vita Nuova* of his favourite Dante; a work which he justly prized, as the development of that immense genius, in a kind of autobiography, which best prepares us for a real insight into the Divine Comedy. He rendered accordingly into verse most of the sonnets which the *Vita Nuova* contains; but the Editor does not believe that he made any progress in the prose translation. These sonnets appearing rather too literal, and consequently harsh, it has not been thought worth while to print.

“In the summer of 1832, the appearance of Professor Rossetti's ‘*Disquisizioni sullo spirito Antipapale*,’ in which the writings of Arthur's beloved masters, Dante and Petrarch, as well as most of the mediæval literature of Italy, were treated as a series of enigmas, to be understood only by a key that discloses a latent carbonarism, a secret conspiracy against the religion of their age, excited him to publish his own Remarks in reply. It seemed to him the worst of poetical heresies to desert the Absolute, the Universal, the Eternal, the Beautiful and True, which the Platonic spirit of his literary creed

taught him to seek in all the higher works of genius, in quest of some temporary historical allusion, which could be of no interest with posterity. Nothing however could be more alien from his courteous disposition than to abuse the license of controversy, or to treat with intentional disrespect a very ingenious person, who had been led on too far in pursuing a course of interpretation, which, within certain much narrower limits, it is impossible for any one conversant with history not to admit.

"A very few other anonymous writings occupied his leisure about this time. Among these were slight memoirs of Petrarch, Voltaire, and Burke, for the Gallery of Portraits, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.* His time was however principally devoted, when not engaged at his office, to metaphysical researches, and to the history of philosophical opinions.

"From the latter part of his residence at Cambridge, a gradual but very perceptible improvement in the cheerfulness of his spirits gladdened his family and his friends; intervals there doubtless were, when the continual seriousness of his habits of thought, or the force of circumstances, threw something more of gravity into his demeanour; but in general he was animated and even gay; renewing or preserving his intercourse with some of those he had most valued at Eton and Cambridge. The symptoms of deranged circulation which had manifested themselves before, ceased to appear, or at least so as to excite his own attention; and though it struck those who were most anxious in watching him, that his power of enduring fatigue was not quite so great as from his frame of body and apparent robustness might have been anticipated, nothing gave the least indication of danger either to their eyes, or to those of the medical practitioners who were in the habit of observing him. An attack of intermittent fever, during the prevalent influenza of the spring of 1833, may perhaps have disposed his constitution to the last fatal blow."

To any one who has watched the history of the disease by which "so quick this bright thing came to confusion," and who knows how near its subject must often, perhaps all his life, have been to that eternity which occupied so much of his thoughts and desires, and the secrets of which were so soon to open on his young eyes, there is something very touching in

* We had read these lives, and had remarked them before we knew whose they were, as being of rare merit. No one could suppose they were written by one so young. We give his estimate of the character of Burke. "The mind of this great man may, perhaps, be taken as a representation of the general characteristics of the English intellect. Its groundwork was solid, practical, and conversant with the details of business; but upon this, and secured by this, arose a superstructure of imagination and moral sentiment. He saw little, *because it was painful to him to see anything beyond the limits of the national character.* In all things, while he deeply revered principles, he chose to deal with the concrete rather than with abstractions. He studied men rather than man." The words in italics imply an insight into the deepest springs of human action, the conjunct causes of what we call character, such as few men of large experience can attain.

this account. Such a state of health would enhance, and tend to produce, by the sensations proper to such a condition, that habitual seriousness of thought, that sober judgment, and that tendency to look at the true life of things—that deep but gentle and calm sadness, and that occasional sinking of the heart, which make his noble and strong inner nature, his resolved mind, so much more impressive and endearing.

This feeling of personal insecurity—of life being ready to slip away—the sensation that this world and its ongoings, its mighty interests, and delicate joys, is ready to be shut up in a moment—this instinctive apprehension of the peril of vehement bodily enjoyment—all this would tend to make him “walk softly,” and to keep him from much of the evil that is in the world, and live soberly, righteously, and godly even in the bright and rich years of his youth. His power of giving himself up to the search after absolute truth and of Supreme goodness, must have been helped by this same organization. But all this delicate feeling, this fineness of sense, did rather increase the power and fervour of the indwelling soul—the *τι θερινον πρᾶγμα* that burned within. In the quaint words of Vaughan, it was “manhood with a female eye.” These two conditions must, as we have said, have made him dear indeed. And by a beautiful law of life, having that organ out of which are the issues of life, under a sort of perpetual nearness to suffering, and so liable to pain, he would be more easily moved for others—more alive to their pain—more filled with fellow-feeling.

“The Editor cannot dwell on any thing later. Arthur accompanied him to Germany in the beginning of August. In returning to Vienna from Pesth, a wet day probably gave rise to an intermittent fever, with very slight symptoms, and apparently subsiding, when a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life on the fifteenth of September, 1833. The mysteriousness of such a dreadful termination to a disorder, generally of so little importance, and in this instance of the slightest kind, has been diminished by an examination which shewed a weakness of the cerebral vessels, and a want of sufficient energy in the heart. Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears, and whose hopes on this side the tomb are broken down for ever, may cling, as well as they can, to the poor consolation of believing, that a few more years would, in the usual chances of humanity, have severed the frail union of his graceful and manly form with the pure spirit that it inshrined.

“The remains of Arthur were brought to England, and interred on the third of January, 1834, in the chancel of Clevedon Church in Somersetshire, belonging to his maternal grandfather Sir Abraham Elton; a place selected by the Editor, not only from the connexion of kindred, but on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel.

"More ought perhaps to be said—but it is very difficult to proceed. From the earliest years of this extraordinary young man his premature abilities were not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition, sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in that season of life. The sweetness of temper which distinguished his childhood, became with the advance of manhood an habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of love towards God and man, which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life, and to which most of the following compositions bear such emphatic testimony. He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world; and in bowing to the mysterious will which has in mercy removed him, perfected by so short a trial, and passing over the bridge which separates the seen from the unseen life, in a moment, and, as we may believe, without a moment's pang, we must feel not only the bereavement of those to whom he was dear, but the loss which mankind have sustained by the withdrawing of such a light.

"A considerable portion of the poetry contained in this volume was printed in the year 1830, and was intended by the author to be published together with the poems of his intimate friend Mr. Alfred Tennyson. They were however withheld from publication at the request of the Editor. The poem of Timbuctoo was written for the University prize in 1829, which it did not obtain. Notwithstanding its too great obscurity, the subject itself being hardly indicated, and the extremely hyperbolical importance which the author's brilliant fancy has attached to a nest of barbarians, no one can avoid admiring the grandeur of his conceptions, and the deep philosophy upon which he has built the scheme of his poem. This is however by no means the most pleasing of his compositions. It is in the profound reflection, the melancholy tenderness, and the religious sanctity of other effusions that a lasting charm will be found. A commonplace subject, such as those announced for academical prizes generally are, was incapable of exciting a mind, which, beyond almost every other, went straight to the furthest depths that the human intellect can fathom, or from which human feelings can be drawn. Many short poems of equal beauty with those here printed, have been deemed unfit even for the limited circulation they might obtain, on account of their unveiling more of emotion, than consistently with what is due to him and to others, could be exposed to view.

"The two succeeding essays have never been printed; but were read, it is believed, in a literary society at Trinity College, or in one to which he afterwards belonged in London. That entitled *Theodicæa Novissima* is printed at the desire of some of his intimate friends. A few expressions in it want his usual precision; and there are ideas which he might have seen cause, in the lapse of time, to modify, independently of what his very acute mind would probably have perceived, that his hypothesis, like that of Leibnitz, on the origin of evil, resolves itself at last into an unproved assumption of its necessity. It has however some advantages, which need not be mentioned, over that

of Leibnitz; and it is here printed, not as a solution of the greatest mystery of the universe, but as most characteristic of the author's mind, original and sublime, uniting, what is very rare except in early youth, a fearless and unblenching spirit of inquiry into the highest objects of speculation, with the most humble and reverential piety. It is probable that in many of his views on such topics he was influenced by the writings of Jonathan Edwards, with whose opinions on metaphysical and moral subjects, he seems generally to have concurred.

"The extract from a review of Tennyson's poems in a publication now extinct, the Englishman's Magazine, is also printed at the suggestion of a friend. The pieces that follow are reprints, and have been already mentioned in this Memoir."

We have given this Memoir entire, both for the sake of its subject and its manner—of the father and the son. There is something very touching in the paternal composure, the judiciousness, the truthfulness, where truth is so difficult to reach through tears, the calm estimate and the subdued tenderness; the ever rising but ever restrained emotion; the father's heart throbs throughout, refusing to be comforted, but it is dumb. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Hallam may have had this great affliction—this event which took away the desire of his eyes with a stroke—in his mind, when he wrote these pathetic words in the Preface to his Introduction to the Literature of Europe—"but I have other warnings to bind up my sheaves as I may; my own advancing years, and *the gathering in the Heavens.*"

We wish we could have given in full the letters from Arthur's friends, which his father has incorporated in the Memoir. They all bring out in various but harmonious ways, his extraordinary moral and intellectual worth, his rare beauty of character, and their love for him.

The following extract from one seems to us very interesting:—"Outwardly I do not think there was anything remarkable in his habits, except *an irregularity with regard to times and places of study*, which may seem surprising in one whose progress in so many directions was so eminently great and rapid. *He was commonly to be found in some friend's room, reading or canvassing.* I dare say he lost something by this irregularity, *but less than perhaps one would at first imagine.* I never saw him idle. He might seem to be lounging, as only amusing himself, but his mind was always active, and active for good. In fact, his energy and quickness of apprehension did not stand in need of outward aid." There is much in this worthy of more extended notice. Such minds as his probably grow best in this way, are best left to themselves, to glide on at their own sweet wills; the stream was too deep and clear, and perhaps too entirely bent on its own errand, to be dealt with or regulated by any art or device. The same friend

sums up his character thus:—"I have met with no man his superior in metaphysical subtlety; no man his equal as a philosophical critic on works of taste; no man whose views on all subjects connected with the duties and dignities of humanity were more large, and generous, and enlightened." And all this said of a youth of twenty—*heu nimium brevis ævi decus et desiderium!*

We have given little of his verse; and what we do give is taken at random. We agree entirely in his father's estimate of his poetical gift and art; but his mind was too serious, too thoughtful, too intensely dedicated to truth and the God of truth, to linger long in pursuit of beauty; he was on his way to God, and could rest in nothing short of that; otherwise he might have been a poet of genuine excellence.

"Dark, dark, yea, 'irrecoverably dark,'
Is the soul's eye: yet how it strives and battles
Thorough th' impenetrable gloom to fix
That master light, the secret truth of things,
Which is the body of the infinite God!"

"Sure, we are leaves of one harmonious bower,
Fed by a sap that never will be scant,
All-permeating, all-producing mind;
And in our several parcellings of doom
We but fulfil the beauty of the whole.
Oh madness! if a leaf should dare complain
Of its dark verdure, and aspire to be
The gayer, brighter thing that wantons near."

"Oh blessing and delight of my young heart,
Maiden, who wast so lovely, and so pure,
I know not in what region now thou art,
Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
Not the old faces which we both did love,
Not the old books, whence knowledge we did gather,
Not these, but others now thy fancies move.
I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
All thy companions with their pleasant talk,
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears:
So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood
Did sanctify mine own to peerless good."

"Alfred, I would that you beheld me now;
Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall
On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Philætes immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon."

"Still here—thou hast not faded from my sight,
Nor all the music round thee from mine ear :
Still grace flows from thee to the brightening year,
And all the birds laugh out in wealthier light.
 Still am I free to close my happy eyes,
 And paint upon the gloom thy mimic form,
 That soft white neck, that cheek in beauty warm,
 And brow half hidden where yon ringlet lies :
 With, oh ! the blissful knowledge all the while
 That I can lift at will each curved lid,
 And my fair dream most highly realize.
 The time will come, 'tis ushered by my sighs,
 When I may shape the dark, but vainly bid
 True light restore that form, those looks, that smile."

"The garden trees *are busy with the shower*
 That fell ere sunset : now methinks they talk,
 Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,
 One to another down the grassy walk.
 Hark the laburnum from his opening flower
 This cherry creeper greets in whisper light,
 While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,
 Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.*
 What shall I deem their converse ? would they hail
 The wild grey light that fronts you massive cloud,
 Or the half bow, rising like pillared fire ?
 Or are they sighing faintly for desire
 That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,
 And dews about their feet may never fail."

In the Essay, entitled "*Theodicea Novissima*," from which the following passages are taken to the great injury of its general effect, he sets himself to the task of going as far as he can in clearing up the mystery of the existence of such a thing as sin and suffering, in the universe of a being like God. He does it fearlessly, but like a child. It is in the spirit of his friend's words,—

"An infant crying in the night,
 An infant crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry."

"Then was I as a child that cries,
 But, crying, knows his father near."

It is not a mere exertion of the intellect, it is an endeavour to get nearer God—to assert his eternal Providence, and vindicate

* This will remind the reader of a fine passage in "*Edwin the Fair*," on the specific differences in the sounds of the trees moved by the wind ; and of some lines by Landor on flowers speaking to each other ; and of something more exquisite than either in "*Consuelo*"—the description of the flowers in the old monastic garden.

cate his ways to men. We know no performance more wonderful for such a boy. Pascal might have written it. As might be expected, the tremendous subject remains where he found it—his glowing love and genius cast a gleam here and there across its gloom; but it is brief as the lightning in the collied night—the jaws of darkness do devour it up—this secret belongs to God. Across its deep and dazzling darkness, and from out its abyss of thick cloud, “all dark, dark, irrecoverably dark,” no steady ray has ever, or will ever come,—over its face its own darkness must brood, till He to whom alone the darkness and the light are both alike, to whom the night shineth as the day, says, “Let there be light!” There is, we confess, an awful attraction, a nameless charm for all thoughtful spirits, in this mystery; and it is well for us at times, so that we have pure eyes and a clean heart, to turn aside and look into its gloom, but it is not good to busy ourselves in clever speculations about it, or deftly to criticise the speculations of others—it is a wise and pious saying of Augustin, *Verius cogitatur Deus, quam dicitur; et verius est quam cogitatur.*

“I wish to be understood as considering Christianity in the present Essay rather in its relation to the intellect, as constituting the higher philosophy, than in its far more important bearing upon the hearts and destinies of us all. I shall propose the question in this form, ‘Is there ground for believing that the existence of moral evil is absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of God’s essential love for Christ?’

“Can man by searching find out God? I believe not. I believe that the unassisted efforts of man’s reason have not established the existence and attributes of Deity on so sure a basis as the Deist imagines. However sublime may be the notion of a supreme original mind, and however naturally human feelings adhered to it, the reasons by which it was justified were not, in my opinion, sufficient to clear it from considerable doubt and confusion. . . . I hesitate not to say that I derive from Revelation a conviction of Theism, which without that assistance would have been but a dark and ambiguous hope. *I see that the Bible fits into every fold of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe it to be God’s book because it is man’s book.* It is true that the Bible affords me no additional means of demonstrating the falsity of Atheism; *if mind had nothing to do with the formation of the Universe, doubtless whatever had was competent also to make the Bible;* but I have gained this advantage, that my feelings and thoughts can no longer refuse their assent to *what is evidently framed to engage that assent; and what is it to me that I cannot disprove the bare logical possibility of my whole nature being fallacious?* To seek for a certainty above certainty, an evidence beyond necessary belief, is the very lunacy of scepticism: we must trust our own faculties, or we can put no trust in any thing, save that moment we call the present, which escapes us while

we articulate its name. *I am determined therefore to receive the Bible as divinely authorized, and the scheme of human and divine things which it contains, as essentially true."*

"I may further observe, that however much we should rejoice to discover that the eternal scheme of God, the necessary completion, let us remember, of His Almighty Nature, did not require the absolute perdition of any spirit called by Him into existence, we are certainly not entitled to consider the perpetual misery of many individuals as incompatible with sovereign love."

"In the Supreme Nature those two capacities of Perfect Love and Perfect Joy are indivisible. Holiness and Happiness, says an old Divine, are two several notions of one thing. Equally inseparable are the notions of Opposition to Love and Opposition to Bliss. *Unless therefore the heart of a created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable.* Moreover, there is no possibility of continuing for ever partly with God and partly against Him: we must either be capable by our nature of entire accordance with His will, or we must be incapable of any thing but misery, further than He may for awhile 'not impute our trespasses to us,' that is, He may interpose some temporary barrier between sin and its attendant pain. *For in the Eternal Idea of God a created spirit is perhaps not seen, as a series of successive states, of which some that are evil might be compensated by others that are good, but as one indivisible object of these almost infinitely divisible modes, and that either in accordance with His own nature, or in opposition to it.* . . .

"Before the Gospel was preached to man, how could a human soul have this love, and this consequent life? I see no way; but now that Christ has excited our love for him by shewing unutterable love for us; now that we know him as an Elder Brother, a being of like thoughts, feelings, sensations, sufferings, with ourselves, it has become possible to love as God loves, that is, to love Christ, and thus to become united in heart to God. Besides Christ is the express image of God's person: in loving him we are sure we are in a state of readiness to love the Father, whom we see, he tells us when we see him. Nor is this all: the tendency of love is towards a union so intimate as virtually to amount to identification; when then by affection towards Christ we have become blended with his being, the beams of Eternal love falling, as ever, on the one beloved object, will include us in him, and their returning flashes of love out of his personality will carry along with them some from our own, since ours has become confused with his, and so shall we be one with Christ and through Christ with God. Thus then we see the great effect of the Incarnation, as far as our nature is concerned, *was to render human love for the Most High a possible thing.* The Law had said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength;' and could men have lived by law, 'which is the strength of sin,' verily righteousness and life would have been by that law. But it was not possible, and all were concluded under sin, that in Christ might be the deliverance of all. I believe that Redemption is universal, in so far as it left no obstacle between man and God, but

man's own will : that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality ; but as far as Christ is concerned, his death was for all, since his intentions and affections were equally directed to all, and 'none who come to him will be in any wise cast out.'

"I deprecate any hasty rejection of these thoughts as novelties. Christianity is indeed, as St. Augustin says, '*pulchritudo tam antiqua*;' but he adds, '*tam nova*,' and it is capable of presenting to every mind a new face of truth. The great doctrine, which in my judgment these observations tend to strengthen and illumine, *the doctrine of personal love for a personal God*, is assuredly no novelty, but has in all times been the vital principle of the Church. Many are the forms of antichristian heresy, which for a season have depressed and obscured that principle of life : but its nature is conflictive and resurgent ; and neither the Papal Hierarchy with its pomp of systematized errors, nor the worse apostasy of latitudinarian Protestantism, have ever so far prevailed, but that many from age to age have proclaimed and vindicated the eternal Gospel of love, believing, as I also firmly believe, that any opinion which tends to keep out of sight the living and loving God, whether it substitute for Him an idol, an occult agency, or a formal creed, can be nothing better than a vain and portentous shadow projected from the selfish darkness of unregenerate man."

The following is from the review of Tennyson's Poems ; we do not know that during the lapse of eighteen years anything better has been said,—

"Undoubtedly the true poet addresses himself, in all his conceptions, to the common nature of us all. Art is a lofty tree, and may shoot up far beyond our grasp, but its roots are in daily life and experience. Every bosom contains the elements of those complex emotions which the artist feels, and every head can, to a certain extent, go over in itself the process of their combination, so as to understand his expressions and sympathize with his state. *But this requires exertion* ; more or less, indeed, according to the difference of occasion, but always some degree of exertion. For since the emotions of the poet, during composition, follow a regular law of association, it follows that to accompany their progress up to the harmonious prospect of the whole, and to perceive the proper dependence of every step on that which preceded, it is absolutely necessary *to start from the same point, i.e.,* clearly to apprehend that leading sentiment of the poet's mind, by their conformity to which the host of suggestions are arranged. *Now this requisite exertion is not willingly made by the large majority of readers. It is so easy to judge capriciously, and according to indolent impulse !"*

"Those different powers of poetic disposition, the energies of Sensitive, of Reflective, of Passionate Emotion, which in former times were intermingled, and derived from mutual support an extensive empire over the feelings of men, were now restrained within separate spheres of agency. The whole system no longer worked harmoniously, and

by intrinsic harmony acquired external freedom; but there arose a violent and unusual action in the several component functions, each for itself, all striving to reproduce the regular power which the whole had once enjoyed. *Hence the melancholy which so evidently characterizes the spirit of modern poetry*; hence that return of the mind upon itself, and the habit of seeking relief in idiosyncrasies rather than community of interest. *In the old times the poetic impulse went along with the general impulse of the nation.*

“One of the faithful Islām, a poet in the truest and highest sense, we are anxious to present to our readers. . . . He sees all the forms of Nature with the ‘*cruditus oculus*,’ and his ear has a fairy fineness. There is a *strange earnestness in his worship of beauty*, which throws a charm over his impassioned song, more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. We think that he has *more definiteness and roundness of general conception* than the late Mr. Keats, and is much more free from blemishes of diction and hasty capriccios of fancy. . . . The author imitates nobody; *we recognise the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer.* His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Ferdusi or Calidasa. We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his own manner. First his luxuriance of imagination, and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment, that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which *he holds all of them fused, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion.* Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought, implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive, to our minds, than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart.”

What follows is well said.

“And is it not a noble thing, that the English tongue is, as it were, the common focus and point of union to which opposite beauties converge? Is it a trifle that we temper energy with softness, strength with flexibility, capaciousness of sound with pliancy of idiom? Some, I know insensible to these virtues, and ambitious of I know not what unattainable decomposition, prefer to utter funeral praises over the grave of departed Anglo-Saxon, or, starting with convulsive shudder, are ready to leap from surrounding Latinisms into the kindred, sympathetic arms of modern German. For myself, I neither share their regret, nor their terror. Willing at all times to pay filial homage to the shades of Hengist and Horsa, and to admit they have

laid the base of our compound language; or, if you will, have prepared the soil from which the chief nutriment of the goodly tree, our British oak, must be derived, I am yet proud to confess that I look with sentiments more exulting and more reverential to the bonds by which the law of the universe has fastened me to my distant brethren of the same Caucasian race; to the privileges which I, an inhabitant of the gloomy North, share in common with climates imparadised in perpetual summer, to the universality and efficacy resulting from blended intelligence, which, while it endears in our eyes the land of our fathers as a seat of peculiar blessing, tends to elevate and expand our thoughts into communion with humanity at large; and, in the 'sublimar spirit' of the poet, to make us feel

"That God is everywhere—the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home."

This is finely said of Petrarch,—

"But it is not so much to his direct adoptions that I refer, *as to the general modulation of thought, that clear softness of his images, that energetic self-possession of his conceptions, and that melodious repose in which are held together all the emotions he delineates.*"

Every one who knows anything of himself, and of the history of his race, will acknowledge the wisdom of what follows—there is much in it suited to our present need,—

"I do not hesitate to express my conviction, that the spirit of the critical philosophy, as seen by its fruits in all the ramifications of art, literature, and morality, is as much more dangerous than the spirit of mechanical philosophy, as it is fairer in appearance, and more capable of alliance with our natural feelings of enthusiasm and delight. Its dangerous tendency is this, that it perverts those very minds, whose office it was to resist the perverse impulses of society, and to proclaim truth under the dominion of falsehood. However precipitate may be at any time the current of public opinion, bearing along the mass of men to the grosser agitations of life, and to such schemes of belief as make these the prominent object, *there will always be in reserve a force of antagonist opinion, strengthened by opposition, and attesting the sanctity of those higher principles, which are despised or forgotten by the majority.* These men are secured by natural temperament, and peculiar circumstances, from participating in the common delusion: but if some other and deeper fallacy be invented; if some more subtle beast of the field should speak to them in wicked flattery; if a digest of intellectual aphorisms can be substituted in their minds for a code of living truths, and the lovely semblances of beauty, truth, affection, can be made first to obscure the presence, and then to conceal the loss, of that religious humility, without which, as their central life, all these are but dreadful shadows; if so fatal a stratagem can be successfully practised, I see not what hope remains for a people against whom the gates of hell have so prevailed."

"But the number of pure artists is small: few souls are so finely

tempered as to preserve the delicacy of meditative feeling, untainted by the allurements of accidental suggestion. The voice of the critical conscience is still and small, like that of the moral: it cannot entirely be stifled where it has been heard, but it may be disobeyed. Temptations are never wanting: some immediate and temporary effect can be produced at less expense of inward exertion than the high and more ideal effect which art demands: it is much easier to pander to the ordinary and often recurring wish for excitement, than to promote the rare and difficult intuition of beauty. *To raise the many to his own real point of view, the artist must employ his energies, and create energy in others: to descend to their position is less noble, but practicable with ease.* If I may be allowed the metaphor, one partakes of the nature of redemptive power; the other of that self-abased and degenerate will, which ‘slung from his splendours’ the fairest star in heaven.”

“*Revelation is a voluntary approximation of the Infinite Being to the ways and thoughts of finite humanity.* But until this step has been taken by Almighty Grace, how should man have a warrant for loving with all his heart and mind and strength? . . . Without the Gospel, nature exhibits a want of harmony between our intrinsic constitution, and the system in which it is placed. But Christianity has made up the difference. It is possible and natural to love the Father, who has made us his children by the spirit of adoption: it is possible and natural to love the Elder Brother, who was, in all things, like as we are, except sin, and can succour those in temptation, having been himself tempted. *Thus the Christian faith is the necessary complement of a sound ethical system.*”

There is something to us very striking in the words “Revelation is a voluntary approximation of the Infinite Being,” it states the fact better than is common. In one sense God is for ever revealing himself. His heavens are for ever telling his glory, and the firmament shewing his handiwork; day unto day is uttering speech, and night unto night is shewing knowledge concerning him. But in the word of the truth of the gospel, God draws near to his creatures, he bows his heavens and comes down—

“That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,”

he lays aside. The Word dwelt with men. “Come then, let us reason together;”—“Waiting to be gracious;”—“Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man open to me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.” It is the Father seeing his son while yet a great way off, and having compassion, and running to him and falling on his neck and kissing him; for it was meet for us to rejoice, for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found. Let no man confound the voice of God in his Works with the voice of God in his Word, they are utterances

of the same infinite heart and will, they are in absolute harmony. Together they make up "That undisturbed song of pure concent." But they are distinct, they are meant to be so. A poor traveller, weary and way-sore, is stumbling in unknown places through the darkness of a night of fear, with no light near him, the everlasting stars twinkling far off in their depths, and the yet unrisen sun, or the waning moon sending up their pale beams into the upper heavens, but all this distant and bewildering for his poor feet, doubtless better much than outer darkness, beautiful and full of God, if he could have the heart to look up, and the eyes to make use of its vague light; but he is miserable, and afraid, his next step is what he is thinking of; a lamp secured against all winds of doctrine is put into his hands, it may, in some respects, deepen the circle of darkness, but it will cheer his feet, it will tell them what to do next. What a silly fool he would be to throw away, or draw down the shutters of that lantern, and make it dark to him, while it sat "i' the centre and enjoyed bright day," and all upon the philosophical ground that its light was of the same kind as the stars', and that it was beneath the dignity of human nature to do anything but struggle on and be lost in the attempt to get through the wilderness and the night by the guidance of those "natural" lights, which, though they are from heaven, have so often led the wanderer astray. The dignity of human nature indeed! Let him keep his lantern till the glad sun is up, with healing under his wings. Nature and the Bible, the Works and the Word of God, are two distinct things. In the mind of their Supreme Author they dwell in perfect peace, in that unspeakable unity which is of his essence; and to us his children, every day their harmony, their mutual relations, are discovering themselves, but let us beware of saying all nature is a revelation just as the Bible is, and all the Bible is natural as nature is—there is a perilous juggle here.

The following passage develops his views on religious feeling—this was the master-idea of his mind, and it would not be easy to overrate its importance. "My son, give me thine heart,"—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,"—"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." He expresses the same general idea in these words, remarkable in themselves, still more so as being the thought of one so young. "The work of intellect is posterior to the work of feeling. *The latter lies at the foundation of the man*, it is his proper self—the peculiar thing that characterizes him as an individual. No two men are alike in feeling; but conceptions of the understanding, when distinct, are precisely similar in all—the ascertained relations of truths are the common property of the race."

Tennyson, we have no doubt, had this very thought of his

friend in his mind, in the following lines—it is an answer to the question, Can man by searching find out God?—

“I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle’s wing, or insect’s eye;
Nor thro’ the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

“If e’er when faith had fall’n asleep,
I heard a voice ‘believe no more,’
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

“*A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason’s colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answer’d ‘I have felt.’*

“No, like a child in doubt and fear : •
But that blind clamour made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

“And what I seem beheld again
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro’ nature, moulding men.”

This is a subject of the deepest personal as well as speculative interest. In the works of Augustin, of Baxter, Horne, and Jonathan Edwards, and of Alexander Knox, our readers will find how large a place the religious affections held in their view, of Divine truth as well as of human duty. The last mentioned writer expresses himself thus : “Our sentimental faculties are far stronger than our cogitative ; and the best impressions on the latter will be but the moonshine of the mind, if they are alone. Feeling will be best excited by sympathy ; rather, it cannot be excited in any other way. Heart must act upon heart—the idea of a living person being essential to all intercourse of heart. You cannot by any possibility *cordialize* with a mere *ens rationis*. ‘The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,’ otherwise we could not ‘have seen his glory,’ much less ‘received of his fulness.’”

“This opens upon us an ampler view in which this subject deserves to be considered, and a relation still more direct and close between the Christian religion and the passion of love. What is the distinguishing character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people? Undoubtedly the sentiment of *erotic devotion* which pervades it. Their poets never represent the Deity as an impassive principle, a mere organizing intellect, removed at infinite distance from human hopes

and fears. He is for them a being of like passions with themselves, *requiring heart for heart, and capable of inspiring affection because capable of feeling and returning it.* Awful indeed are the thunders of his utterance and the clouds that surround his dwelling-place; very terrible is the vengeance he executes on the nations that forget him: but to his chosen people, and especially to the men 'after his own heart,' whom he anoints from the midst of them, his 'still, small voice' speaks in sympathy and loving-kindness. Every Hebrew, while his breast glowed with patriotic enthusiasm at those promises, which he shared as one of the favoured race, had a yet deeper source of emotion, from which gushed perpetually the aspirations of prayer and thanksgiving. He might consider himself alone in the presence of his God; the single being to whom a great revelation had been made, and over whose head an 'exceeding weight of glory' was suspended. His personal welfare was infinitely concerned with every event that had taken place in the miraculous order of Providence. For him the rocks of Horeb had trembled, and the waters of the Red Sea were parted in their course. The word given on Sinai with such solemn pomp of ministration was given to his own individual soul, and brought him into immediate communion with his Creator. That awful Being could never be put away from him. He was about his path, and about his bed, and knew all his thoughts long before. *Yet this tremendous, enclosing presence was a presence of love. It was a manifold, everlasting manifestation of one deep feeling—a desire for human affection.* Such a belief, while it enlisted even pride and self-interest on the side of piety, had a direct tendency to excite the best passions of our nature. Love is not long asked in vain from generous dispositions. A Being, never absent, but standing beside the life of each man with ever watchful tenderness, and recognised, though invisible, in every blessing that befell them from youth to age, became naturally the object of their warmest affections. Their belief in him could not exist without producing, as a necessary effect, that profound impression of *passionate individual attachment* which in the Hebrew authors always mingles with and vivifies their faith in the Invisible. All the books of the Old Testament are breathed upon by this breath of life. Especially is it to be found in that beautiful collection, entitled the Psalms of David, which remains, after some thousand years, perhaps the most perfect form in which the religious sentiment of man has been embodied.

"But what is true of Judaism is yet more true of Christianity, '*matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.*' In addition to all the characters of Hebrew Monotheism, *there exists in the doctrine of the Cross a peculiar and inexhaustible treasure for the affectionate feelings.* The idea of the *Θεανθρωπος*, the God whose goings forth have been from everlasting, yet visible to men for their redemption as an earthly, temporal creature, living, acting, and suffering among themselves, then (which is yet more important) transferring to the unseen place of his spiritual agency the same humanity he wore on earth, so that the lapse of generations can in no way affect the conception of his identity; this is the most powerful thought that ever addressed itself to a human

imagination. It is the *πρὸς στῶ*, which alone was wanted to move the world. Here was solved at once the great problem which so long had distressed the teachers of mankind, how to make *virtue the object of passion*, and to secure at once the warmest enthusiasm in the heart with the clearest perception of right and wrong in the understanding. The character of the blessed Founder of our faith became an abstract of morality to determine the judgment, *while at the same time it remained personal, and liable to love*. The written word and established church prevented a degeneration into ungoverned mysticism, but the predominant principle of vital religion always remained that of self-sacrifice to the Saviour. Not only the higher divisions of moral duties, but the simple, primary impulses of benevolence, were subordinated to this new absorbing passion. The world was loved 'in Christ alone.' The brethren were members of his mystical body. All the other bonds that had fastened down the Spirit of the Universe to our narrow round of earth, were as nothing in comparison to this golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice, which at once rivetted the heart of man to one, who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. *Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature*, and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than any other."

There is a sad pleasure, *non ingrata amaritudo*, and a sort of meditative tenderness, in contemplating the little life of this "dear youth," and in letting the mind rest upon these his earnest thoughts; to see his fine and fearless, but childlike spirit, moving itself aright—going straight onward "along the lines of limitless desires"—throwing himself into the very deepest of the ways of God, and striking out as a strong swimmer striketh out his hands to swim; to watch him "mewing his mighty youth, and kindling his undazzled eye at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

"Light intellectual, and full of love,
Love of true beauty, therefore full of joy,
Joy, every other sweetness far above."

It is good for every one to look upon such a sight, and as we look, to love. We should all be the better for it; and should desire to be thankful for, and to use aright a gift so good and perfect, coming down as it does from above, from the Father of lights, in whom alone there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Thus it is, that to each one of us the death of Arthur Hallam—his thoughts and affections—his views of God, of our relations to Him, of duty, of the meaning and worth of this world, and the next, where he now is, have an individual significance. He is bound up in our bundle of life; we must be the better or the worse of having known what manner of man he was: and in a sense less peculiar, but not less true, each of us may say,

---“The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.”

—“O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

“God gives us love! Something to love
He lends us ; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

“This is the curse of time. Alas!
In grief we are not all unlearned ;
Once, through our own doors Death did pass ;
One went, who never hath returned.

“This star
Rose with us, through a little arc
Of heaven, nor having wandered far,
Shot on the sudden into dark.

“Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace ;
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

“Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep, full of rest from head to feet ;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.”

“*Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella.*” Go in peace, soul beautiful and blessed.

Our readers may think we make too much of this ; it would be difficult to do so. All our highest and most perilous interests are involved in some of the points on which this young man has with such deep seriousness spoken. Do we believe that God is Love? are we loving God? are we resting on nothing short of Him? and are we ready to join in this prayer?—

“Lord, I have viewed this world over, in which thou hast set me ; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing here doth itself rest, but such things as please me for a while, in some degree, vanish and flee as shadows from before me. Lo ! I come to Thee—the Eternal Being—the Spring of Life—the Centre of Rest—the Stay of the Creation—the Fulness of all things. I join myself to Thee ; with Thee I will lead my life, and spend my days, with whom I aim to dwell for ever, expecting when my little time is over, to be taken up into Thine own eternity.”

ART. VIII.—1. *Thoughts on Self-Culture, Addressed to Women.*

By MARIA G. GREY, and her Sister, EMILY SHIRREFF.
12mo. 2 vols. London, 1850.

2. *Woman in the Nineteenth Century.* By S. MARGARET FULLER. London, 1850.

FOR many years past the presses of England, France, Germany, and America have teemed with books, having for their object, the definition and adjustment of the "rights," "duties," and "social position" of woman. It is especially note-worthy, first, that the works produced in England are written, for the most part, to denounce and confute the errors originated and disseminated by the publications of the other three countries; and, secondly, that a large proportion of these works are by female authors.

We propose to say a few words concerning the chief elements of this controversy, and to revive, if possible, into the force of truths, certain truisms, which, so restored, may help to clear the mental atmosphere in which most of us breathe, from a good deal of vaporous mock-philosophy.

America, France, and Germany, in doleful chorus, lament the slavery of woman, and the tyranny of man. Masculine and feminine are proclaimed to be accidents of organization, which ought in no way to affect the relationship of souls. The woman's excellent privilege of subordination, and the man's ennobling responsibility as chief, are declared to be the prime evils, which have preyed, "fell and forgotten," on the heart of society, ever since the days of the first despot, Adam.

Even were a new confutation at large, of the folly in point demanded, we should not think of offering it in this Journal. The great majority of our readers are sober Christians; persons who conceive that St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Author of the book of Genesis, spoke with an authority sufficient to determine men's opinions, in the ever-surprising, although ever-recurring event of their deafness to the clear sentence of the natural world. We choose rather to contemplate the matter as one of the odd aberrations of the popular intellect, which alternate with periods of common sense, by laws akin to those which produce the alternations of graceful and disgraceful fashions in dress. When once the people, generally, have ceased to look beyond their own judgments for their opinions, truth and untruth become mere fashions. Consequently, beauty, which is the blossom of truth, is unknown to them; and the love of excitement and change is their only guide, in matters which the law cannot remove from their jurisdiction. If they cannot preserve

common propriety, for ten years together, in the adornment of their bodies, shall we expect that they will succeed, unhelpt, in arraying their minds with the subtle loveliness of true opinions,—especially upon a subject, the due comprehension of which is one of the dearest rewards of true worthiness; we mean that of the psychical relations of the sexes.

Sin, which must always abound when the light of Christianity suffers, as now in certain countries, an eclipse, is not only the leveller of men, it also abolishes the loveliest and the deepest distinctions of sex. The more a man fulfils his sphere, which of himself he cannot do, the more does he become peculiarly a man; and so it is with woman; but, in abandoning their happy station, on the Rock which is higher than they, and withdrawing, as it were, from the light which creates colour with its contrasts, they suffer a base approximation of natures, and, as they descend, part, one by one, with every blissful spiritual opposition, until external difference alone is recognised, of all the infinite and far deeper original diversity. This doctrine is variously confirmed. We know that the entire psychical contrast of man, and his sweet coheirress of immortal life, is nowhere so emphatically declared as in the Book of Absolute Verity. And, next in force to this fact, is the truth, which is a matter of common remark, that none but the very highest poets have succeeded in obtaining an insight into the sexual diversity of souls sufficiently deep to enable them to sing truly concerning woman. To the degraded and unchristian apprehension of many people in the present day, this question is hopeless of a solution. Nothing but the noble life to which injustice is impossible will ever give light enough to determine what is the nature of that justice which man owes to his life's partner. To a wide moral debasement, therefore, it is that we refer the present revival of this ridiculous question. It cannot be denied, indeed, that a similar question appears to have occupied the minds of men at a time in which this wretched excuse for such a wretched folly could not be pleaded. Alas, for the inspiration of the Fathers of the Church! *Definit in piscem mulier formosa superne*, was the devil's lie, which had its nest in the hearts of most of them, although they lived hard upon the time when a woman had been honoured more than ever man was; and although—nay, by the doctrine of extremes, perhaps, because—they already beheld that honour in an exaggerated and unnatural light. Tertullian teaches that marriage is to be permitted only to prevent greater sins; Jerome condemns marriage itself as damnable; and Epiphanius writes, *Nisi quis eunuchus fieret salvati non posse*. If thus, like Democritus, these men put their eyes out to save them from the sight of woman, we need not go farther to account for their blindness,

or for that of their disciples. Neither is the origin, in a serious age, of a controversy like that which engages our own frivolous one, in the light of this fact, a mystery.

It was among the fetid and gaudy poppies which dyed the harvest of the first French Revolution, that the doctrine of the "equality" of man and woman first, in modern times, arose. It has been blundering on ever since, with the vigour of ignorant and conceited zeal, and is now echoed in many a shrill cry for the "emancipation of woman," by the female "spirits of the age" in Germany and America. The French, who have spoken and written about women ten times as much as all the rest of the world put together, are precisely the people in the world who know least about the subject. Hannah More, concerning the social position of woman in the East, well remarks, that "it is humbling to reflect that, in those countries in which fondness for the mere person of women is carried to the highest excess, they are slaves, and that their moral and intellectual degradation increases in direct proportion to the adoration which is paid to external charms." The observation bears almost as strongly upon France as upon Persia. It is true, that some of the most polished female intellects on record have belonged to France. But notwithstanding many noble instances to the contrary, it is yet generally true, that in France, as in the East, the culture of the female intellect is, and long has been, consciously and avowedly, no more than one of the means of increasing sensual debasement; and, if the question is candidly examined, it will be found that, between the African savage, who approaches her master on her knees, and the French woman, elegantly postured and adored on a plaster-of-Paris pedestal, there exists far less real than apparent difference of social rank. "*Une femme tendre est, pour un algébriste ce que l'algèbre est pour une femme tendre;*" and no less a mystery is she to the sensualist than to the algebrist. Let the reader determine for himself, whether we are wrong in affirming that, in a country where men like Fourier pass for "pure-minded" and philosophic, it is impossible that anything true can be said concerning the relationship of man and woman. We believe that we are justified in regarding any doctrine that may have been propounded by the popular teachers of modern France on the subject in point, as a presumption that the reverse is the truth; or rather, in treating their social philosophy, in this respect, as having no direct significance whatever for a people who are still in a condition of moral vigour. We proceed, then, not to expose French lies, or the spawn of them in Germany and America, but to confirm and clarify the knowledge of the truth, which, with hearty gratitude to God, we perceive to prevail, although somewhat dimmed and confused,

in the breasts of most of those who have been nurtured in this favoured island.

A glance at certain facts concerning the condition of women in past times, and other nations, will help us to arrive at just views of their present social position, and their prospects for the future. It is impossible for any one to close his apprehension against the shameful truth, that, in the history of the world, the rule has been for woman to suffer oppression from man : and it is most necessary to remark, that in direct confutation of the assertions of certain French pseudo-philosophers, the question of relative stages of civilisation really seems to have had little to do with that of the refusal or cession to woman of her natural rights. Short of habitual subjection to physical injury, she could scarcely have been worse off than among the most highly polished people of the ancient world ; while in the neighbouring and comparatively uncivilized Sparta, her condition, relatively to man, was much higher. It seems probable that the ancient German barbarians entertained a deeper respect for, and conceded practically a larger amount of social "rights" to their women, than are conceded to or entertained for the women of France, by their obsequious lords and masters, in the present day. It has been observed that, with different tribes of savages inhabiting the same country, the treatment of women varies between the extremes of kindness and ferocity ; and that their social position, as it happens, is one of importance, responsibility, and respect, or of worse than bestial slavery and insignificance. Franklin, Parry, La Perouse, Clarke, and other travellers, have borne ample and very curious evidence to the entire dependence of the social condition of women, among savage tribes, upon caprice and accident ; and historians have shewn that these agencies are almost as powerful with civilized as with uncivilized peoples, in the determination of woman's happiness. Climates, in which she is unusually beautiful, or circumstances which render the services that she is best fitted to perform unusually necessary, are found to tell favourably upon her social condition ; that is to say, her rank has been raised, when its elevation has happened to recommend itself obviously to the selfishness of man.

These facts might have been predicted from a moderate amount of insight into the human constitution. The social subordination of woman to man is a law of nature : it is not a thing that can ever be reasonably called into question. That men have the strongest muscles no one doubts ; and it must be almost equally manifest upon reflection, that women are quite as little fitted to become Miltons or Bacons, as to share the laurels with Van Amburgh or Ben Caunt. Having thus the advantage of the stoutest limbs, and the strongest wit to use

them with, it is obvious that were man to decree the social insubordination of woman, he would, by that very decree, be performing an act of sovereignty which, thanks to his muscles and his wit, he could at all times recall. He could no more vote away his real claim to the subordination of his partner, than he could vote away his own sex. This being the case—the social subordination of woman being an irreversible natural law—it was to be expected that, among all nations not blest with a lively and authentic faith in the immortality common to man and woman, the idea of the *social subordination* of the latter would be more or less confounded by both with that of a *moral inequality*, which is, in truth, a widely different thing. How necessary such a faith is to the establishment and continuance of the true "rights of woman" has been strikingly demonstrated by the social movements, pretending to be in her favour, which have taken place during the last hundred years. Conspicuous among the Dead Sea fruits of the faithless eighteenth century, was this confusion of the ideas of moral inequality and social subordination. The sure foundations of the moral equality of the sexes becoming more and more indistinct, as Christianity became debilitated among the nations of Europe, the general belief of that equality was lost; and when it began to be felt that there was "something rotten in the state" of opinion and practice in this matter, the hot-heads of would-be reformers aspired, not to revive the forgotten truth, but to abrogate the law of nature. It is impossible to dwell too forcibly upon the fact, that a diffusion of the Christian ideas and spirit in Society is the only safeguard of the rights of woman, and that mere civilisation, as the word is commonly understood, can do little or nothing on her behalf. "The women of Asia," says the accomplished authoress of "Woman's Rights and Duties," "are, in general, only a kind of cyphers, held up to be the sport of fortune; educated in a manner that tends only to debase their minds, by obliterating their virtues. Deprived of personal liberty, sold or given away in marriage without a power of refusal; torn with jealousy and chagrin, even their pleasures are joyless, and, in a few years, their youth and beauty being over, their period of long and insupportable neglect commences." This description is very mournful, but is it more so than another, by the same authoress, of the behaviour maintained towards women in England in the days of Lord Chesterfield? "The tone of gallantry and deference which had arisen from chivalry, still remained on the surface, but its language was that of cold, unmeaning flattery; and from being the arbiters of honour, they became the mere ministers of amusement. They were again consigned to that frivolity, into which they relapse as easily as men do into

ferocity. The respect they inspired was felt individually and occasionally, but not for their sex. Anything serious addressed to them was introduced by an apology, or in the manner we now address children whom we desire to flatter. In the writings addressed to them, expressly for their instruction in morals, or their conduct in life, though with the sincerest desire for their welfare, nothing is proposed to them that can either exalt their sentiments, invigorate their judgment, or give them any desire to do their part towards leaving the world better than they found it. They inculcate little beyond the views and the duties of a decent servant." The way in which the social condition of woman is affected by the progress of an irreligious "civilisation," may be seen pretty plainly by those who will trouble themselves to recall the tone in which women are treated by the dramatists respectively of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne. There is room, as we shall see, for the reign of Queen Victoria to be, in this respect, an improvement upon that of either of her predecessors.

What is the present position accorded to woman, relatively to man, is a question which ought in reason to precede the discussion of what may be needful for its amelioration. Now this question is not to be answered by saying that many women, or even—though we believe that this would be an exaggeration—that most women are unjustly treated by those whom the laws of nature, as well as of heaven and of men, have constituted their rulers. The question is, what is the feeling and conscience of civilized society upon this matter? Does this feeling, while it withholds from woman the kind of equality which is desired for her by dreamers of the George Sand order,—an equality which is aptly typified by their occasional advocacy of identity of costume,—also withhold from her the acknowledgment of a complete moral equality with man? If so, the conscience of society is a blind and an impure one, and the sooner the order of things which is based upon such a conscience is overturned the better. But we shall be seconded heartily by every well-nurtured person, in utterly denying that the soul of modern civilisation is thus foully and ruinously diseased. There are thousands, it is to be feared, among the lower classes, who have too little self-command to deny themselves what was formerly considered a legitimate mode of correction in extreme cases, namely, the infliction of corporeal punishment on disobedient wives; but we doubt if there is a cobbler in Great Britain who beats his spouse without lurking doubts as to the identity of might and right. Nor do we find that affronts less gross are common! yet justified by their perpetrators upon the ground of any inherent right in man to a degree of moral consideration, which is not equally the

right of woman. Men treat women selfishly, or brutally, not because they believe that they have any right, but because they can and they choose to do so, in the teeth of Christian law and conscience. This is an evil which will never be mended by outcries about the "rights" of women. Nor would any considerate person desire an interference of the Legislature, in order to a maintenance of them more strict than that which at present obtains. We believe that women, far less even than men, would be inclined to purchase any such observance of their rights, as the nature of things would allow to be so purchased, by a sacrifice of that privacy which casts its sacred shade around even the least home-like home. All that it might have been possible to do for woman, by "bawling her rights and wrongs like pot-herbs in the street," has been long ago effected, by silent and far higher means; and what remains to be desired for her happiness and welfare, must be wrought by the same gentle and almighty power. That religion whose chief outward badge is self-denial, or rather self-oblivion, for the sake of others, is the only instrument whereby the further amelioration of the *practical* position of woman relatively to man can be effected. The *theoretical* position at present held by her, as we have said, is all that she herself, unless she has unsexed herself, will desire.

We should be sorry to admit, however, that the practical position of woman is as bad and unjust as it has been represented to be, by certain writers who seem to have drawn their information from their own narrow experience, of which the major part, perhaps, has been afforded by the results of their own evil disposition and habits. What is the ordinary position of an English or Scottish woman in her family?—By the ordinary position, we mean that of which the non-existence would be more or less a scandal to herself, or to her husband, or to both. Whether for freedom, happiness, or influence, it is one which might well be envied, in most cases, by him who is her legislative head. In a few instances, he is in the exercise of public power, for which, by inclination quite as much as by nature, she is unfitted; in a small proportion of other cases, he influences the world by the practice of art or literature, but these fields are open equally to her as to him, if she chooses to descend from her fair eminence to work in them; in other few instances, he is the holder of a dignity, and the dispenser of a power, as public teacher of Scripture, which Scripture itself has denied to her; but in the immense majority of cases, he is in a position which must appear to be one of servile drudgery and indignity, if it be duly compared with her freedom and high place at the head of the small, but unspeakably important domestic realm. He, during all the labour-hours of the day, is wearying

his wits over arid parchments ; or listening to pceevish and egotistical complaints of diseased people, and inspecting offensive sores ; or, contracting ills of body and stupidity of apprehension, rivetted to a counting-house stool, and surfeited day by day and year by year with slavish cyphers ; or writing fine for the newspapers, when his heart feels shabby ; or measuring ribbons to fastidious housemaids ; or distorting his limbs, and distempering his other organs, in some violent or poisonous trade or handicraft ; and in each and all of these and other instances, subject, not to the law of one whom he loves and delights to obey, but to the rule of uninterested masters, and, as in the case of doctors and drapers, to the caprice of uninteresting mistresses. His wife, meanwhile, is in the daily enjoyment of a dignity, which has no limit but her own deserts. Instead of the weariness and vexation of spirit that come of work into which one can put no heart, she, if she does her duty with an ordinary amount of conscience, is in the midst of the manifold and living interests of domestic government. She has vexations, it is true ; but, for the most part, they are such as she can avoid by a more complete fulfilment of her high calling. Instead of being ruled by powers which, in the case of most men, amount to something little more attractive than a blind unsympathizing fate, she is the mistress of servants and children, or, at least, of the latter, and these are bound to obey her, and will obey her with delight to themselves, as well as to her, if she deserves to be so obeyed. If her servants are not to her mind, she can dismiss them ; she can punish her children, if they break her laws ; and she has the higher power of rewarding all who are beneath her by her kindness, and of bettering them by her example and teaching. The times and seasons of work and pleasure, for herself and for them, she herself assigns ; and during all those hours in which her husband is slaving for her and their support, she is in the enjoyment of the freedom of self-imposed laws. It is for her also to keep the purse, an employment which is commonly regarded as incomparably more agreeable than that of filling it. She, too, has in most cases the nearly exclusive conduct of affairs with reference to the acquaintances of the family, making calls and receiving them, planning and giving parties, choosing and wearing handsome dresses, and so forth, all of which, although they may be very essential tasks, are seldom really regarded as very onerous ones. If her station is lower than that which we have been contemplating, her sphere of influence, and its attendant pleasures, are diminished, but her husband's hardships are proportionably increased. Let us, however, come to the consideration of that portion of her daily life which is affected in its aspect by the society of her tyrant. We shall have a false notion of what

is its usual character, if we generalize from books and police reports. Books are written by literary men and women, a class whose peculiar temperament very often unfits them for the performance of the duties, and the enjoyment of the quiet pleasures of domestic life; and this unfitness too frequently betrays itself in erroneous notions concerning the average condition of the family life. Police reports give views of an application even more partial. For one husband who beats his wife, or poisons her, and gets anathematized in the newspapers in consequence, there are a thousand who treat their partners with an indulgence of which no excess will obtain for them canonization from the public press. The average amount of hardship to which a poor woman is subjected, in the present state of civilisation, from the advent home of her lord and master, after his day's labour for her, is the obligation, to which she is not expected to submit unless she likes, of seeing that his slippers and dressing gown are at hand; of receiving from him a salutation, in which although affectionate, yet upon comparing it with that which she gets on Sundays and holidays, she may haply perceive the effects of the day's exhaustion on his spirits, and, if anything has gone wrong while he has been away, and she has not the wisdom to wait till after tea to tell it him, of receiving a rebuke, of which the injustice may prove to be some slight trial of her Christian meekness, but for which he commonly atones as soon as the normal condition of his nervous system has been restored by the happy power of the beverage which "revives but not inebriates." As he is her legislative head, she is expected, it is true, to submit to his judgment in some few matters, to the full settlement of which her vice-royalty has not been extended. Any notable innovation in the family economy must have his sanction; but this is seldom a matter of much difficulty, unless she wants the commonest skill to word and time the question. In such cases the husband is indeed the king, but the wife is the House of Commons. But, over and above this mighty power, and scarcely more than nominal subserviency, in the family constitution, she is the holder of privileges, and the habitual recipient of honours which have no equal poise or counterpart to the advantage of her lord. There remains, after marriage, much more of the respectful devotion, and the self-denying tenderness of the lover, with most men, than a good husband will choose publicly to display, or a good wife to boast of; nor would we disturb the veil beneath which an infinite amount of conjugal benevolence and courtesy prefers to flourish, even though its opacity be thickened with slander against domestic manners, uttered by gentlemen and ladies whose forwardness to denounce the state of modern life in

this regard is commonly in direct proportion to their misconception of the subject.

Thus much concerning the position which is claimed by and accorded to woman in decently moral society, high, middle, or plebeian. As for the way in which the interests of women are treated by the Legislature, the question is soon disposed of. Lawmakers have perceived and acted upon the plain and unalterable natural fact, that those interests can never be sufficiently distinguished from the interests of men to warrant any extensive separate consideration. An unmarried woman, in ninety-nine cases of a hundred, is necessarily and voluntarily under the guardianship of father, uncle, or brother. A married woman entirely identifies her interests with those of her husband; or if not, she is in imminent danger of identifying them with those of some other man, which the law very properly provides that she shall not do where she can be hindered—that is to say, in matters of property. With regard to the question of the ability of women to vote for or as members of the House of Commons, we are not aware that there exists any express law against it; but we suppose that the tacit vote of every sane man and woman has hitherto prevented any attempt at its exercise.

We conclude, then, that the position, which by universal consent of civilized people is *speculatively* assigned to woman, is all that she can herself desire, unless she is strangely ignorant of her real interests. That which is *practically* the condition of woman with regard to man is, we repeat, a very different question. We do not believe, however, that the injustice of men to women is much greater than that of women to men. Both parties frequently abuse, or, what is equally criminal, neglect to use their respective and peculiar powers. Women are subtle and fraudulent as often and as inexcusably as men are gross and violent. We readily allow that the improvement of which the relationships of the sexes are capable is almost infinite. This improvement, however, will not be advanced by endeavouring to *abolish* those relationships. The more numerous and decided the distinctions perceived, the fuller and better pronounced will be the harmonies between woman and man. The strictly individual influence of woman is the fact which most requires to be acknowledged in its contrast with the more diffused capacities of man. A woman is never so powerful as when she loves; indeed it is then only that she is properly a woman; yet then it is that she is weak as water with regard to all besides him she loves. Her influence upon individuals is enormous, but further it is nothing; her strength in acting upon individuals is her mortal weakness relatively to numbers. If she has a husband, "her soul, and safety, and

passions are all wrapt up in his satisfaction and contentment. 'Tis the whole business of her conduct, prudence, and virtue, to cultivate his mutual love into an exact sympathy with her own; to forestall the market of other envying competitors or alluring copemates; and to engross his goodwill and admiration entirely to herself by the most agreeable indulgences as well as engaging endearments. She virtuously far exceeds all other rivals of her glory by many degrees, in ravishing her spouse's heart with her fidelity, as well as fondness of inclination, with the meekness of her mind, the gentleness of her tongue, and the mildness of her temper." These and the like words are the expression, not so much of man's notions of woman's duty, as of the natural fact which, by men and women alike, is observed of those whom the world consents to call "good wives." Now, if indeed it be true that "the end of a maid is to be married," and that such be her best inclination and duty when she is married, what shall we say for her capacity generally of exercising any salutary influence which is not in great part associated with personal attachments? We say "generally," because there are numerous exceptions to the rule of exclusion from wider and weaker social powers. A defect or a superabundance of gender may merge the sphere of a woman's influence in that of man. Or adverse circumstances, as single life, or a bad match, may turn her powerful and earnest capability and desire of direct personal influence into a weak and sentimental taste for ameliorating the condition of her race. There may perhaps be some extremely few cases—although we have never had the luck to know of one—of hermaphrodites in heart and mind, creatures capable of fulfilling well the functions of either sex, according to the occasion; and there certainly have been cases of women possessed of the properly masculine power of writing books; witness the authoresses of "Self-Culture," and "Woman's Rights and Duties," not to mention scores of others who have written well on matters which do not at present concern us, and some two or three who are said to have attained the awful eminence of "Quarterly Reviewers." But these cases are all so truly and obviously exceptional, and must and ought always to remain so, that we may overlook them without the least prejudice to the soundness of our doctrine, which may perhaps be illustrated better by describing a few traits of her who is unfit for, or who mistakes her true vocation, than by the more gracious but incomparably more difficult portrayal of her concerning whose partner it is written, that he hath found favour with the Lord. The errors of those women who culpably neglect their calling bear the sufficient blazon of their own evil. It is more to our purpose, in a paper occa-

sioned by the modern agitation of the question of "Woman's Rights and Duties," to consider the generic character of those ladies who endeavour to exceed their commission. "Emancipated women," or "women of the nineteenth century," or "femmes d'esprit," as the kind of ladies in point are self-designated in Germany, America, and France, do not as yet constitute so considerable a fraction of the "female sect" in Great Britain as to have merited a distinctive appellation. Probably, however, there are few of our readers who have never met with an individual of the species. In speaking of her we will call her the "emancipated woman," that being the most expressive phrase of the three. Our English word "Blue-stocking" is nearly obsolete, and not much to the purpose, since it assumes that the bearer of it writes books, which is by no means an invariable, though a lamentably frequent characteristic of the "emancipated woman." These, then, are some of the principal features in virtue of which she claims, and is very often by others considered to hold a position above and in advance of the rest of her race. Of course her leading feature is her emancipation from the Christian faith, or at least from all that ordinary persons understand by the Christian faith. It is the fashion, in our days, to be "earnest," "serious," "supersensuous," and so forth; she is, therefore, no vulgar sceptic of the Voltaire cut; she has read our modern prophets well enough to have obtained a general notion that "faith" is quite essential to her position in the vanguard of intellect; but she is unbounded in her liberality with regard to the objects of faith; indeed, she has not any very positive conception that faith demands an object at all. If you are rude or foolish enough to compare together her assertions upon this matter, with the inevitable result of breaking their heads, one against the other, she will let you know that she scorns dialectics and dialecticians, and that her order of mind is "affirmative," or "intuitional," or something of some sort which dispenses with and transcends reasoning. If, however, you do not trouble her, probably she will not intentionally trouble you about these matters. She holds that any faith is better than no faith; and that it is proper to leave you in blissful ignorance of right notions concerning the authority of the Scriptures, the Person of our Saviour, and other points, which she rightly thinks you might never manage to receive in her elevated sense, even were you to abandon your own. We say, that she will not intentionally trouble you in this way, that is, she will not try to proselytize you; but her self-command seldom extends to abstinence from an occasional witticism, whose pungency lies in its violation of ordinary notions of holy things; and from a certain peculiar phraseology, which seems to carry spirituality into secular matters, but which

in reality only degrades and materializes those which are sacred. She does not profess a faith in phrenology, for Mr. Donovan has made a chart of her head, which by no means answers to her estimate of her own capacity; phrenology nevertheless enters largely into this esoteric language. Noble George Sand is somewhat too liberally endowed with "amativeness;" Dr. Chalmers was eminent for the "religious faculty," and so on. With the ideas which such phrases imply concerning the springs, or rather the pulleys of human action, she is necessarily not hasty to condemn people. Indeed the "practick part" of her faith, as regards others, goes little further than the smelling of sulphur in good works. With respect to herself, she has an acute æsthetic perception of the beauty of charitableness. If she gives five shillings to a poor dependent, her loving heart fails within her, from the rapture of being beneficent; and a consciousness of the noble struggle to seem to think lightly of the action, and so to preserve its excellence unblemished, is the crown to her self-complacency. She loves sympathy, and professes to sympathize with you; but by sympathizing with, she means anatomizing you; and when she seems to be full of interest in your affairs, she is doing her best to "find you out," à la Goethe. Many more are the mistakes which are commonly made by the "emancipated woman;" indeed the subject is such an extensive one, that we cannot be at all systematic, but must content ourselves with stringing together a few random notices, by way of signs through which this class of persons may be detected and avoided, or not, as may please the reader's taste, or want of taste. She has often many attractive qualities; but whatever good she possesses, she remembers so well herself that she is apt to make others forget it. She believes those men and women only to be truly noble who, in the end, will perhaps be counted with the "filthy dreamers" who "despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities;" and, on the other hand, commonly attaches the notion of mediocrity and *goody*-ness to the thoughtfulness and disciplined moderation of spirits who are "after God's own heart." She has not thought the peculiar virtues of women worth cultivating; but unfortunately she has not made up for this neglect by the subjugation of their peculiar failings; indeed, with many other faults to boot, the "emancipated woman" has most of the weaknesses of her sex in excess; for example, the arrantest tuft-huntresses are known to be among those ladies who deal the most profusely in ultra-radicalism by profession; she talks an immense deal about, and immensely admires art and poetry, artists and poets, but in her heart she believes them all to be lies and liars, and that there are no such things in the universe as are thereby rumoured of; if a man appreciates her at her own

standard, he certainly is, or will be, the light of the age. She has not learnt that “*c’est plus par leurs défauts que par leurs bonnes qualités que les femmes plaisent aux gens du monde;*” and is lamentably deficient in the wisdom which dictated the following passage:—“She who discovers to us her intention to govern by her power, or by her haughty temper, produces a disgust which all our efforts can never conquer. Such conduct in a woman is the same thing as it would be in a lion to fight with his hinder legs, or for a hare to face about and defy the teeth of the pursuing pack; it is neglecting to make use of what nature has furnished, and endeavouring to use what she has thought proper to deny.” She makes one of the prodigious multitude self-styled “the judicious few;” her husband is not only not the head of his house, he is not even his lady’s peer in prerogatives of government; his servants respectfully indicate that they “will ask their mistress” whether any order that he may give can be obeyed; and the visitors to the house are, for the most part, unknown and uncared for, by their host. She is commonly “emancipated” from all real modesty, and from all pretence to it, beyond what may be absolutely needful to the maintenance of a place in a very tolerant society. Her conversation often owes not a little of its piquancy to an undercurrent of allusion, which would shock and humiliate an unenlightened woman, if she understood it. In this, and in many other ways, she would prove to men that she is as good as a man, by shewing them that she is as bad. She is seldom handsome, and seems to think that she retaliates Nature’s injuries by injuries to Nature, not knowing that it is in the power of every well-conditioned woman to fulfil the duty of being *lovely*. Finally, she hates, and affects to despise most of her own sex, for, in spite of her emancipation from womanhood, she secretly remembers, and with envy, that the sweetness of love which abounds towards the meek and simple-minded, is better than the sound of praise which is without an echo in the conscience, but which is the only compensation for the loss of that which cannot be bought though one should give all the substance of his house for it, and which is inevitably starved to death in the lofty intellectual regions wherein she delights to have her habitation.

Confessing, as we do, our inability rightly and fully to perform the comparatively easy task of depicting faults, how shall we venture to say a word in praise of the touching perfection which so often blesses the world in the form of woman, and gives the lie to those who affirm that the ideal of the feminine nature is yet to seek? Is there a man so unhappy as not to have known, in the circle of his acquaintances or relatives, some woman who may justly constitute his standard of what is attainable of exter-

nal excellence on earth ; putting to the blush his best endeavour to mould the visible life by the invisible idea ; making his weaknesses thrice contemptible by juxtaposition with her unassuming strength, and his heroisms vulgar by contrast with her enchanting moderation ? To a man who has been endowed with the friendship or love of such a woman, we have nothing to say, for—

If she be thus, what man is he
Who bows not at the throne
Of her affecting majesty,
So much unlike his own !

To a man who has not beheld the rose of the world in this its frequent completeness of blossom, we are equally without a message ; for our report, though it should fall far short of the life, would not be credited by him.

We must now no longer put off introducing to our readers' notice the remarkable work which heads this paper. On counting up the list of writings, old and new, on the subject of this article, which have been read by us, we find that they amount to no less than forty distinct essays, some of them by women and men who have been famous in their day ; but there is no one of them which, to our thinking, exhibits qualities so various, sound, and appropriate, as are displayed in "Thoughts on Self-Culture." If, as we heartily believe, true learning consists less in an acquaintance with many truths than in a knowledge of the relative worth of those which are ordinarily known, there are not many living men so truly learned as the ladies, who have earned our best gratitude and admiration, by the production of these two profound but unpretending volumes. The frivolous tone which has been commonly adopted by writers upon female education and manners, no where annoys us in this essay. Most persons, indeed, would consider the style as too sombre for the occasion ; but the style is manifestly inspired by a hearty sense of the gravity of the subject-matter, and it is therefore a good and an appropriate one. Modern books upon the conduct of life, are, for the most part, so shallow and ill-considered, that many practical persons have lost faith in the power of books to instruct them in this direction. We know of few didactic works so well fitted to aid in restoring the respect due to this sort of literature as the present one : and we recommend it unhesitatingly to those of our lady-readers who are in the habit of seeking in books for something more than amusement.

This essay contains views to which we do not altogether subscribe ; in our opinion, its tendency is considerably to undervalue the social position at present occupied by women ; but, upon the

whole, it is a work of so much sound and diligent thought that we shall give the leading views propounded by its authors a conspicuous place in this Article. A summary of the contents of the introduction will fall well into the sequence of our own remarks, and will empower the reader to judge for himself of the merits of a book, which, in our esteem, might have done honour to almost any living prose writer. Bating the tendency above complained of, we heartily coincide in the writers' views, as thus epitomized from the opening portion of the work.

The position of woman is, at present, one of almost total *external* subjection. Laws which nearly concern her are made without her subscription; if her interests seem to clash with those of man, it is she who has to yield. She has powers, however, of which neither legislation nor social customs can deprive her. To her by nature is allotted the power first of forming, and afterwards of inevitably influencing the minds of men. A glance at the history of the world will shew how extended and important for good or for evil, the exercise of this power has always been. In those countries and times in which woman's condition and influence have been most highly esteemed, men have been brave and good; where her position has been degraded to that of a slave, men have themselves become worthless slaves. The influence of woman over man is twofold; for not only does the mother mould the mind and disposition of her children, but she exercises over the mind of her husband an almost equal power: either through the passions only, as has been the case in the most degraded periods, or through the affections. As the passions are more impetuous than the affections, we unfortunately find the influence exercised through them has ever been the most conspicuous: hence the prominent part played by women in all times of public immorality and degradation; but it should be remembered in extenuation of this fact, not only that it is easier to trace the pernicious effects of intrigue, than the silent domestic influence of the mother, on the public characters delineated by the historian; but also that the corrupt sway of woman is rather an effect, than the cause of, a general fall in the standard of public morals: for whenever men become mere sensualists, they are an easy prey to those who can best flatter their vanity, and play upon their passions. This kind of power, being the only one within the reach of women, at such periods, has become an object of ambition to minds capable of better things; and thus the reign of female influence is associated in our ideas with moral degradation and national decay. Great harm has been done by dwelling too forcibly on the evil effects of female power, at the worst periods of history: modest and retiring women have thus been made so fearful of overstepping

the boundaries of their due position, that they have not dared to exercise that lawful influence which has ever been a notable source of virtue in men. Instead of regarding her influence as a great and serious responsibility, the young girl is taught to consider the deliberate exercise of it as altogether unworthy of her; and she thus loses her chief means of effecting good.

Undoubtedly, the present time is more favourable to the development of the female character than has been any time preceding it. The loosest code of morals now admitted in the fashionable circles, is morality itself, compared to those of most bygone times; and in the more quiet scenes of middle life, we see a happy prospect opening, in the domestic affection and increasing knowledge of the people. Old prejudices are falling away, and female education daily takes a wider range: still, much remains to be done. Religion itself suffers, in the eyes of those who judge it, not by its principles, but by its professors, from the frivolity of that sex which more especially owns its sway. Even at home women have not yet learned that tact and forbearance which are so necessary to the comfort of their household. How often is the full confidence of the conjugal relationship rendered impossible by the narrow mind and frivolous tastes of the wife. Woman has not taken a lower stand than she formerly had; but she has not sufficiently risen while things have been rising round her. The causes of this phenomenon are worth investigating, and the inquiry may be carried on in two ways; first, by examining her social position; and secondly, by considering her as she is in herself as an individual.

The social position of woman is fixed by circumstances not altogether under her own control. Men must be legislators, from their greater strength and courage, and from their superior vigour of mental and bodily constitution; but if by reason of this women are sufferers from the caprice and tyranny of men, it must be remembered that they themselves have taught and trained the tyrants. Their very sufferings are their own work; for by exerting their full influence as mothers in a right direction, they might have trained a race of men with truer feelings, and a keener apprehension of justice. It is, however, more practical and useful to consider the second cause of woman's defective position, that which is more directly under her own control. Let woman herself do her utmost to rise to the position designed for her by God, and she will find the prejudice, the ignorance, the injustice, that have so long depressed her, gradually die away; but till she is true to herself it will be vain for her to look for higher consideration from her strong and free master.

In seeking in woman herself for the causes of her want of beneficial influence on mankind, two appear so prominently as to

seem in themselves sufficient to account for the evil. These are *a defective education*, and afterwards *an inactive existence*. The one of these wastes the powers of the mind in early youth, and the other rivets the habit of frivolity or insipid indolence in later years. As a rule, her youth is spent in acquiring mere show-knowledge, and her life after marriage, except when immersed in the cares of the nursery, in a vacant and aimless inactivity. In speaking of the education of women as defective, we allude rather to its whole scope and purpose than to the neglect of any particular studies. Almost any study pursued with good method, and for its own sake, is beneficial; while a great number, even of those which are most calculated to improve the mind and morals, if pursued in a desultory manner, or industriously but merely for display, serve only to kill time, and to lower the moral being of the student. It is to be doubted whether any real good has yet been effected by the wider range lately taken in female education. Very little is really deeply learned, and that little serves only to foster pride and vanity; whereas formerly the difficulties in the way of learning were so great, that those only who were endued with a real love of knowledge for its own sake had energy to overcome them; and such as were contented with the ordinary portion of instruction allotted to them were at least humble, and conscious of their ignorance. Women of the present time, however, are inexcusable, both for their pride and their ignorance. Knowledge is open to them—they may freely inquire into topics of high interest; but the modern practice teaches to hide incapacity, and pretends to extend the bounds of knowledge, while, in truth, *doing little more than widen the sphere of frivolity*. Woman must remember that though her influence always has been, and ever will be, mainly moral, the moral power itself must, in these days, be accompanied with intellectual vigour. If she rests contented in the mental inactivity of flower-painting and crochet-work, how can she hope to make moral impressions on her husband, who receives every day the great education of active life among men? The woman should seek to compensate for the want of that activity by increased mental exertion; a wedding, or a ball, a child's first tooth, or a few visits to the poor, should no longer be her highest excitements. Defective as is the early education of woman, her mode of life afterwards is still worse. In the former there has at least been some method or ostensible aim, while in the latter all is ruled by the whim of the moment. The girl who at twelve years is punished for reading Miss Edgeworth's stories instead of Rollin's history, when she is eighteen reads nothing but novels, or at best some gossiping biography, and this with the cognizance, and perhaps the advice, of her parents. Even when a girl has a desire for better things, she is laughed

at as eccentric or gloomy for refusing to join in a perpetual round of gaieties; and parents will make any sacrifice to procure dress or new music for a daughter, whose petition for a good book, or for leisure to study, would be peremptorily refused. The evil of idleness, active or inactive, is fully acknowledged in the training of men; but with regard to women, it is wholly overlooked, and surely for no better reason than that in the former alone industry secures wealth. It is never taken into consideration that there is a mental as well as a bodily torpor, and that, by mental inaction, a woman dooms herself to the lifelong weariness of a barren and ill-guided mind. When we consider that the time which men pass in actual college life, or in studying elsewhere for a profession, is frittered away by women in dressing for balls and matching wools, we only feel astonished that there should be so much companionship as there is between the sexes, and that the pernicious effects of bad training should not be more perceptible. The evil is, perhaps, partly counterbalanced by the strictly domestic life of the English, and the inevitable moral training of woman's subordinate position. If men were suffered to pass those years which precede active life in the same idleness or unprofitable business, society would soon fall into chaos.

The chief cause of the defective education and subsequent frivolous life of woman is to be found in a low and narrow view of life itself, making worldly advancement its great aim, separating religion from secular life, and limiting its obligations to certain forms and a few moral precepts. Marriage, being the only means of securing worldly advancement, is held out as the great goal of their endeavours; they are taught to regard it as absolutely necessary to their happiness, and, if not to their self-respect, certainly to obtaining the respect of others. This fundamental error perhaps lies at the root of all the evil of which we have to complain in the training of women. Marriage being considered as indispensable, all education is conducted with the view of forwarding it. Showy accomplishments take the lead; and where more solid learning is acquired, it is merely with a view to its market-value. Were men to choose their wives more wisely, and seek such as would prove the best companions, and most judicious conductors of a household, women would perhaps aim at higher attainments; but, unfortunately, most men are dazzled by false accomplishments, and mothers, of course, train their daughters to their perverted tastes. "Fortunately, however, when men are destitute of moral principle themselves, they rarely dislike to find a difference in this respect in the women they would marry; had it been otherwise—had morals seemed in their eyes as ungraceful and as unfeminine as knowledge—

where would our present system have led us? It is a startling question, and almost too painful for sarcasm."

But though morals are upheld in theory, they are in a great measure practically sacrificed to the same idol. The truth inculcated to the child is superseded by lessons of artifice so soon as she enters society, and the religion taught in the school-room is choked by the worldly precepts that make her regard money and rank as the great ends to be desired in human life. "To what purpose is it that we teach our daughters to admire the heroism that dared to assert the cause of truth against a scoffing world, if a few years later we teach them to shudder at the thought of that world's censure, and to sacrifice everything short of the most glaring rules of morality to the dread of a sneer? It is of small avail that masters are obtained for the graver studies, as well as the lighter accomplishments, that the young girl is instructed on all subjects most likely to improve her, both intellectually and morally, while no better inducement to application is held out to her than to please the other sex. So long as this is made the motive for self-improvement, no good will be gained by the most unwearied application; for if the motive which leads to study now is no higher than that which, in olden times, prompted the labours of the tapestry-room and skill in the arts of housewifery, we need not wonder that the results on character remain the same, since it is ever the motive more than the means employed which influences the mind." We do not of course mean to infer that mothers or governesses acknowledge this aim; but it is discovered in every action and word as soon as the girl is allowed to sit a spectator and listener in the drawing-room. It is true that there are many reasons for this anxiety on the part of mothers to marry their daughters; such are the laws of entail and inheritance; the absence of any suitable employment by which a gentlewoman may support herself; the very insufficient provision made for daughters even in wealthy families; and the general feeling that women cannot be happy otherwise than as wives and mothers. It cannot, however, be necessary for the parents who have been forced into the knowledge of these things, by the hard experience of life, to taint the young minds of their daughters by prematurely unveiling to them these stern realities. If indeed marriage be a necessity, we doubt whether the French mode of "marriages de convenance" is not preferable to ours. There at least the girl does not act a false part; she is not called upon to feign feelings she does not possess, or to excite those to which she cannot respond; the husband-hunting is done by the parents, who are generally influenced by a wish for their child's welfare, and

whose experience is likely to save her from the illusions of vanity and ignorance.

A very bad feature of the present system is the disrespect cast by it on single life. Women have but a negative choice, and cannot save themselves from it. How unwise then to stigmatize as dishonourable a state of life to which any woman may be compelled, and that without any fault of her own! The young girl is never taught to contemplate single life but with dread; and if doomed to it, spends the first part in vain endeavours to escape from it, and the last in bitter and useless regrets. How much better would it be to educate women with a feeling of self-dependence and moral strength, which would enable them, if left unchosen, to feel sufficient self-respect to bear the sneers of the world, and to pursue their own occupations cheerfully, having in view the high end to which they were born.

A great mistake has been made by many writers of both sexes, who confound *weakness* with tenderness, and *want of character* with gentleness. It is common to compare a woman to a clinging plant, who can live only by the support of a noble tree; but such should not be the relationship of the sexes. Weakness can never be beautiful, either morally or physically; and though the feminine type may possess greater softness and more feeling, it must be active, firm, and healthy, or it cannot be beautiful. The weak mind, distracted by alternations of feeling, and constant craving for help and sympathy from others, cannot, at the same time, possess that tenderness and unselfish devotion, which is the loveliest trait of the female character. Love loses its chief beauty by weakness and dependence. It is power and self-sacrifice that give to affection so exalted a character, that, whether we see it exercised in the hour of trial, or in the constant forgetfulness of everyday life, we feel it to be of divine origin. Childhood is clinging and helpless; but can woman, by assimilating herself to a child, hope to become the friend and confidant of her husband? Few will dispute that the health of a moral being requires a power of self-dependence, and the capability of adapting itself to all circumstances. Woman is a moral being, and yet how few will grant her the right of acquiring the healthy state of mind necessary to her true welfare! Self-dependence in no way interferes with the desire for the love and sympathy of others; this love and sympathy are desired by the true man, as well as by the tender woman: but whoever is not able, in the case of necessity, to stand alone, whether man or woman, is weak and incomplete.

Nothing can be further from our views than the idea of *social independence* for women. This idea is indeed so utterly opposed to reason and nature, that it would scarcely be worth our

while to mention it, were it not for the great and increasing influence which some of its advocates are now gaining. These very persons are the worst enemies to improvement in woman's social condition, as the wild proclaimers of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," are the worst enemies to the realities represented by those words. So indelible is the law of nature, which places woman in a subordinate position, that it seems surprising that a party can be found who affirm that social equality is the law of the Creator. Nor less surprising is it, that the real claim of woman, as a moral and rational being, should, by another and a larger party, be entirely forgotten. The self-dependence which should be allowed to woman, is based on the ground of her being a spiritual agent born with man under a common moral law, and with a common hope of immortality. Whatever belongs to the mere earthly relationship of the sexes, should be regulated by the conditions of their mortal life; but the spirit, with its powers, affections, and unutterable life of thought, can bow to no such laws; and it is by recollecting this distinction, that the woman will maintain her proper position between the two extremes that now dispute ascendancy. Let it always be remembered, that the rights and privileges of woman, as an immortal being, in no way interfere with her position of social subordination on earth. The woman who bears both in mind, will neither seek to be the tyrant of man, nor consent to sink into his puppet. She will neither hug an ignoble chain, nor struggle, by craft, to shake off a natural bond. The woman who neglects to take a sufficiently high view of her position, gains little reward from man for her sacrifice. She will find, that by offering up her rights on the altar of his pride, she has not softened him towards the errors into which she may fall, through want of self-dependence. Man will not fail to blame the faults he has fostered; or he will, at best, regard them with a humiliating pity.

The narrow view which women take of their responsibilities affects all the relationships of life. It is natural, in undervaluing a position, to undertake its duties lightly; thus the grave cares of a wife and mother are entered upon with little concern, and those of a less stringent character are totally disregarded. What little thought is bestowed on duty at all, is given to such as falls within the sphere of marriage; and women who remain single, find themselves forced into a mode of life, upon the responsibilities of which no thought has been bestowed. No position is so completely made or marred by individual character, as that of a woman in single life; none, therefore, requires so much preparation. She who has heard of no duties but such as devolve on the wife and mother, feels that, by a single life she is cut off from all hope of usefulness; but the woman who has

been trained to believe herself responsible to God for his gifts, has still before her the fields of self-improvement and social usefulness.

It is of the utmost importance that the single woman, before entering upon the task of helping and instructing the poor, should herself know the great causes that operate upon social and national prosperity. Public schools will do little good till the mothers of the lower classes are better fitted for their position; and it is by single women of the upper classes, that they may be best instructed, and made to feel the responsibilities of their station. The task of combating the prejudices of the ignorant, and the other evils and sufferings of humanity, is no easy one. It requires long and careful preparation. It is the want of this preparation which often renders useless, worse than useless, well meant charity. If, at the introduction of the new Poor-Law, the poor instead of finding ignorant sympathy, or listening to party ravings, had met with those who were able wisely to explain to them all the bearings of the system adopted, how much violence and discontent would have been subdued! Yet how few women, even among such as make charity and intercourse with the poor their chief employment, have made it their business to investigate a measure so important to them and to all classes! Women, viewing the subject of pauperism in a proper light, might stand as interpreters between legislators and the lower classes. Those women who have their time at their disposal, are also to blame for the ignorance of the poor concerning all useful discoveries. While all else is advancing, the poor remain stationary, eating the food, and pursuing the habits of their forefathers, from mere ignorance of the discovery of cheaper and better food, or more cleanly and healthful modes of living.

It seems to be a general opinion, that a woman's uneducated feelings and instincts will fit her for domestic life. In truth, they will do little more than endow her with a mere animal love for her husband and children. They will not teach her how to act in the critical difficulties with which life is fraught, and on the surmounting of which depends the happiness or misery of herself and her family. It is true that we may any day see instances of giddy flirts transformed by the magic touch of feeling, into gentle, and submissive, and home-loving wives; but such are not always fit companions and advisers for their husbands, nor guides and examples to their children. Is it to be wondered at that a man should sicken of the society of one who is not able to comprehend the meaning, or even the importance of the subjects that engage him, or that he should turn from a constant recital of domestic cares, to seek a larger and more genial sympathy abroad? A thoroughly uncultivated woman, if

affectionate, may be a pleasant toy, or a good domestic drudge; she may be a sharer of her husband's more insignificant joys and cares, but she will never be his most valued companion, nor his most loved and trusted friend.

The maternal instinct alone will be found equally insufficient to form a mother. It will secure to the children a certain amount of physical care, and perhaps some slight foundation of a moral education; it will also ensure them the example of constant love and self-forgetfulness—but this is all. She who surrounds her children's earliest years with prejudices, ignorance, moral weakness and false associations, falls far short of her duty. She wastes the sacred bonds of love and reverence that make youthful impressions indelible, and teaches her children errors which they will either consume their lives in combating, or, as is more often the case, yield to, and teach again. Vainly will legislators and economists convince men of truths, till the moral influence of their mothers teach them to *wish* and *strive* to act upon these truths. No association, however well conceived and conducted, has ever yet produced individual virtue: this must be done by individual influence, and this individual influence should be exercised by the mother, who not only guides the earliest and most impressible years, but is by the side of her children in sickness and depression, and can alone seize those times for giving counsel, when counsel is most readily received.

Some women complain of the narrowness of their earthly sphere; but such have not well considered the noble task imposed by God on the mother. Narrow indeed is the sphere of her, who, when her nursery duties are ended, considers her task well performed; or observes apathetically, that her own children are beyond her control; who sees unconcerned the growth of vices that will wring her heart hereafter; and consigns her boy, unprepared, to the temptations of a public school, forgetting that by thus ridding herself of the responsibility of guiding him at home, she becomes responsible for all that may befall him abroad. Large indeed is the sphere of her influence, who from infancy watches every opening germ, develops every natural virtue, draws out latent powers and energies, counteracts the worldly training of public schools, and prepares her children with caution and precept to go forth into the world. More is done for national virtue and prosperity by such women, than by the best of kings and legislators.

Some of the concluding remarks of the excellent chapter by which the foregoing observations have been suggested, we present to our readers in their original garb:—

“Such is the task—requiring knowledge, understanding; acute perceptions, and moral power—that young women rush from the

giddy round of frivolous pleasures, fearlessly to undertake! Such are the responsibilities, to prepare for which the young mother who is as proud of her baby, now as she was of her first ball-dress but a short time before, has perhaps never devoted one hour of serious study,—not one hour of such mental labour as the least important of a man's professions would force him to undergo, in preparation for its duties! While this is so common, it is little wonder if the influence of women is feeble, and their position undervalued. The early entrance of women into society, if necessarily dangerous, appears an unavoidable evil. Nor while beauty is so short-lived, and its first bloom so dazzling, will early marriages cease, however prudence may sigh over, and society suffer by them; but these considerations only make that training the more necessary, which may in some measure strengthen the inexperienced, enable them to resist the evil influences of society, and render them capable at least, of feeling and understanding the importance of duties and responsibilities which may too soon devolve upon them. They make it the more necessary that the short period allowed to prepare for those duties should not be wasted in frivolous idleness, that the young should be early taught to consider their position in its wide and varied bearings, and to feel that their true dignity and worth as God's creatures must depend on the use they make of his gifts; on the measure of self-improvement they labour to obtain; on the degree of their usefulness to others in the sphere in which they are placed."

Let us second these grave and well-considered remarks, which never can become too commonplace for repetition, until they are become the practice of society, by an extract from an Essay by Sidney Smith upon the education of women.

"Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small; or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general; and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and inconvenience which proceed from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women is the natural consequence of that desire to please, which is productive of the greatest part of civilisation and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed. If you educate women to attend to difficult and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions which always come from the mother; and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of

character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women should influence the destiny of men. If women knew more, men must learn more; for ignorance would then be shameful; and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasure of society by multiplying the topics on which the two sexes can take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding, as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of woman favours public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and the best, and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of everything, and neglected by all; but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge, diffusing the elegant pleasure of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men."

In accordance with our design we have in the preceding Article spoken of little more than the position and duties of the gentler sex; let the most impressive place, the concluding paragraph, convey a hint, in the shape of one or two random quotations, concerning the duties of man towards woman, and let him remember that in this, as well as in all other regards, the fulfilment of duty is the best policy.

"Les hommes, par leur conduite envers les femmes, travaillent à leur donner tous les défauts qu'ils leur reprochent."

"The very impossibility of defining woman's social rights, and of legalizing them, makes it most necessary that all men should entertain just principles in this matter."

"*Never will the relationship of man and woman exhibit more than a weak likeness of the excellent loveliness which heaven meant it to have, until purity of heart and life shall be regarded by society as no less essential in man than it is in woman.*"

- ART. IX.—1. *Travels in North America, with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia, 1841-42.* By CHARLES LYELL, Esq., F.R.S., Author of the Principles of Geology. In 2 vols. Pp. 578. London, 1845.
2. *A Second Visit to the United States (in the years 1845-46) of North America.* By Sir CHARLES LYELL, F.R.S., President of the Geological Society of London, Author of the Principles of Geology, and Travels in North America. In 2 vols. Second Edition, revised and corrected. Pp. 754. London, 1850.
3. *Principles of Geology; or the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered, as illustrative of Geology.* Eighth Edition. With Maps, Plates, and Woodcuts. 8vo. 1851.
4. *Manual of Elementary Geology; or the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as illustrated by Geological Monuments.* Third Edition. With Woodcuts and Plates. 8vo. 1851.

AMERICA, with her young institutions, her undeveloped powers, and her stripling genius but partially revealed, must ever be to Englishmen an object of the deepest interest, a subject for their profoundest study, and a beacon of the safest kind to warn and to guide them in their domestic as well as in their colonial legislation. Over that vast region which stretches from the Atlantic shores to the broad waters of the Pacific, she wields her democratic sceptre, and while it bears, at one of its extremities, the glittering icicles of the North, it dips the other in the tepid waters of the tropics. Under its beneficent and catholic sway the outcasts of European civilisation have obtained food and shelter, the political exile a refuge from oppression, and the persecuted Christian a sanctuary and a home. From the pressure of hunger, and despotism, and intolerance, every region of the old world has sent its contingent to the land of freedom, and races of every colour, of every tongue, and of every faith, diversify the living mass which has escaped from the wrongs, or thrown off the yoke of their masters. But amid all this diversity of blood and of feeling, the Anglo-Saxon race holds and directs the reins; and the vernacular language of England, associated with the achievements of wisdom and of war, is everywhere the instrument of civilisation, and the herald of civil and religious liberty. Inheriting from English blood that spirit of enterprise and power of expansion which has borne our liberties and our faith into every quarter of the globe, America will soon replace with her gifted sons the savage population which

harasses and surrounds her, and will carry westward into the isles of the Pacific, and northward, among the Indian hordes, the language and the institutions of civilisation. The English tongue will thus circumscribe the globe, and diffuse among nations, now steeped in ignorance, those glorious truths, secular and divine, which are destined to effect the reformation of the world.

As fellow-workers with America in this sublime mission, it has often excited our surprise as well as our indignation, that our countrymen should have been so long in appreciating the noble position of America, and should have viewed with jealousy, and even treated with ridicule, the national peculiarities of our brethren in the West. Insensible to the ties of ancestry,—misinterpreting the feelings of a people that had to conquer their independence,—and forgetting that a community so singularly constituted, and so recently intrenched in power, could advance but slowly in the path of civilisation, English travellers and writers did not scruple to insult the American people, by exaggerating and emblazoning their national peculiarities, by abusing their government and their institutions, and by denouncing them as the bitterest enemies of England. This unfeeling and unprincipled conduct has almost entirely disappeared, and a more correct knowledge of American feeling, and the more frequent communication which steam navigation has established, has effected a better understanding between the two countries, and contributed to a more just appreciation of America and her institutions.

Under these circumstances it was with peculiar pleasure that the English friends of America hailed the writings of such men as Sir Charles Lyell, who, without political or personal prejudice, were likely to describe national and individual peculiarities without offensive criticism or unseemly exaggeration, and who did not require to flatter the vanity of their countrymen, and excite an interest in their readers, by invidious comparison and truthless caricature. Attracted by the grand features which nature displays in the United States, the geological traveller was not likely to attach importance to those singularities, either of language or of manners, which vulgar life everywhere presents to us, or to point his narrative with sarcasms and invectives, which are often more characteristic of the temper of the writer, than of the individual or of the event which calls them forth. In our own busy haunts of trade and of commerce, where the thirst for gold animates all the occupations of industry, and gives its own yellow hue to the forms of society and the feelings of life, the sharp-sighted traveller cannot fail to detect numerous peculiarities to which we ourselves are blind; and even in the distant and lonely North, where civilisation often leaves the bane of its vices,

without any of their antidotes, the inhabitants of the South will recognise a state of society which they have themselves, perhaps, contributed to produce, and which it should be their desire to correct and cure, rather than to denounce and exaggerate.

During the two visits which Sir Charles Lyell has made to the United States he has studied the geology of its more interesting localities, and has interwoven with his narrative such popular details as may be readily comprehended by the general reader. As one of our most distinguished geologists, and the author of the most profound and popular treatises on the principles and elements of geology, the scientific portion of his travels possesses a peculiar interest, and gives his readers some security that he who is able to investigate and describe the phenomena of the natural world, is well fitted to seize and pourtray those phases of social, domestic, and political life, for which his education, his knowledge of the world, and his social position have so highly qualified him.

In conformity with a plan which we have more than once adopted, and which we have reason to know has been very acceptable to our readers, and appreciated in a still higher degree by our foreign friends, we have been anxious to obtain some account of the life, writings, and discoveries of Sir Charles Lyell, and we trust we shall be able to gratify that laudable curiosity which the taught ever feel to know something of him that teaches them, and that desire which we all cherish to follow the sage in his toilsome pilgrimage, to mark the weary steps by which he climbs to fame, and to join in the general acclamation when he achieves in his own day those honours and rewards which are too frequently left to the adjudication of posterity.

Sir Charles Lyell was born at Kinnordy, in Forfarshire, on the 14th November 1797; but though thus a Scotchman by birth, he was reared and educated in England. He left Scotland at the age of six months, and accompanied his parents to Hampshire, where they remained for about thirty years, chiefly at Bartley Lodge, a place which they rented near Lyndhurst, in the New Forest. His father, who distinguished himself by a translation of the lyrical poems of Dante,* was educated at an English school, and took his degree of M.A. at Peterhouse, Cambridge. At the age of seven, Charles, who was the eldest, was sent to a boarding-school at Ringwood, in Hampshire, and subsequently to another in Salisbury, and when he had reached the age of twelve he was sent to a larger school at Midhurst, in Sussex, of which Dr. Bayly, of New College, Oxford, was then

* The *Canzoniere* of Dante Alighieri, including the poems of the *Vita Nuova* and *Convito*, Italian and English. Translated by Charles Lyell, Esq. of Kinnordy, North Britain. Lond. 1835.

the Head Master. Even amid the studies of an English school, unfavourable as they generally are to the development of scientific genius, our author, when he was about ten years old, began to acquire a taste for entomology. His father had devoted much of his leisure to the study of botany, and the taste of his son, though for another branch of natural science, was doubtless prompted by his pursuits, and encouraged by his example. With the aid of a few works on entomology which he found in his father's library, he acquired some knowledge of the principles of the science, and he made a collection of insects in the New Forest, chiefly of the Lepidoptera, and continued to add to it till he went to the University, when he occasionally devoted some hours to the same study, in company with the late well-known naturalist, the Rev. Lansdowne Guilding of St. Vincent's.

It was fortunate for our young naturalist that he was sent to the University of Oxford, where Dr. Buckland was teaching the grand truths of geology, and inspiring his pupils with the same ardour for knowledge with which he was himself animated, and which has so effectually contributed to the advancement of geological science. In the year 1814 our author was matriculated, at the age of seventeen, at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took respectable honours in classics, and he would doubtless have occupied a higher class than the second had not the passion for geology begun to bear sway over his mind. From the geology of Mr. Bakewell, which he found in his father's library, he had acquired some idea of the nature of the science; and some of the author's views about the antiquity of the earth had been so impressed upon his imagination that he was prepared to take an interest in the geological lectures of Dr. Buckland, whose popularity was then at its height. He accordingly attended a course of these lectures, and obtained those general views of the science which this species of instruction is so well calculated to afford.

In the year 1818 Mr. Lyell made a tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, along with his father, mother, and two of his sisters, having been previously entered at Lincoln's Inn with the view of following the profession of the law. On his return to England he studied law with a special pleader; but in consequence of weakness in his eyes he was advised to desist for a while from his studies, and he was thus induced, in 1820, to accompany his father in a tour through the North of Italy as far as Rome. It might have been supposed that in these two journeys our author would have devoted some time to the geological examination of the localities which he visited; but he was obliged to limit himself to the study of pictures and statues, and to the observation of the picturesque scenery through which he passed.

Such, however, was the knowledge which Mr. Lyell had acquired of geological science, and such the position which he occupied, that in 1823 he was elected secretary of the Geological Society. In this congenial situation he made several excursions to Sussex and the Isle of Wight; but the results of his observations were not published till 1847, when Dr. Mantell inserted in his *Geology of the Isle of Wight* several extracts of Mr. Lyell's letters of June 1823, which shew that he had cleared up some of the obscurities in which the relations of the greensand and wealden strata were then involved.

About this time our author made more than one visit to Paris, where he became acquainted with several of the distinguished philosophers who then adorned the metropolis of France; and in the society of such men as Cuvier, Baron Humboldt, Alex. Brongniart, M. Constant Prevost, and other geological members of the Institute, he doubtless imbibed that scientific ardour which afterwards led him to abandon his professional pursuits, and devote himself wholly to the study of geology. In the summer of 1824, Mr. Lyell made a geological tour in Scotland, in company with Dr. Buckland, now Dean of Westminster. From his father's seat of Kinnordy, they travelled to Aberdeen and Inverness, and after spending some time with Sir George Mackenzie at Coul, in Ross-shire, they recrossed the Grampians, and paid a visit to Sir James Hall at Dunglass.

Having recovered from that weakness of sight which had compelled him to renounce for a while the study of the law, he was induced by his father's wish to resume his legal studies, and he was subsequently called to the bar, and went the Western Circuit for two years. In the midst of these uncongenial duties, however, he found leisure to pursue his favourite study, and even to give to the world several valuable geological papers. The first of these was published in 1825, in Sir David Brewster's *Journal of Science*, and was entitled, "On a Dike of Serpentine, cutting through sandstone, in the county of Forfar." This interesting article was illustrated by a section of the rocks on the banks of the Carity, a small river which descends from the micaceous schist district in the northern part of Forfarshire, and after quitting the Grampians enters a deep defile near the farm of West Balloch, in the parish of Kirriemuir. This section is still perhaps the best example which we have of serpentine, with all its characteristic mineral productions, intruding itself after the manner of trap among the fossiliferous strata of the Devonian period. In January 1835, he communicated to the Geological Society a paper on shell marl, and the fossil fruit of chara, which was printed in its *Transactions*; another in 1826, on the plastic clay near Christ Church in Hampshire; and a fourth, in the same year, on the fresh-

water strata of Hordwell Cliff in Hampshire. After the publication of these papers, our author's inclination to devote himself wholly to science became more and more decided ; and he accordingly abandoned the law as a profession in 1827, and has since pursued with ardour and success that interesting department of science which his writings were destined to teach, and his discoveries to extend.

Thus emancipated from professional toil, our author's genius soared above the region of timid speculation, and led him to assert the grand truth for which Hutton and Playfair had so nobly contended, that all geological monuments were to be interpreted by reference to aqueous and igneous causes, which are now in active operation in the ordinary course of nature. This principle was first announced in 1827, in an article on Scrope's Geology of Central France, which appeared in the Quarterly Review, and was, afterwards fully developed in the great work on "the Principles of Geology," which he had planned in 1828, and for which he then began to collect materials.

With this view he set out in 1828, on a tour to Auvergne and Northern Italy, with his distinguished friend Sir Roderick Murchison. After visiting and examining Lombardy, Sir Roderick returned to England, while Mr. Lyell proceeded to Rome, Naples, and Sicily. The important results of this interesting journey were published partly in his "Principles of Geology," and partly in joint scientific memoirs drawn up by Sir Roderick and himself. One of these, on the excavation of valleys, as illustrated by the volcanic rocks of Central France, was read before the Geological Society in 1828, and published in the following year in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal ; another on the tertiary strata of the Cantal was published in the *Annales des Sciences* for 1829 ; and another on the tertiary fresh-water strata of Aix in Provence appeared in 1829 in the Edinburgh Journal, already referred to.

Mr. Lyell was now prepared to complete the great work which he had so long contemplated, and on his return from Italy he composed the first volume of his "Principles of Geology, being an attempt to explain the former changes upon the earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation," which appeared in January 1830, and which may justly be regarded as holding the same place in geology as the Principia of Newton did in natural philosophy. After establishing the relation of geology to the other physical sciences, our author treats of the cosmogony of the ancients, and brings down the history of geology from the time of the Arabian writers of the tenth century, to the establishment of the Geological Society of London in 1807. From a review of the causes which have retarded the progress of the

science, he goes on to explain the vicissitudes in climate, and having proved that changes have formerly taken place in physical geography, he shews that the changes on the surface of the earth are contemporaneous with the changes in its climate. After explaining and denouncing the theory of the progressive development of organic life as maintained by Geoffroy St. Hilaire and Lamarck, he proceeds to consider the changes in the organic and inorganic world which are now in progress. Reserving for his second volume an account of the changes which have taken place in organic nature, he divides the great agents by which inorganic changes are effected into *aqueous* and *igneous*, the one necessarily striving to reduce the earth's surface to a level, and the other equally active in restoring the inequalities of the external crust, partly by ejecting new matter from the bowels of the earth, and partly by depressing one portion of its surface and thrusting out another. He is thus led to treat in consecutive chapters of the destroying and transporting powers of torrents, and floods, and cataracts, and of the reproductive effects of running water in the formation of lacustrine mediterranean and oceanic deltas; and he concludes this part of his subject with three chapters on the destroying, transporting, and reproductive effects of tides and currents, as exhibited in the reduction of Islands, the waste of cliffs, the changes upon our coasts, the filling up of estuaries, and the formation of sand banks, and "pelagian" accumulations. In the last nine chapters of his work he treats at great length of the igneous agents, giving an interesting account of the principal volcanic vents, and describing those tremendous earthquakes which have desolated so many portions of the globe.

After the publication of this volume our author made a tour to France and Spain, in the summer of 1830, in company with Captain Cook, R.N., (now Captain Widdrington,) in order to explore the geology of the south of France and the Pyrenees. He then went alone to examine the volcanic region round Olot in Catalonia. In 1831 he was appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Forfar, and in the same year he visited the Rhine and the extinct volcanoes of the Eifel.

In the year 1832 Mr. Lyell married the eldest daughter of Mr. Leonard Horner, who has accompanied him in all his travels, and by whose talents and accomplishments he has been aided in all his studies and researches. In the beginning of the same year the second volume of his *Principles of Geology* was published, and at the same time a new edition of his first volume was required. In 1833 a second edition of the second volume was called for, and in the same year the last or third volume of the work was published. Since that time six other editions, each considerably modified and enlarged, with the progress of the science, made

their appearance between 1838 and 1850; and the fourth or last book of the *Principles* was omitted in the sixth edition, and expanded in 1838 into a separate treatise called "*The Elements of Geology*," a third edition of which has just appeared (January 1851) under the title of a "*Manual of Elementary Geology, or the ancient changes of the earth and its inhabitants, as illustrated by geological monuments.*"

In the second volume of the "*Principles of Geology*," Mr. Lyell treats of the changes in the organic world, which are now in progress in the animal creation. After discussing the question regarding the real existence of species and their transmutation, he considers the laws which regulate their geographical distribution, the theories respecting their original introduction, the influence of inorganic causes in changing their habitations, with the theory of their successive extinction. In his thirteenth chapter he considers the permanent modifications produced in the material constituents of the earth's crust by the action of animal and vegetable life,—the conversion of ancient forests into peat,—the imbedding of organic remains in alluvium, and of works of art in volcanic formations,—the imbedding of organic remains, and of man and his works, and of aquatic species in subaqueous deposits; and he concludes the volume with an interesting chapter on the formation of coral reefs and of limestone.

The two works to which we have now referred, placed our author in the very highest rank of geological writers. Distinguished by the elegance and vigour of their style, by the extensive knowledge which they display, and the grand generalizations which they advocate, these volumes have extended the reputation of their author, and raised geology to its present position as one of the most interesting of the Inductive sciences. Though a subject of some interest, we are not disposed to do more than notice the opposition which was at first given to the leading views by which the *Principles of Geology* were characterized. The bold speculations of Hutton and of Playfair had alarmed the orthodoxy of Scottish divines, and the timidity of English philosophers. The Geological Society of London limited itself to the function of collecting the materials of future generalizations, and it was not till the 23d year of its existence that Mr. Lyell had the courage to break the spell with which it had bound itself, and place himself at the head of the Huttonian school, which had lain so long under the ban of infidelity and atheism. Men of powerful minds, and but little tainted with the prejudices of the day, refused their allegiance to the leading principles of his work, and even ridiculed the idea of referring to existing causes the former changes on the surface of the earth. In a review of Mr. Lyell's work in the *British Critic* for January 1831, generally ascribed to Dr. Whewell, he denounces the startling object of the work, and while he does jus-

tice to the intelligence of the author as a hammer-bearing philosopher, who had broken the spell which had so long cramped the movements of the English geologist, he charges him with a fresh outbreak of the spirit of theorizing which had been so long discontinued. In his history of the Inductive Sciences, however, he has taken a more liberal view of the generalizations of our author, and has done ample justice to the skill and talent by which they are characterized.

In the year 1831 Mr. Lyell was appointed Professor of Geology in King's College, London, and he gave regular courses of lectures in 1832 and 1833, but having found that the duties of the office interfered with his schemes of travelling and original research, he resigned his chair in 1833.

Untrammelled by professorial duty he made a tour in Sweden in 1834, which occupied several months; and in the same year he communicated a paper to the Royal Society, "On the proofs of a gradual rising of the land in that country," and such was the interest which it excited, that it was published in the Philosophical Transactions as the Bakerian Lecture for that year. In 1835 the Royal Society awarded to him the Royal Gold Medal for 1834, for his work entitled "Principles of Geology."

In the summer of 1834 our author examined in company with Dr. Forchhammer, the cliffs of the Danish Islands, Seeland and Möen, and on the 13th May 1835, he communicated to the Geological Society a paper on the cretaceous and tertiary strata of these Islands, in which he considers the Faxoe limestone as the equivalent of the Maëstricht beds. In the same year, in February 1835, Mr. Lyell was elected President of the Geological Society, and the able anniversary addresses which he delivered for that and the succeeding year were published in the account of their proceedings. To this office he was re-elected in the year 1849.

Between the years 1839 and 1841, our author published in the Philosophical Magazine, and other periodical works, various papers on the tertiary strata of Norfolk, Suffolk, and the Faluns of Touraine, for the purpose of visiting which he had made a journey to France in 1840. The object of his visit to these localities was to remove certain doubts which had been entertained respecting the truth of his own chronological test for the classification of the tertiary formations, namely, the proportional number of recent and extinct species present in each deposit. The results at which he arrived have since undergone, as will be seen by his "Manual" just published, considerable modifications, in consequence of large additions made of late years to the recent conchology of the British and European Seas. Still the proportion of living species is found to increase regularly as we ascend from the Coralline to the Red Orag, and from this again to

the Norwich Crag. The latter is observed to contain about 90 per cent. of recent species, and is referred by Sir C. Lyell to the Newer Pliocene period. The Red Crag contains 70 and the Coralline 60 per cent. of recent species, these deposits being classed as Older Pliocene, while the Faluns of Touraine, where the recent shells are in the proportion of 25 per cent., are Miocene.

Having been invited to deliver a course of twelve Lectures at the Lowell Institute at Boston, Mr. Lyell left England in the summer of 1841, and availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him in the autumn and winter of that year, and in the spring of 1842, of exploring the geology of many parts of the United States and Canada; and he has published the results of his observations on the tertiary, cretaceous, and carboniferous strata of these countries in the proceedings of the Geological Society and other journals, and the more popular parts of them in his "*Travels in North America*," which appeared in two volumes in 1845.

In the year 1846 our author paid a second visit to the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne, and also to the Faluns of Touraine, which he had examined in 1840.

In 1845 Mr. Lyell was again induced to revisit the United States. He quitted Liverpool in September of that year, and returned in June 1846, after having performed a very extensive tour, an account of which he has published in his "*Second Tour to the United States of North America*," which appeared in two volumes in June 1849.

In the autumn of 1848 the honour of Knighthood was conferred on Mr. Lyell by Her Majesty at Balmoral, to which place he had been invited while staying at his father's neighbouring seat of Kinnordy, in the county of Forfar.

Hitherto we have followed our author as an active geologist, devoting the whole of his leisure to the examination of those countries which presented the most interesting field for observation. We have now to follow him as a traveller to the New World, combining the study of man and his institutions with the investigation of the structure of the earth, and of the changes which time and the elements have conspired to effect.

It will be no easy task to give our readers anything like a correct idea of the mass of interesting information which these four volumes contain, even if we were to confine our analysis to our author's geological observations, or to those topics of a more general interest which relate to the manners and customs of the people, and to their social and political institutions. We shall endeavour, however, in so far as our narrow space will permit, to follow our author wherever he may lead us, whether into the social circle, the political arena, or the subterranean world.

After a voyage across the Atlantic of eleven days, Sir Charles

and Lady Lyell arrived at Halifax on the 31st of July 1841. On the 2d of August they reached Boston, and after spending a week agreeably in that beautiful city they travelled to New-haven in Connecticut, on an excellent railway, at the rate of thirty miles an hour—a railway which, unlike any of our own, pays good interest, and having no tunnels and few embankments, affords an excellent view of the country. A steamer conveyed them to New York, a distance of ninety miles, in six hours, and from New York they went to Albany, at the rate of about sixteen miles per hour, in one of those splendid new steam-ships, “seventeen of which (each being about 300 feet long) went to a mile.”

From Albany Sir Charles went to visit the Falls of Niagara, once a fatiguing tour of many weeks, but now rendered easy by a railroad, often supported by piles while it passes through large swamps, or through dense forests, where orchards are planted, in occasional clearings, among the stumps of trees, before there has been time to run up a log-house. Our travellers viewed with surprise one flourishing town after another, such as Utica, Syracuse, and Auburn. At Rochester they admired the streets of large houses, inhabited by 20,000 souls, where, only twenty-five years ago, the log-house of the first settler was built in the wilderness. At one window of a newly erected station-house they saw a group of Oneida Indians, the late owners of the country, offering a few articles for sale, while at the other stood a well-dressed waiter handing ices and confectionary. This singular contrast, indicating the rapid strides of civilisation, fills the passing stranger with sanguine expectations of the future. But in the contemplation of so much prosperity—in the entire absence of poverty—in churches and schools rising everywhere in the woods, and in the general desire for education, he looks forward with faith and confidence to a coming era, when piety and knowledge shall chasten the pride of wealth, while they adorn power with meekness, and civilisation with virtue.

On the 27th August Sir Charles saw the Falls of Niagara at the distance of three miles.

“The sun was shining full upon them—no building in view—nothing but the greenwood, the falling water, and the white foam. At that moment they appeared to me more beautiful than I had expected, and less grand; but after several days, when I had enjoyed a nearer view of the two cataracts, had listened to their thundering sound, and gazed on them for hours from above and below, and had watched the river foaming over the rapids, then plunging headlong into the dark pool, and when I had explored the delightful island which divides the Falls, where the solitude of the ancient forest is still unbroken, I at last learned by degrees to comprehend the wonders of the scene, and to feel its full magnificence. . . . When the Niagara Fall reaches

the rapids it descends over a limestone bed about fifty feet in less than a mile, and is then thrown down about 165 feet perpendicularly at the Falls. The largest of these, called the Horse-shoe Fall, is 1800 feet, or more than a third of a mile broad, the island in the midst somewhat less in width, and the American fall about 600 feet wide. The deep, narrow chasm below the great cataract is from 200 to 400 yards wide, and 300 feet deep; and here in seven miles the river descends 100 feet, at the end of which it emerges from the gorge into the open and flat country, so nearly on a level with Lake Ontario that there is only a fall of about five feet in the seven additional miles which intervene between Queenstown and the lake."—*Travels, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 27, 81.

After cutting through strata of limestone, about fifty feet thick, in the rapids, the waters descend perpendicularly at the Falls over another mass of limestone about ninety feet thick, beneath which lie soft shales continually undermined by the spray which gusts of wind drive violently against the base of the precipice. The sudden descent of large blocks of the undermined limestone at the American Fall in 1818, and at the Horse-shoe Fall in 1828, are said to have shaken the country with the power of an earthquake. In the last four years Goat Island has lost several acres in area, a waste which Sir Charles does not consider as "a mere temporary accident." Mr. Bakewell has computed that the recession of the Falls in the forty years from 1790 to 1830 has been about a yard every year; but our author, conceiving one foot to be nearer the truth, finds that 35,000 years would be required for the retreat of the Falls from the escarpment at Queenstown to their present site. He remarks also, that the Falls will continually diminish in height, and that should they reach Lake Erie they would intersect strata entirely different from those over which they are now thrown.

In passing from the Niagara to the northern frontier of Pennsylvania, in order to examine the rocks between the upper Silurian strata of the State of New York, and the coal of Blossberg in Pennsylvania, our travellers were obliged to enter an American stage-coach with four horses, which took twelve hours to a journey of forty-six miles between Genesee and Dansville. The coachman had never before driven any vehicle, and amused himself "in driving rapidly over deep ruts, and the roughest ground." A young man, who drove them in a gig from Tioga to Blossberg, "pointed out first his father's property, and then a farm of his own which he had lately purchased. Though not twenty years of age, he had been editor of the 'Tioga Democrat' for seven years, but had now sold his share of the paper." From Bath our author hired a private carriage to Corning, a place for which he looked in vain in a newly published map. It was a town only two years old, and yet "the

school-house was finished, the spire of the Methodist Church nearly complete, the Presbyterian one in the course of building, and the site of the Episcopalian decided on!" Stumps of trees, six feet high, were standing in the gardens and between the houses. On counting the rings Sir Charles found that most of the trees were only forty years old when cut down, and many of the older ones only two centuries; while some went back to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, and scarcely one to the days of Columbus. Some of the fir stumps take fifty years to rot, though exposed to the vicissitudes of weather; and hence our author justly supposes it clear, that submerged trees imbedded in sediment may endure for centuries, so that there may have been ample time for the slow petrification of erect fossil trees in the carboniferous and other formations, or for the slow accumulation around them of a great succession of strata.

At this infant town there was a large livery stable, where there were several vehicles and good horses.

"I asked," says Sir Charles, "the landlord of the inn at Corning, who was very attentive to his guests, to find my coachman. He immediately called out in his bar-room—'where is the gentleman that brought this man?' A few days before a farmer in New York had styled my wife '*the woman*,' though he called his own daughters *ladies*, and would, I believe, have freely extended that title to their maid-servant. I was told of a witness, in a late trial at Boston, who stated in evidence, that 'while he and another gentleman were shovelling up mud,' &c.; from which it appears that the spirit of social equality has left no other signification to the terms gentleman and lady but that of 'male and female individuals.'"

But notwithstanding this apparent disrespect to the fair sex, there is no country in the world where there is so much deference paid universally to women, without regard to station, as in America. In the steam-ship, where the captain presides at meals, he takes care that no gentlemen take their places at table till all the women are first seated. The men by whom they are accompanied are then invited to join them. Women may travel alone in America, with less risk of hearing coarse and unpleasant conversation, than in any country in the world. Although the Americans address no conversation to strangers, yet now and then free and easy people are met with, and Sir Charles remarks, "that in the two most glaring instances of vulgar familiarity which he experienced, the offenders had crossed the Atlantic only two years before, and had risen rapidly from an humble station." "Whatever good breeding exists here," he adds, "is certainly not of foreign importation, and John Bull in particular, when out of humour with the manners of the Americans, is often unconsciously beholding his own image in the mirror, or comparing one class of society in the United States with another in his own

country, which ought, from superior affluence and leisure, to exhibit a higher standard of refinement and intelligence." To these excellent observations our author adds the following just and noble testimony to the high moral and intellectual condition of the American people.

"We have now seen the two largest cities, many towns and villages, besides some of the back-settlements of New York, and the New England States, an exemplification, I am told, of a population of about five millions of souls. We have met with no beggars, witnessed no signs of want, but everywhere the most unequivocal proof of prosperity and rapid progress, in agriculture, commerce, and great public works. . . . In spite of the constant influx of uneducated and penniless adventurers from Europe, I believe it would be impossible to find five millions, in any other region of the globe, whose average moral, social, and intellectual condition stands so high. One convincing evidence of their wellbeing has not, I think, been sufficiently dwelt on by foreigners. I allude to the difficulty of obtaining and retaining young American men and women for a series of years in domestic service, an occupation by no means considered as degrading here, for they are highly paid, and treated almost as equals. But so long as they enjoy such facilities of bettering their condition, and can marry early, they will naturally renounce this bondage as soon as possible. . . . I am also aware that the blessing alluded to, and many others which they enjoy, belong to a progressive as contrasted with a stationary state of society,—that they characterize the new colony, where there is abundance of unoccupied land, and a ready outlet to a redundant labouring class. They are not the results of a democratic, as compared with a monarchical or aristocratic constitution, nor the fruits of an absolute equality of religious sects, still less of universal suffrage. Nevertheless we must not forget how easily all the geographical advantages arising from climate, soil, fine navigable rivers, splendid harbours, and a wilderness in the far west, might have been marred by other laws, and other political institutions. Had Spain colonized this region, how different would have been her career of civilisation! Had the Puritan fathers landed on the banks of the Plata, how many hundreds of large steamers would ere this have been plying the Panama and Uruguay—how many railway trains flying over the Pampas—how many large schools and Universities flourishing in Paraguay!"—*Travels, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 73-75.

From New York our travellers went through New Jersey to Philadelphia, distinguished by its Dutch cleanliness and its beautiful avenues of trees. During each of the few nights which they spent here there was a false alarm of fire, for which there was no other cause than "that the youths here require excitement." After visiting the cretaceous strata of New Jersey, our author made a tour to examine the great mines of anthracitic coal which occur in the midst of the most bent and inclined strata of the Alleghany Mountains. This coal neither soils the

finger nor produces smoke, and its slow combustion can be increased by a strong current of air, and even in the fire-places of houses by the help of a blower. There are thirteen seams of it in the neighbourhood of Pottsville, and our author is of opinion that the vegetable matter from which this enormous mass of anthracite was produced, must, before it was condensed by pressure, and the discharge of its hydrogen, oxygen, and other volatile ingredients, have been probably between 200 and 300 feet thick—an accumulation of plants which must have grown on the spot. Professor H. D. Rogers describes this coal-field as extending 720 miles continuously, from N.E. to S.W., with a maximum breadth of 180 miles, and therefore occupying an area of 63,000 square miles. The general law of structure which prevails throughout the Appalachian Mountains was discovered by Professor H. D. Rogers, and his brother, W. R. Rogers. The narrow and parallel zones consist of strata of Silurian Devonian, and Carboniferous rocks, folded into a succession of convex and concave flexures, like waves, subsequently laid open by denudation. According to the Professors Rogers these flexures were produced when the strata, in a plastic state, rested on a widely extended surface of fluid lava, with elastic vapours and gases, the billowy movement of this subterranean sea having imparted its undulations to the elastic overlying crust, which was enabled to retain the new shapes thus given to it by the consolidation of the liquid matter injected into the fissures. Sir Charles Lyell is disposed to ascribe these flexures to subsidence arising from the cooling and shrinking of subterranean seas of lava, and gaseous matter, the solid strata collapsing in obedience to gravity, the subsiding flexible strata packing themselves into a smaller space, as they conformed to the circumference of a smaller arc. "The manner," says he, "in which undulations may be gradually produced in pliant strata, by subsidence, is illustrated, on a small scale, by the creeps in coal mines; there both the overlying and underlying strata sink down from the ceiling, or rise up from the floor, and fill the galleries which have been left vacant by the abstraction of the fuel. In like manner the failure of support arising from subterranean causes, may enable the force of gravity, though originally exerted vertically, to bend and squeeze the rocks as if they had been subjected to lateral pressure."

In this mountainous region the German language is chiefly spoken, and is used in most of the churches as at Reading, but it is fast degenerating into Patois. In going down from the Lehigh Summit Mine, our author descended nine miles on a railway in a small car impelled by its own weight, at the rate of 20 miles an hour, the wheels being checked with a drag by a man sitting in front. The coal is let down by the same railroad,

the empty cars being drawn up every day by sixty mules. So completely do these animals, who are sent down four abreast feeding all the way, acquire the notion, that it is the business of their life to pull weights up hill, and ride comfortably down, that if any of them go into other hands, they will cheerfully drag heavy loads up steep ascents, but absolutely refuse to pull any vehicle down hill, coming to a dead halt when the slightest slope commences.

Travelling from Philadelphia by New York to Boston, a distance of 300 miles in 24 hours by railway and steam-boat, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell returned to Boston in order to deliver the course of twelve lectures on geology which he had been invited to do by Mr. Lowell, trustee and director of a richly endowed literary and scientific institution in the city. To such lectures the public have gratuitous admission; but by judicious restrictions, such as the issue of tickets some weeks before, the inconvenience of this privilege is not felt. Though about 4500 tickets were issued, the usual attendance was about 3000, which it was necessary to divide into two sets, and repeat to one of them next afternoon the lecture delivered on the preceding evening. Before the existence of the Lowell foundation, *twenty-six* courses of lectures were delivered in Boston, without including those which consisted of less than eight lectures, and these courses were attended on the aggregate by about 13,500 persons. From this cause the theatres which are almost deserted, have been turned into lecture-rooms, or used for ecclesiastical purposes, and the taste and intellectual condition of the people have been thus greatly improved.

The founder of this noble institution, Mr. John Lowell, a native of Boston, after studying the educational establishments of his own country, went to London in 1833, and paid a visit to the University of Cambridge and other places. On his way to explore India and China, he passed through Egypt where he was carried off by fever, while engaged in the collection of antiquities. Amidst the ruins of Thebes he drew up his last Will, bequeathing his noble fortune, upwards of £70,000, for the foundation of a literary Institute in his native city, with strict provision that it should be devoted to teaching, and not be dissipated as usual on building and architectural display: thus, as our author remarks, "admirably appreciating the exact point of 'semicivilisation'—which the Anglo-Saxon race had then attained on both sides of the Atlantic."

While Boston is a flourishing and commercial port, it is also the seat of the best endowed University in America, for Cambridge, where Harvard College is situated, is so near that it may be considered a suburb of the metropolis. From this cause the society is of a very superior kind. The professors in every

branch of literature and science mingle with the eminent lawyers, clergymen, physicians, merchants, members of the legislature, and several gentlemen of independent fortune, who have devoted themselves to original research in history and other departments. Among the interesting persons whom our author saw here was Laura Bridgman, whom he thus describes :—

“In the Blind Asylum I saw Laura Bridgman, now in her twelfth year. At the age of two she lost her sight and hearing by a severe illness ; but although deaf, dumb, and blind, her mind has been so advanced by the method of instruction pursued by Dr. Howe, that she shews more intelligence and quickness of feeling than many girls at the same age, who are in full possession of all their senses. The excellent reports of Dr. Howe on the gradual development of her mind, have been long before the public, and have recently been cited by Mr. Dickens, together with some judicious observations of his own. Perhaps no one of the cases of a somewhat analogous nature on which Dugald Stewart and others have philosophized, has furnished so many new and valuable facts, illustrating the extent to which all intellectual development is dependent on the instrumentality of the senses in discerning external objects, and at the same time in how small a degree the relative acuteness of the organs of sense determine the moral and intellectual superiority of the individual.”—*Travels, &c.*, vol. i., pp. 116, 117.

The interest which this case has excited both in America and England, reminds us painfully of the history of the case of James Mitchell, which Sir Charles Lyell refers to as having been studied by Dugald Stewart and others. The writer of this article had occasion to know much of the private history of this remarkable case, which his friend Mr. James Wardrop had brought under the notice of Mr. Stewart, and in a Life of this celebrated Philosopher which he published in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*,* he has given the following account of the indifference with which such subjects have been treated, even by a Prime Minister of England :—

“In October 1810,” we remarked, “our eminent countryman Mr. James Wardrop communicated to Mr. Stewart an account of a very remarkable youth, James Mitchell, who was born both blind and deaf, and who consequently derived all his knowledge of external objects from the senses of touch, taste, and smell. Mr. Stewart was delighted with the prospect which this case afforded of establishing the distinction between the original and the acquired perceptions of sight. This expectation was not realized, but Mr. Stewart collected all the facts respecting this remarkable youth, and embodied them in a highly interesting Memoir, which was read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in the beginning of 1812. It is entitled ‘Some account

* Vol. x., p. 200.

of a Boy born blind and deaf, collected from authentic sources of information, with a few remarks and comments,' and was published in the seventh volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. In consequence of the interest which was excited by this communication, Mr. Stewart was anxious that Mitchell should be brought to Edinburgh and educated under the superintendence of parties capable of studying the development of his mental powers. He accordingly submitted this idea to the Council of the Royal Society, who entered eagerly into the plan, and resolved to apply to Government for a small pension to enable Miss Mitchell and her brother to reside near Edinburgh. Lord Webb Seymour, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, transmitted the wishes of the Council to the Earl of Liverpool, then First Lord of the Treasury. The Prime Minister of Great Britain not only refused to science and humanity the small pittance which was craved, but ventured to strengthen the ground of his refusal by expressing a doubt whether the object which the Society had in view was likely to add to the comfort of the unfortunate object of their patronage. The writer of these lines was one of the few Members of Council to whom this answer was read, and he will never forget the impression which it made upon the meeting,—the suppressed feeling of mortification and shame which was visible on every countenance. The guardian of the British Treasury was entitled to refuse the application which had been made to him, but he had no right to question the humanity by which that application was dictated. The character of Mr. Dugald Stewart should have been a sufficient guarantee that the personal comfort and happiness of Mitchell would have been the first objects of his solicitude."

In visiting the manufacturing town of Lowell, twenty-six miles north of Boston, and containing 20,000 souls, though only sixteen years old, our author was much struck with the character and qualities of the young women who attend the spinning-wheels, and who are chiefly the daughters of New England farmers, and sometimes of the poorer clergy. They live in boarding-houses attached to the mill, and often return home and marry after a few years' work in the factory. Where children are employed, those under fifteen are compelled by law to go to school three months in the year. The inhabitants of Boston pay annually for education alone the sum of £30,000 sterling, equal nearly to our Parliamentary grant of 1841 for the whole of England. The law ordains that every district containing fifty families shall maintain one school, for supplying which the inhabitants tax themselves, choosing a committee of management and their own schoolmasters. The Bible is allowed to be read in all schools, but no books teaching denominational tenets. Parents are expected to teach their children what they believe to be religious truth. In the State of Massachusetts more than £100,000 was raised in 1841 for the purposes of education.

In his way to study the geology of the Southern States, Sir Charles was led to examine the very singular morass called the "*Great Dismal Swamp*." It is an enormous soft and muddy quagmire, higher than nearly all the firm and dry land around it; and notwithstanding its semifluid character, it is higher in the middle than at its margin! It is in reality a deposit of peat from ten to fifteen feet in thickness. In the centre of the swamp is an oval lake seven miles long, five wide, and fifteen feet deep, on the banks of which a thick and tall forest grows. Numerous trunks of large and small trees are buried in the black mire of the morass; and the timber that is cut down is carried from the swamps by means of canals perfectly straight, and arched over with the trees at their sides.

During his stay in the Southern States, Sir Charles met with many objects of interest both of a geological and political nature; and we find him alternately discussing the subject of fossil remains, and the vexed question of slavery and its abolition. On his return to Philadelphia, the same variety of subjects occupy his attention, now dwelling on drift, and erratic blocks, now on the fossil footprints of birds in the red sandstone on the Connecticut, and concluding his first volume with an account of the American Universities, and of the reforms which are necessary in our own.

The second volume of Sir Charles's work is one peculiarly interesting to the geologist, as each of its *thirteen* chapters, with the exception of two, is more or less occupied with geological details, which, unless they are of a very popular nature, are inadmissible into an article like this, intended for general readers. When about to travel southwards by the railway to Providence, he was assured by some alarmists that it was "commanded by the cannon of the insurgents." The people of Rhode Island had actually combined against the Government in favour of an extension of the suffrage. This State contains 110,000 inhabitants, and under a charter granted by Charles II. in 1663, the landholders had the exclusive right of voting, whereas in all the other States every adult male enjoyed that privilege. The democratic party, however, not only demanded this privilege for themselves, as American-born citizens, but also for the newcomers, or the settlers of a few years' standing—the free blacks only being excluded. The Government having refused compliance, a "Suffrage Association" resolved to intimidate them by a military enrolment and drilling, and were soon joined by several companies of militia. Alarmed by this movement the Governor of Rhode Island called for aid from the President of the United States, but as there had been no overt act of violence he declined to interfere:—

"The Insurgents then elected a separate Senate and House of Representatives, and one Dow as Governor of the State, who proceeded to Washington and had an interview with the President, and with several Members of Congress. Meanwhile military preparations were making on both sides. A second appeal was made in vain by the State of Rhode Island for aid from the federal government at Washington. Meetings of sympathizers were held at New York to co-operate with the popular party who had now obtained some pieces of cannon, and attempted to get possession of the arsenal at Providence. On this occasion, however, the State Government called out the militia, who mustered in great force, and, after a bloodless affray, the popular party, who had already dwindled down to a few hundreds, deserted their leader Dow. This champion made his escape, but was soon after taken, tried for high treason, and condemned to imprisonment. Before the conclusion of the affair, the Government of Washington signified their readiness to furnish the required troops, but their offer of aid came late, and the assistance was no longer needed. The firmness of the Rhode Island legislature under the threats of the armed populace at home, and what was more formidable of the sympathizers from without, and the respect shewn to constitutional powers by the mass of the people in the midst of this excitement, are circumstances highly creditable to the majority of the citizens."—*Travels, &c.*, vol. ii., pp. 4, 5.

At Cincinnati where our travellers arrived in the end of May, they were struck with the appearance of commercial activity,—with its wide streets and handsome buildings, and its numerous wharfs and steam-boats. The city is built on two terraces, of sand, gravel, and loam, on the right bank of the Ohio,—the streets in the upper and lower part of it standing on different levels. The river at Cincinnati has been known to rise *sixty* feet above its summer level; that is, it must have risen to the level of the lower terrace, which is sixty feet above the river, the higher terrace being about sixty feet above the lower. The pig population of this town is thus described by our author:—

"The pork aristocracy of Cincinnati does not mean those innumerable pigs which walk at large about the streets, as if they owned the town, but a class of rich merchants, who have made their fortunes by killing annually, salting, and exporting about 200,000 swine, (in 1845, 300,000!) As to the free hogs before mentioned, which roam about the handsome streets, they belong to no one in particular, and any citizen is at liberty to take them up, fatten, and kill them. When they increase too fast, the town council interferes and sells off some of their number. It is a favourite amusement of the boys to ride upon the pigs, and we were shewn one sagacious old hog who was in the habit of lying down as soon as a boy came in sight."—*Travels, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 72.

In travelling from Cincinnati to Cleveland on Lake Erie across

the State of Ohio, a distance of 250 miles, the rapid progress of civilisation is singularly illustrated. In order to accelerate the clearing of the forest, the non-resident holders of waste lands are obliged to pay their full share of taxes for new schools and roads. If in arrear, the Sheriff sells a portion of the land by auction and discharges the debt. In 1800 the population of Ohio was 45,365. In ten years it had increased five-fold, and in 1840 it had reached 1,600,000 souls all free, and with scarcely any admixture of the coloured race. In this short period the forest was transformed into a land of steam-boats, canals, and flourishing towns. "There is no example in history, says our author, either in the old or new world of so sudden a rise of a large country to opulence and power. The State contains nearly as wide an extent of arable land as England, all of moderate elevation, so rich in its alluvial plains as to be cropped thirty or forty years without manure, having abundance of fine timber, a temperate climate, many large navigable rivers, a ready communication through Lake Erie with the north and east, and by the Ohio with the south and west, and lastly, abundance of coal in its eastern counties." So rapidly do the bands of emigrants penetrate the wilderness of forest, that M. de Tocqueville has computed that along the borders of the United States, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of more than 1200 miles, the whites advance at a mean rate of seventeen miles a year. There is, indeed, as he observes, a grandeur and solemnity in this gradual and continuous movement of the European race towards the rocky mountains. He compares it to "a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onwards by the hand of God."

At the town of Frederica, with 1200 inhabitants, neat white houses and six churches, the streets are lighted with carburetted hydrogen gas, which issues from a black bituminous shale of the Devonian formation, and is collected into a gasometer. Our author also saw the "burning spring" at the edge of the Niagara above the rapids, where carburetted hydrogen gas rises in countless bubbles through the clear transparent waters of the river. It takes fire by the application of a lighted candle, but its flame is lambent and flickering till it acquires sufficient oxygen, after mixing with the air, at the height of several inches above the stream.

In this their second visit to the Niagara Falls, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell performed the exploit of passing under the great sheet of water between the precipice and the Horse-shoe Fall:—

"We were in some degree rewarded for this feat by the singularity of the scene, and the occasional openings in the curtain of white foam and arch of green water which afford momentary glimpses of the

woody ravine and river below, fortunately for us lighted up most brilliantly with a mid-day sun. We had only one guide, which is barely sufficient for safety when there are two persons, for a stranger requires support when he loses his breath by the violent gusts of wind dashing the spray and water in his face. If he turns round to recover, the blast often changes in an instant, and blows as impetuously against him in the opposite direction,"—*Travels, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 91.

This exploit, which Sir Charles had resolved at first to decline, will, we believe, not be often performed, at least by those who have heard of the fall of the large part of the rock which took place so recently as the 10th of December 1850. About seven o'clock in the evening, a crash like that of the heavy booming of artillery shook the earth around. Part of the Horse-shoe Fall on the Canada side had fallen, carrying away about ten rods of the rock in length by five in breadth. The canal-boat, which had been lodged for some months on the brink of the rock which has fallen, was carried over with the rock, and is now engulfed in the whirlpool below. Had this taken place in summer, when so many thousands of strangers are here, and in the daytime, the consequences might have been serious, as the precipitated masses of rock now occupy the very spot from which strangers contemplated the waters of the mighty cataract above them, rushing terrifically over their heads.

In describing the furrows imprinted at different levels on the projecting shelves of the rocks in the Boulder valley of St. Davids, Sir Charles endeavours very ingeniously to reconcile them with the glacial theory. He supposes the land to have been gradually submerged to the level of the waters, and then to a moderate depth below them:—"Large islands and bergs of floating ice from the rocks, which, as they grounded on the coast and on shoals, pushed along all loose materials of sand and pebble, broke off all angular and projecting points of rock, and when fragments of hard stone were frozen into their lower surface, scooped out grooves in the subjacent solid strata." In this manner he conceives that sloping beaches, as well as the level bottom of the sea, and even the face of the steep cliff, might be polished and grooved, effects which could not be produced by floods of water carrying a detritus of rocky fragments. Owing to the great size of icebergs, often from two to five miles long, and from 100 to 225 feet high, and on one occasion, as seen by Captain D'Urville, thirteen miles long and 100 feet high, with walls perfectly vertical, and from their submerged portion being from six to eight times longer than the visible part, their mechanical powers, when in motion, must be prodigious.

Accompanied by Mr. Roy, our author visited the remarkable system of lake-ridges of sand and gravel, and those successive terraces of various heights above Lake Ontario, which his com-

panion had described in 1837, to the Geological Society of London. With the exception of the parallel roads of Glenroy in Scotland, Sir Charles never saw such an example of banks, terraces, and accumulations of stratified gravel, sand, and clay, maintaining over wide areas so perfect a horizontality. Mr. Roy explained them upon the old theory, that they were the successive margins of a lake, whose barrier had broken down at different times; but Sir Charles adopts the theory of Mr. Darwin, that they are sea margins upheaved by successive movements, in the intervals of which the waves had time to cut cliffs or throw down beaches.

Having sailed from Toronto to Kingston in the Mail steam-packet, our travellers descended the St. Lawrence to Montreal, now the seat of government in Canada, admiring as they returned the beautiful and picturesque city of Quebec. After examining the glacial furrows in the valley of St. Lawrence, and the shelly drift on the mountain of Montreal, at Maskinongé, and at Beauport, they crossed Lake Champlain to Burlington in Vermont, "in a steam-boat, which for neatness, elegance, and rapidity, exceeded any they had yet seen." Admiring the beautiful scenery of the Lake, they landed at Burlington, finely situated on its eastern shore, and having its streets adorned with avenues of the locust tree, then covered with white blossoms, and affording an agreeable shade. From Burlington they crossed the green mountains of Vermont to Hanover, and then returned through New Hampshire to Boston, "having travelled in little more than two months, a distance of 2500 miles on railways, in steam-boats, and canoes, in public and private carriages, without any accident, and having always found it possible so to plan their journey from day to day as to avoid all fatigue and night travelling."

After a short stay at Boston, our author and his lady set sail for Halifax, in the *Caledonia* steam-boat, which they reached about the middle of July, and after devoting a month to the geology of Nova Scotia, an account of which occupies the five last chapters of his work, he left Halifax on the 18th August, in the steam-boat *Columbia*, and in nine days and sixteen hours reached the pier at Liverpool.

Sir Charles Lyell had no sooner completed and published the account of his travels in America, than he contemplated a second visit to that interesting country. He accordingly embarked with Lady Lyell, on the 4th September 1845, in the *Britannia*, one of the Cunard line of steam-ships, bound for Halifax and Boston from Liverpool,—a ship of 1200 tons, with engines having a 440 horse power, and a supply of 550 tons of coal. On the night of the 14th, the ship was struck as if by the blow of a solid body, by a mass of white foam which was seen advancing on the sur-

face of the sea like a line of surf. When it reached the ship, there was seen vivid lightning. A perfect hurricane ensued which lasted 24 hours, during which the spray was carried mast high, and the sea and sky completely mingled. Reaching Halifax on the 17th September, and Boston on the 19th, our author is led to describe the "strange adventure of the *Britannia* in the ice," when it was appointed to sail on the 1st of February. The ice was then *two* feet thick, for a distance of seven miles, bearing loaded waggons and carts to the edge of the ice where ships were taking in their cargoes.

"No sooner was it understood that the *Mail* was imprisoned, than the public spirit of the whole city was roused, and a large sum of money instantly subscribed for cutting a canal seven miles long and 100 feet wide, through the ice. They began the operations by making two straight furrows seven inches deep, with an ice-plough drawn by horses, and then sawed the ice into square sheets, each 100 feet in diameter. When these were detached, they were made to slide by means of iron hooks and ropes, fixed to them under the great body of the ice, one edge being first depressed, and the ropes being pulled by a team of horses, and occasionally by a body of 50 men. On the 3d of February, only two days after her time, the steamer sailed out, breaking through a newly-formed sheet of ice, two inches thick, her bows being fortified with iron to protect her copper sheeting. She burst through the ice at the rate of seven miles an hour, with much damage to her paddles, but before she was in clear water all her guard of iron had been torn off. Thus released from her bonds, she reached Liverpool in fifteen days."—*Second Visit*, &c., vol. i., pp. 18, 19.

In an excursion to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, our author made a short stay at Portsmouth, the residence of Mr. J. L. Hayes, from whom he received much interesting information, which that gentleman had collected from American merchants of experience and character, regarding organic remains in ice. The rhinoceros discovered by Pallas, in Siberia, with parts of its flesh; the Mammoth, afterwards found in the Lena by Adams; and the elephant dug up in September 1846, by Middenhorf, which retained even the bulb of the eye in a perfect state, and which is now in the Moscow Museum, are well known examples of the preserving power of ice. Captain Pendleton, who accompanied Captain Wilkes in his great exploring expedition to the Antarctic Seas, wishing to bury a seaman in the South Shetland Island, sent several parties of twelve men each to dig a grave in the blue sand and gravel; but after penetrating in nearly 100 places through six and eight inches of sand, they came down every where upon solid blue ice. The body was placed in a hole in the ice. A year after this, Captain Barnham found the clothes and flesh perfectly fresh as when they were buried. Captain Rendall of our navy, subsequently found that the soil of Deception Island, one of the South Shet-

lands, consists of ice and volcanic ashes interstratified; and he discovered there the body of a foreign sailor which had long been buried, with the flesh and all the features perfectly preserved. When Captain Pendleton was in Deception Island, an iceberg, from 60 to 100 feet deep, and from 1500 to 3000 feet long, fell from an icecliff 800 feet high. At a height of about 280 feet above the level of the sea, part of a whale was seen remaining in the icecliff, the head and anterior parts having broken off about the flippers, and fallen down with the detached mass of ice. The species was what the whalers call the Sulphur-bottom, which resembles the Fin-back. Captain Pendleton obtained from the fallen portion from eight to ten barrels of oil, and the birds for a long time fed upon the entrails. Captain W. Pendleton found the skeletons of whales in South Shetland, 300 feet above the level of the sea. Thomas Ash saw in "Ragged Island" beach the skeleton of some of the soft parts of a whale, many feet above the reach of the highest tides. Captain W. Beck saw whale's bones and carcasses sixty or seventy feet above the sea level, and a mile and a half from the water. Captain Wilkes's theory of the existence of whales at such heights as these, is that the snow drifting off the land in winter, falls over the cliffs upon the frozen surface of the sea, where the whale is entombed. The frozen mass, separated from the land by the rise and fall of the tides, sinks more and more in the deep water, till it acquires a great thickness, and may at last touch the bottom. Before this takes place, however, it generally gets adrift, "and before it has done melting, tumbles over or capsizes more than once." Both Sir James Ross and Dr. Joseph Hooker suggested this explanation, without knowing Captain Wilkes's theory. Sir James, indeed, had seen a great island of ice capsize in lat. $71^{\circ} 56'$ S. The bottom came up, and rose 100 feet above the sea, the new top being covered with earth and stones. Hence, as our author states, "the lower down the carcass of the whale is buried in the original berg, the higher up will it be raised above the level of the sea, when the same berg has turned over."

In speaking of the religious toleration in the New England States, our author ascribes it to "the reaction against the extreme Calvinism of the Church first established in this part of America," and in order to throw ridicule on what he calls "the tenets of the dominant Calvinism," as "outraging human reason, and as derogatory to the moral attributes of the supreme Being," he, very unnecessarily, we think, makes copious extracts from a poem called the "Day of Doom," in which the author, Michael Wigglesworth, A.M., "professes to give a poetical description of the last Judgment," "introducing a great body of Scripture texts, in confirmation" of his description, or, as our author elsewhere expresses it, "citing a great array of Scripture texts, from

the Old and New Testaments, as warranty for the orthodoxy of every dogma." We should like to see, in reference to this poem, (though otherwise we would rather not see it,) a poetical description of the last Judgment, written by a sincere Arminian, or by a sincere Unitarian divine, and *founded on texts of Scripture*, because we are sure it would be equally offensive in its substance, though it might be less so in its language, to the sentimentalism of the present day. We can see no connexion between Calvinism, or any other *ism*, and intolerance, and our author must know that the most intolerant of all Churches is not Calvinistic. Our religious readers, whether Presbyterian or Episcopalian, will perhaps find some apology for our author, in the following description which he gives of modern Christianity:—

"The great distinction between the spirit of the times when these verses were written, and the present age, appears to be this—that a paramount importance was then attached to those *doctrinal* points in which the leading sects differed from each other, whereas now *Christianity is more generally considered to consist, ESSENTIALLY, in believing and obeying those Scriptural precepts in which all Churches agree.*"—*Second Visit, &c.*, vol. i. p. 55.

We regret that volumes so full of wisdom and of truth should have contained such a paragraph—that such geology should have been accompanied with such theology. We believe that we express the opinion of *all Churches*, that *Christianity consists in believing the doctrines and obeying the precepts contained in the Scriptures*. Whether these doctrines are Calvinistic, or Arminian, or Socinian, this is not the place to discuss; but we are bold to say, that Calvinism is the doctrine of the Established Churches of England and Scotland, and if its tenets are an outrage to reason, and derogatory to God, these Churches are no longer temples of truth, but synagogues of error. We venture also to declare it to be our own opinion, that *Calvinism is the highest philosophy and the truest religion*.—If it is not philosophy, man is without Reason:—If it is not religion, he is without Revelation.

In the White Mountains, of whose geology and vegetation our author has given a very interesting description, he examines the effects of the famous land-slip, or "Willey Slide," as it is called, which took place in August 1826, in which the Willey family, nine in number, were overwhelmed by a sudden avalanche of earth, stones, and trees, which took place in consequence of heavy rains. The unfortunate family would have all escaped had they remained in their humble dwelling, for immediately above it a projecting rock divided the fatal torrent into two branches. On the day of the catastrophe a candle was found on the table of their deserted room, burnt to the socket, with the Bible lying open beside it. In this avalanche some of the masses had slid two or three miles, with an average breadth of a quarter

of a mile, and some of the rocky fragments measured from fourteen to twenty feet in diameter. The slopes of bare rock over which these fragments had passed were inclined 20° or 30° to the horizon; but upon examining a space of naked rock, fifteen feet square, over which the whole contents of the slide had slipped, our author found that all the rocks were smoothed on the surface, and marked with some irregular short scratches and grooves, which had "no resemblance in continuity, straightness, and parallelism, to those produced by a glacier."

After listening to a fine mountain echo, which repeated *five times*, in softened and melodious tones, a few clear notes on a horn, and ascending Mount Washington 6225 feet above the sea, our author learns from the driver of his carriage that he had been converted at a revival near Bethlehem, and he takes occasion to place, after a description of the granitic rocks of the White Mountains, an account of this celebrated revival,—of the Millerite* movement,—the Millerite tabernacle at Boston,—the Mormonism of the prophet Joseph Smith, and the fanaticism of New England. We agree with Sir Charles in the opinion, that these melancholy exhibitions of imposture, ignorance, and fanaticism, "reflect much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England." It is not mere education, or the power of reading and writing, that will protect the mind against the fever of religious enthusiasm. It is sound and useful knowledge. It is instruction in those truths of the material world which all men must believe, and which all men ought to know, that can alone calm sensitive temperaments, and cool heated imaginations.

Anxious to see the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed in the Mayflower on the 22d December 1620, now called Forefather's day, Sir Charles, after spending a day at Boston, set out for Plymouth, Massachusetts. Entering that city through fine avenues of drooping elms in the street, they went to an old-fashioned inn, called the Pilgrim's Home. "The antique style of many of the buildings, and the low rooms with panelled walls and huge wooden beams projecting from the ceilings, were such as he never saw elsewhere in America. Some houses, built of bricks brought from Holland, still stand in Leyden Street, so called after the last town in Europe where the Pilgrims sojourned after they had been driven by religious persecution from their native country. In some private houses many venerated heirlooms are religiously preserved as relics of the first settlers; and a huge boulder of granite which lay sunk in the beach is pronounced by tradition to have been the exact spot on which the feet of the Pilgrims first trod." Part of the same rock still remains on

* A fanatic of the name of Miller predicted the destruction of the world on the 23d of October 1844, and he was followed by thousands!

the wharf, while another portion has been removed to the centre of the town, and inclosed within an iron railing, on which the names of forty-two of the Pilgrim Fathers were inscribed. They who cannot sympathize warmly with the New Englanders for cherishing these precious relics are not to be envied; and it is a praiseworthy custom to celebrate an annual festival, not only here, but in places several thousand miles distant, to commemorate the birthday of New England.

After some interesting details respecting the execution of witches at Salem in 1692, during the prevalence of an epidemic resembling epilepsy, and a discussion on the white and negro races, and the relative size of their brains, our author devotes the whole of his eighth chapter to the sea-serpent. The fossil sea-serpent of Mr. Koch was composed of vertebræ from more than one individual, ingeniously arranged in a serpentine form. After analyzing the various details respecting the sea-serpents of North America and the German Ocean, our author concludes that they were, in all probability, species of the *Squalus maximus* or shark, which sometimes attains, when old, a larger size than had ever been previously imagined. The sea-serpent seen in 1848 by Captain M'Quhae of the *Dædalus*, between the Cape and St. Helena, is supposed by Professor Owen to "have been the largest of the seal tribe—the sea elephant of the southern whalers, the *Phoca proboscidea*, which sometimes attains a length of thirty feet, and individuals of which have been known to be floated by icebergs towards the Cape."

In four chapters,* which are devoted to Boston, the general reader will find much interesting information respecting its manners and institutions. There are here, in the *Common*, houses that would fill two London squares, which would sell for from £4000 to £20,000, occupied by persons who have inherited large fortunes, or acquired them in business. Sumptuous entertainments are not rare, but even the wealthiest families keep a small number of servants, and have no carriage. The expense of living in the northern States is more reasonable than in England, but travelling, food, newspapers, and books are cheaper. At his second visit Sir Charles found Laura Bridgman much grown, and able to talk with Dr. Howe with great rapidity and animation. The task of educating her has become more arduous. She is particularly inquisitive about wars, she wants to know, as we all do, why men slaughter each other in battle; and she is so distressed at their wickedness, as we all ought to be, that she can scarcely be induced to pursue the study of history. Dr. Howe told our author of a blind Frenchman in the asylum who could guess the age of strangers, by hearing their voices, more accurately than those who saw them.

* Chaps. ix. x. xi. xii. and part of xiii. See also vol. ii. pp. 317, 336.

The subject of popular education and instruction, the greatest question of the day, is resumed by Sir Charles Lyell in his chapters on Boston, and discussed with that earnestness which becomes a good man, and that talent which characterizes a great one. The education of the millions, in order to dispel ignorance, fanaticism, and crime—the promotion of science by public aid, and elevating the condition of scientific men—the diffusion of knowledge by raising the status of the teacher, and its advancement by removing taxes, which are the bane of literature and science—are topics which Sir Charles Lyell never loses an opportunity of discussing, and which he always discusses with moderation and ability. We heartily adopt all his views:—We claim for the child the power of reading his Bible without the gloss and commentary of the priest; *—We demand from the parent and the priest the religious education of the child;—We claim for the adult a dispensation from punishment, should the State neglect to teach him to read its laws; and we demand for the citizen that protection from ignorance and discontent, fanaticism and crime, which education alone can cheaply and effectually give. And should the child, or the man, be carried to his grave before he has learned his alphabet and read of his Saviour, we tell the infatuated statesman, the impious priest, and the heartless parent, that the death of that soul is theirs.†

Among the improvements which our author noticed in the city of New York, such as its new churches and fountains, built since 1841, he is particularly struck with the introduction of the electric telegraph, the posts of which, about thirty feet high, traverse not very ornamentally the street called Broadway. In 1848 more than 5000 miles of wire were laid down under the patent of Mr. Morse, in whose invention the power of printing the message is combined with its transmission. The cost of sending messages by it is four times cheaper than in Great Britain; and it is a curious fact that the wires have never been injured by the lovers of mischief, nor its delicate machinery deranged by the frequent and vivid lightning which prevails in America. Since the time of Sir Charles Lyell's visit, our countryman, Mr. Bain, has taken out patents in the United States for his electro-chemical telegraph, after a law-suit with Mr. Morse, which terminated in favour of Mr. Bain. Since these patents

* This problem, before which the British Government has quailed, has, by a noble movement of the community of Manchester, been solved. The Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Independents, and Unitarians, have resolved to bring a bill into Parliament to empower the Municipal Council of Manchester and Salford to levy a school-rate, not exceeding fivepence in the pound, for the maintenance of Free Schools, "open to all children, to whatever religious party their parents may belong, without any requirements to which the parents or guardians of any scholar may on religious grounds object."—See *Times*, Jan. 14, 1851, p. 5; and Jan. 16.

† See this Journal, vol. xi. p. 264, and vol. xiii. p. 157.

were obtained, the electro-chemical system has been generally adopted, and the following lines had been constructed, and were in activity in the month of April 1850, when we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bain, and studying his system in Paris.

From Louisville, Kentucky, to New Orleans, touching at about twenty intermediate places, 300 miles were completed, and in activity in the month of August 1849.

	Miles.
The length of this line, including all its branches, is	1150
From Washington to New York by Baltimore, Philadelphia, &c., completed on December 1849,	250
From Boston to Burlington in Vermont, touching at the principal intermediate places on the road to Canada,	290
From Albana to Newburg, completed in August 1849,	100
From Boston to New York, touching at six intermediate places,	250
	<hr/> 2040

For other lines, and extensions of lines, contracts were entered into last year with Mr. O'Reilly, the great constructor of telegraphs in the United States, and doubtless many of them are now in use. Mr. Bain's system requires only one iron wire, and costs only one-half of the ordinary telegraph; and it is a curious fact, that of the 2040 miles of telegraph already constructed, 2000 are constructed in localities where there are no railroads, and where, in a political and commercial point of view, they are most required. These lines of telegraph may be constructed under streets and buildings, along public roads and canals, across forests, above mountains, and under water. On the line from New York to Washington, about four miles have been laid down under salt-water. By Mr. Bain's invention, shorthand and phonographic writing may be transmitted, and also fac-similes of autographs. Any person who possesses a small machine not larger than a letter copying-press, and which costs a trifle, can compose his own message upon paper in telegraphic signs, send it under cover to the telegraph office for transmission, and receive it back again.

In passing from New York to Philadelphia through Burlington, our author learned that in an Episcopalian college there, called St. Mary's Hall, there were 100 young girls, called the "Holy Innocents," assembled from every part of the Union. "Eighteen of them had in September last taken their degrees in Arts, having received from the hands of the Bishop of New Jersey, diplomas, headed by an engraving of the Holy Virgin and Child, and issued in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

At Washington, on the 13th December, our author went into the House of Representatives and the Senate, where he listened to good speeches on the annexation of Texas, and on the Oregon

question. He heard Mr. Webster plead, paid a visit to the President in the Whitehouse, where he was politely received by Mrs. Polk, in her husband's absence, and examined the public museum, where he saw the fine collection of objects of natural history brought home by the exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes.

During his journey through North Carolina to Charleston, Savannah, and Darien, our author observed some new facts in natural history which may be interesting to our readers. Owing to the nocturnal habits of the striped squirrels, he had noticed only three or four species; but he had never seen the flying squirrel in motion, and was surprised to hear that Dr. Bachman had observed about a hundred of them every evening in autumn, for several weeks, near Philadelphia on two tall oaks when acorns and chestnuts are abundant, and when they had spare time for play. They passed from one tree to another, throwing themselves from the top of one of the oaks, "and descending at a considerable angle to the base of the other, then inclining the head upwards, just before reaching the ground, so as to turn and alight on the trunk, which they immediately climbed up to repeat the same manœuvre. In this way there was an almost continual flight of them, crossing each other in the air between the two trees." Our author had heard much of the *Swamp Rabbit*, the *Lepus palustris*, an aquatic hare, which "dives most nimbly, and outswims a Newfoundland dog," and which they hunt near the coast in South Carolina and Georgia.

Near the mouth of the Savannah river there is a species of oyster, the *ostrea virginica*, which resembles our *ostrea edulis*, where it lives isolated, and grows freely under water; but those that live gregariously, or in banks, between high and low water, lose their river form, and are greatly lengthened: They are called racoon oysters, as they are the only ones which the racoons can get when they come down to feed at low-tide.

"Captain Alexander of the U. S. Artillery told me," says our author, "that in the summer of 1844, he saw a large bald-headed eagle, *Aquila leucocephala*, which might measure six feet from tip to tip of its extended wings, caught near the bar of the Savannah river by one of these racoon oysters. The eagle had perched upon the shell-fish to prey upon it, when the mollusc suddenly closed its valves, and shut in the bird's claw, and would have detained its enemy till the rising tide had come up and drowned it, had not the captain in his boat secured it with a noose, and disengaged it from the oyster. He flapped his wings violently as they approached, but could not escape."—*Second Visit, &c.*, vol. i. p. 312.

In the swamps near the mouth of the Savannah, there are many alligators, and our author heard much of their habits, some of which surprised him. As birds eat sand and gravel to

assist the mechanical action of their gizzard in digestion, so the alligators swallow pebbles for the same purpose. Whole baskets full of flint arrow-heads have been picked up in some of the old Indian villages, and some of these much worn and rubbed have been taken out of the stomachs of these reptiles. The extraordinary tenacity of life which the alligator exhibits when seriously mutilated, led Dr. Le Comte* to decapitate a young one at the point where the head joins the neck. After two ounces of blood flowed from the wound, *the jaws of the detached head still snapped at anything which touched the tongue or lining membrane of the mouth.* When the convulsions from decapitation had ceased, the trunk of the animal seemed in profound sleep; but, when pricked on the side, the creature would scratch the spot sometimes with the fin, and sometimes with the hind foot, and always on the same side as the irritating cause. "If touched below the posterior extremity on the thick portion of the tail, he would slowly and deliberately draw up the hind foot, and scratch the part, and would use considerable force in pushing aside the offending object." Hence Dr. Le Comte concludes, that though in man volition is seated in the brain, in reptiles it extends over the whole spinal cord.

In his travels in Carolina, Mr. Bartram describes alligators twenty feet long, which attacked his boat, and bellowed like bulls, with a sound like distant thunder. The oldest and largest which have been killed in the Alatomaha are rarely twelve feet long, and never exceed sixteen and a half feet.

"The nests which they build in the marshes resemble haycocks, about four feet high, and five feet diameter at their bases, being constructed with mud, grass, and herbage. First they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a second stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from 100 to 200 eggs in the nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Luzenberger of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of their nests, with the eggs in a box, for the Museum in St. Petersburg, but was recommended, before he closed it, to see that there was no danger of any of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon after followed by all the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down the stairs, whining and barking like young puppies. They ate voraciously, yet their growth was so slow as to confirm him in the common opinion, that individuals which have attained the largest size are of very great age, though whether they live for three

* See the *New York Journal of Medicine*, November 1845, p. 535.

centuries, as some pretend, must be decided by future observation.”
—*Second Visit, &c.*, vol. i. p. 337.

At the house of Hopeton, about fifteen miles above Dover, Sir Charles Lyell saw a fine illustration of the natural rotation of crops, the true cause of which is scarcely understood. At a clearing in the forest, the trees cut down were full grown pines, (*Pinus Australis*,) but they are now succeeded by a crop of young oaks. Whence, it is asked, came the acorns? The jay (*garrulus cristatus*,) has a propensity to bury acorns, and various grains, in the ground, forgetting to return and devour them. The rook also, and some squirrels, and other Rodentia, do the same, and they plant them so deep that they cannot shoot unless the air and the light can penetrate freely into the soil, which they can only do when the shade of the pines has been removed. Still the seeds of the pines ought to grow. Liebig explains this by supposing that excrementitious matter from the pines prevents their seeds from vegetating.

In attending divine service at the Baptist Church of Savannah, our author found himself the only white man in the congregation, the clergyman being a venerable looking negro; and in the evening, he and two others were the only white worshippers at a black Methodist Church, where the service was performed by a white minister. “Nothing,” he says, “in his whole travels, gave him a higher opinion of the capabilities of the negroes than their progress, even in part of a slave State where they outnumber the whites, than this Baptist meeting. To see a body of African origin, who had joined one of the denominations of Christians, and built a church for themselves,—who had elected a pastor of their own race, and secured him an annual salary, from which they were listening to a good sermon, scarcely if at all below the average standard of the composition of white ministers,—to hear the whole service respectably, and the singing admirably performed, surely marks an astonishing step in civilisation! The pews were well fitted up, and the church well ventilated, and there was no disagreeable odour in either meeting-house.”

The practice of “geophagy,” or dust-eating, prevails in several parts of Alabama, where, from a diseased appetite, the negroes eat clay. The practice has been ascribed to the too nourishing qualities of Indian corn—from its not having in it a sufficient quantity of inorganic matter.

Although our travellers passed their time even agreeably and profitably in Alabama, yet they experienced many inconveniences. Owing to the democratic equality which prevails, Sir Charles often hesitated to ask for water or towels, for fear of giving offence, although the yeoman with whom he lodged for the night allowed him to pay a moderate charge for the accommodation. Nor could he venture to beg any one to rub a thick coat of mud

off his boots or trowsers, lest he should be thought to reflect on the members of the family, who had no idea of indulging in such refinements themselves. He could have dispensed with the luxuries of milk and butter, but he felt greatly the want of a private bed-room, though he soon found that it was a great privilege to have a bed to himself. When on one occasion he received this indulgence, he was ashamed to see, in consequence, a similar sized bed in the same room, occupied by his companion and two others. He found, however, that the bishop and his clergy, as well as the circuit lawyers, had, in addition to these privations, to endure the bites of countless mosquitoes, fleas, and bugs, from which the weather had exempted him.

It is in the remote States of the Union that we meet with those interesting peculiarities, both social and physical, which necessarily attach to newly constituted communities, and it is accordingly in the chapters which describe our author's visit to the Southern States that we find much popular and instructive reading, which it is not easy to transfer to the pages of a review. Sir Charles Lyell has the art, beyond any other traveller we know, of agreeably combining things new and old,—ruts in roads with rents in mountains, the extravagant expense of millinery with the cheapness of land, and the condition of infant cities and settlements, with the hoary and the magnificent creations of primeval times. It is therefore only in fragments that we can present to our readers some of the interesting information which abounds in his second volume.

In sailing up the Alabama, fringed with canes, over which towers the deciduous cypress, through openings in which is seen an evergreen forest of pines, the passengers, when in bed, were startled by a loud crash, as if parts of the woodwork of the steamer were giving way over their heads. Showers of broken glass, with crash after crash, rattled on the floor of the cabin, with an indescribable noise. The ladies, and mothers with children in their arms, stood in consternation at the cabin-door, till the cry of the captain released them from their fears,—“Don't be alarmed, we have only got among the trees.” This, it seems, was no uncommon occurrence, when these enormous steamers are sweeping down at full speed in the flood season. *

“Strange as it may seem,” says our author, “the higher the waters rise, the narrower is the river channel. It is true that the adjoining swamps and lands are inundated far and wide; but the steamers must all pass between two rows of tall trees which adorn the opposite banks, and as the branches of these noble trees stretch half-way over the stream, the boat, when the river has risen forty or fifty feet, must steer between them. In the dark, when they are going at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, or more, and the bends are numerous, a slight miscalculation carries the wood-work of the great cabin in

among the heads of the trees. In this predicament I found the Amaranth when I got on deck. Many a strong bough had pierced right through the cabin windows on one side, throwing down the lights, and smashing the wooden balustrade, and the roof of the long gallery, and tearing the canvas covering from the verandah. The engine had been backed, or its motion reversed, but the steamer held fast by the trees, and was swinging round by the force of the current. A large body of men were plying their axes freely, not only cutting off boughs, but treating with no respect the framework of the cabin itself. I could not help feeling thankful that no branch had obtruded itself into our berths. At length we got off, and the carpenters and glaziers set to work immediately to make repairs."—*Second Visit, &c.*, vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

Embarking at Mobile in the Tuscaloosa steamer, our travellers sailed up (at the rate of ten miles an hour) the Tombecbee, the great Western tributary of the Alabama, to visit Tuscaloosa, the capital of the State, and ascertain the geological age of its coalfield. The steamer was 170 feet long, and all the chairs in the cabin were capable of floating, and acting as life-preservers. There is here a flourishing college, and as there are no religious tests, the professors are Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians. The annual expense of a student in the university is 300 dollars, or sixty guineas, including board. A gentleman whose income was only 340 guineas a-year, paid no less than eight guineas a-year for a pew in the Presbyterian Church, which held six persons. The Bishop of the diocese receives about £800 a-year, though in the older States their salaries are much higher. In country parishes, Episcopal clergymen receive about £100 a-year; and in the large towns their stipend is £400 or £500. An Episcopal clergyman, who was a high churchman, considered the clergy of his persuasion well paid, considering the average scale of fortunes in the United States; and he was of opinion that "his Church was a gainer in worldly advantage as well as spiritual influence, by being wholly unconnected with the State." Sir Charles should have told him, by way of contrast, that the Episcopalian bishops and clergy in Scotland, though well educated and superior men, are comparatively starved, and yet *three-fourths* of the landed property of Scotland is in the hands of Episcopalians! Men educated at Oxford and Cambridge, who do honour to the universities and to their Church, are in Scotland worse paid than the clergy of the lowest class of Dissenters.

We are unwilling to touch on the exciting subject of slaves and slavery. It is treated by our author in various parts of his volumes, with great moderation and ability, and we must content ourselves with referring to his own pages for much important information and interesting discussion. We had hoped that the abolition of the slave-trade and of slavery had disappeared from the category of social questions, and that, in England

at least, the question had been long ago decided. Could we look at the slave in his simple humanity, without regarding him as a being of the future, we should view him as the inmate of a luxurious home, with all the blessings with which self-interest and domestic feeling combine to surround him. Under this bright phase, and in striking contrast with the in-dweller of the work-house, or the labourer in the factory, we are disposed to forget the horrors of the middle passage, and shut our ears against the sound of the whip and the clank of the chain. But when the mind's eye rests upon the precious jewel—the white soul ; which the ebony casket encloses—eternal truth recoils from the sight of a spirit in shackles, and immortal affection clasps in her warmest embrace the victim of cruelty and injustice. Expediency is struck dumb. Individual and national interests disappear. Emancipation is the cry, and the slave is free for ever.

In digging the foundations of gas-works at New Orleans, Irishmen with spades were first employed, but finding that they had to cut through buried timber, 150 well-practised axemen from Kentucky were engaged. Cypress and other trees were superimposed one upon the other, in an upright position, with their roots as they grew ; and Dr. Rogers, the superintendent of the gas-work, had calculated that eighteen centuries must have been required for the accumulation. Mr. Bringier, the State-surveyor, told our author that when the great canal from Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans was dug, to the depth of nine feet from the Lake, they had cut through a cypress swamp, which had evidently filled up gradually, *for there were three tiers of the stumps of trees, some of them very old*, ranged one above the other ; and some of the trunks must have rotted away to the level of the ground in the swamp, before the upper one grew over them.

This remarkable fact of a succession of trees having grown above one another is, we believe, of rare occurrence. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder observed, somewhere in the Highlands of Scotland, the roots of *two*, or it may have been *three*, ranges of fir trees, that had successively grown and perished on the same spot. In the year 1834-35, when residing at Belleville on the banks of the Spey, the writer of this Article had occasion to observe a still more interesting example of these successive growths. A great flood in the Spey had burst one of the march embankments which separates the meadow of Belleville from that of Dun-naughton. The water rushed in with prodigious force, excavating a hole about 40 feet in diameter, and scattered over the meadow all the pine roots which it had contained. The roots were upwards of 70 in number, and were of ~~two~~ kinds ; those with green roots which still bore the green sod which adhered to them, and which, therefore, formed the uppermost range, and

those with black roots, which formed the inferior ranges. By two different modes of computation, we found that there must have been $4\frac{1}{2}$ ranges,—that is, either *four* or *five* generations of trees must have grown in succession, and perished on the spot.

The danger of navigating the Mississippi did not deter our author from visiting the mouths of the great river, in order to examine the banks of sand, mud, and drift timber, which have been recently formed there during the annual inundations. According to published accounts of the casualties of the preceding year, 50 steamers had been snagged in the river, (penetrated with stumps of trees called snags); 27 sunk; 16 burst their boilers; 15 had been run into by other vessels; 13 destroyed by fire; 10 wrecked; and 7 cut through by Ice.

Notwithstanding this display of terrors, with the enumeration of the number of persons drowned or injured, our author, accompanied by Dr. Carpenter, embarked in the "Wave" steamer. After having been seated half-an-hour on the deck, Dr. Carpenter was advised by a friend to go, by preference, in a rival and safer boat, which was ready to start. They accordingly did so, and she sailed first. Eight hours later when they were detained at a "landing," the rival steamer slowly approached, and had no sooner reached them, than all her passengers came into the other steamer in the greatest alarm, but uninjured, from the bursting of their steam-pipe. In spite of this ominous commencement of their voyage, they descended the river in safety, and "entered the long promontory or tongue of land, if such it can be called, which consists simply of the broad river flowing between narrow banks, protruded for so many miles into the Gulf of Mexico. Each bank, including the swamps behind it, is about 200 or 300 yards wide, covered with dead reeds." The strange circumstance of the "river thus, as it were, going to sea," and preserving its channel for centuries, in spite of the waters of the Gulf breaking over its banks, is justly ascribed by our author to the powerful body of fresh water flowing in a valley from 100 to 250 feet deep, and between vast mounds of mud and sand on each side, into a sea comparatively shallow. On their arrival at Balize, a village with 250 souls, they were surprised at seeing 70 or more dwellings, erected on piles driven into the mud banks, and among reeds half as high as the houses, and which often grew close to them; a wooden bridge over a pool of water uniting the building with its outhouses. A long wooden platform of planks on piles, along the main channel entered by the steamer, served as a promenade upon which the "pilots' wives and daughters, and among them the belles of the place, well dressed and accompanied by their pet dogs, took their evening walk." Whenever a hurricane is apprehended, the

greater part of the houses built on piles are moored like ships to strong anchors! The population is so great that should the Gulf rise six feet, as it did in 1812, there are scarcely boats enough to save the people.

This mighty river often bursts its banks and finds a shorter cut to the sea. In May 1846 it burst through the Carthage crevasse which continued open for eight weeks, during which it obtained a breadth of eighty feet. The water rushed into Lake Pontchartrac, when nothing was visible between that great Lagoon and the Mississippi, but the tops of tall cypress trees growing in the morass, and a narrow black stripe of earth which was the top of the levée or embankment that marked the course of the river. In 1844 the river burst its banks in another place, inundating the low cultivated land between the highest part of the bank and the swamp. The water rushed through the opening at the rate of ten miles an hour, injuring thousands of valuable acres, sucking in several flat boats, and carrying them over a watery waste into a dense swamp forest, where the voyagers might remain entangled among the trees till they were starved, if canoes were not sent to traverse the swamps in the hope of rescuing such wanderers from destruction. It has been asked why the river when it has burst its banks, does not continue in the same course and reach the Gulf of Mexico in a few miles, instead of flowing 200 miles before it reaches the sea. This arises from the great depth of its channel, the bottom of which is greatly below the level of the plain, though the levée or embankment is raised above it. When the Mississippi is at its height it pours several streams of fresh water tinged with yellow sediment, twelve or more miles into the sea beyond its mouth. When the keels of vessels plough these broad fields of as it were fluid soil, they turn up a furrow of clear blue water which forms a dark streak in the middle of the ship's wake. The quantity of drift wood floated down the river has not sensibly diminished within the last twenty years, but nearly all of it is now intercepted in the last forty miles above New Orleans, where it is split up into logs for the furnaces of steamers. The Government snag boats have greatly improved the navigation of the river by the extraction of the snags or trunks of uprooted trees which get fixed in the mud, having sunk with their heavier end to the bottom, and remain slanting down the stream, so as to pierce through the bows of vessels sailing up.

Passing over much interesting information respecting the navigation and banks of the Mississippi, and the increase of its Delta,* we are attracted by a curious description given to

* "The area of the Delta being about 13,600 square statute miles, and the quantity of solid matter annually brought down by the river 3,702,758,400 cubic feet.

our author of the region of Attakapas, which contain wide "quaking prairies" upon which cattle are pastured, and where you may fancy yourself far inland; yet if you pierce any where through the grassy turf to the depth of two feet, *you find sea fish swimming about which make their way in search of food under the superficial sward from the Gulf of Mexico through subterranean watery channels.* In a country like this we need not wonder at the floating island on Lake Solitude, (a crescent striped sheet of water which was once a bed of the Mississippi,) upon which a gentleman once landed from a canoe, when to his surprise and horror it began to sink with his weight. "In great alarm he climbed a cypress tree, which also began immediately to go down with him as fast as he ascended. He mounted up higher and higher into its boughs, until at length it ceased to subside, and looking round he saw in every direction, for a distance of 50 yards, the whole wood in motion.

"It appears," says Sir Charles, in explanation of this incident, "that there is always a bayou or a channel connecting, during floods, each deserted bend or lake with the main river, through which large floating logs may pass. These often form rafts and become covered with soil, supporting shrubs and trees. At first such green islands are blown from one part of the lake to the other by the wind, but the deciduous cypress if it springs up in such a soil, sends down roots many yards long, so as to cast anchor in the muddy bottom, rendering the island stationary."—*Second Visit, &c.*, vol. ii., pp. 185, 186.

At Port Hudson, 165 miles above New Orleans, our author went to examine the fossil forest discovered by Bartram in 1777. In 1838 Dr. Carpenter found that the river had worn it away at such a rate as to expose to view a section several hundred feet further east.* It consisted of horizontal logs and erect stumps of cypress pushing their roots deep into the clay beneath. This buried forest is covered by a bed of clay 12 feet thick, which is succeeded by another bed of vegetable matter four feet thick, containing top branches and erect stumps, in which none of the large cypresses occur. Sir Charles Lyell could not, on account of the height of the river, see the lowest part of the forest, which was 12 feet under water. In proof that the fossil site of the carried forest must be far from the point where Bartram and Carpenter saw it, the following description of a recent landslip was given him :

"A few years ago when by the curving in of the bank, three acres of ground, 50 or 60 feet high, composed of clay and sand, and covered

(the solid matter being about $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part in volume of the water,) it must have taken 67,000 years for the formation of the whole, and if the alluvial matter of the plain above be 264 feet deep, (the Delta being 528 feet thick,) it must have required 33,500 more years for its accumulation, its area being supposed equal to that of the Delta."—Vol. ii. p. 250.

* Seven hundred of these snags were extracted in four weeks from the bed of the Missouri.

by a forest, sank down bodily into the river, and were then gradually washed away, one of the eye-witnesses related to me that the trees were at first seen to tremble, then large rents began to open in the soil deeper and deeper, after which the movement was such that the boughs of the trees lashed each other, and acorns and beach nuts were showered down like hail. A herd of pigs was so intent on devouring these, that they allowed themselves to be carried down vertically 50 feet, the subsidence occupying about five minutes. The outer edge of the bluff with some of the swine fell into the river, but these swam to the next part of the bluff and joined their companions. The owners watched them anxiously till dusk, unable to go to their rescue; but at length, to their surprise, they saw a leader followed by all the rest, wend his way along narrow ledges on the face of the precipice from which the fallen mass had been detached, and climb up to the top. Next morning, to their no less astonishment, they found the herd feeding again on the same perilous ground, and saw them again return by the same path at night."—*Second Visit*, &c., vol. ii. p. 182.

Near Natchez there is an interesting narrow valley, about seven miles long, and in some parts sixty feet deep, which, with its numerous ramifications, has been formed since the earthquake of 1811-12, by which this region was fissured, its floods dried up, and many landslips produced. It is called the "Mammoth Cave," from the fossils which it contained; but it has derived a higher interest throughout Europe and America, from the discovery in it of part of a *human pelvis*, a fragment of the *os innominatum*. After a careful examination of the fact, Sir Charles believed that it had been dislodged from some old Indian grove, near the surface, not five, ten, or twenty centuries old, and fallen down into the stream. Had it been found, *in situ*, at the bottom of the precipice, its age would probably have exceeded 100,000 years; but there is no evidence whatever to prove that it occupied such a position.

Upon an eminence called St. Rosalie, near Natchez, there are several Indian mounds, from which Dr. Dickson obtained some curious remains of pottery, indicating a much greater progress in the arts than their descendants, who were driven out by the Europeans. Till very recently the antiquities of the United States have been but partially studied, but a most important contribution to antiquarian lore has been recently made by the *Smithsonian Institution*, founded by James Smithson, Esq., in England, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. A copy of this splendid work, illustrated by *forty-eight* quarto engravings, and *three hundred and seven* wood engravings, and presented to the writer of this Article by the Trustees of the Institution, is now before us. It contains the most interesting details respecting the *ancient monuments* of the Mississippi valley, to which it is limited, and forms the first volume of a noble work, to which nothing analogous has yet been published in

Europe, entitled, *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*.^{*} The annual income of the fund is £6500, and by the Act of Congress one half of this is to be devoted to the increase and diffusion of knowledge, by means of original research, and publications, and the other to the formation of a library, a museum, and a gallery of art. Our readers will be surprised when we tell them that this noble fund was offered to a Society in England, which refused to comply with the conditions upon which it was to be given.

In order to make geological observations on the region shaken by the great earthquake of 1811, which destroyed Guayra and Caraccas, Sir Charles went to the large village of New Madrid. This town was destroyed, and the Mississippi now flows over its ruins. Its graveyard was precipitated into the river, which swept off the dead as well as the living. The ground quaked almost incessantly for three months. The ground swelled up, and the river flowed backward. The fissures and chasms took certain directions, and the country-people, observing this, felled the tallest trees, and placed them at right angles to this direction. They then stationed themselves on these trees, and thus escaped from being swallowed up by the yawning earth.

"Mr. Bringier, the engineer, related to us that he was on horse-back, near New Madrid, when some of the severest shocks were experienced, and that as the waves advanced he saw the trees bend down, and often in the instant afterwards, when in the act of recovering their position, meet the boughs of other trees similarly inclined, so as to become interlocked, being prevented from righting themselves again. The transit of the wave through the woods was marked by the crashing noise of countless branches, first heard on one side and then on the other. At the same time powerful jets of water, mixed with sand, mud, and pieces of bituminous shale, were cast up with such force, that horse and rider might have perished had the undulating ground happened to burst beneath them."—*Second Visit*, vol. ii. pp. 231, 232.

At the places where the principal fountains of mud and water were thrown up, there were circular cavities, called sink holes, some of which our author found to be ten yards wide and five deep. Sir Charles next made an excursion to what is called the "sunk country," where the descent from the upper to the lower level is not less than twenty, or even thirty feet; but we cannot find room for the very interesting details which will be found in his thirty-third chapter.

In the alluvial plain on the banks of the Mississippi, cypress trunks have been found, containing from 800 to 2000 rings of annual growth. Michaud mentions cypresses forty feet in circuit

^{*} Vol. i. 4to, p. 306. Washington, 1848. Organized in 1846.

above the enlarged base, which is three or four times that size. Exter found one 117.10 French feet in circumference, taken above the enlarged base, which was 200 feet in circumference. In this stem the number of annual rings would be 5352, if one line is assumed as the average annual growth; but if with Zuccarini we take 1.6 line as the average, the age of the tree will be 3512 years.

Our waning limits remind us that we must part with our intellectual guide, who has exhibited to us so many objects of interest, and enlightened us with so many lamps of wisdom. We would fain follow him to Louisville, to the fossil coral reef at the Ohio Fall,—into an Episcopal church, where the priest preached against the Reformation, and when catechising the girls told them that the Prayer-Book was written by their mother, namely, Mother Church,—to a Black Methodist Chapel, with about 400 hearers, where the preacher told them that he saw many of them nodding, and begged every one to wake up his neighbour, as the sexton had more than he could do in tapping on the heads of the junior sleepers,—to Cincinnati with its fine observatory, with an equatorial achromatic seventeen feet long, and with an object glass twelve inches in diameter,—to Pittsburg, with its Indian marls and gravel terraces,—to Greensburg, with its fossil foot-prints of animals in coal strata; and finally, to Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Albany, and Boston, from which he sailed for England in the *Britannia* on the 1st of June, and arrived at Liverpool on the 13th June 1846.

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers some idea of the interesting contents of Sir Charles Lyell's two works. We know of no books of modern travels so full of agreeable and useful reading,—so pregnant with instruction respecting the geology and physical geography of America, and so liberal and candid in its judgments on all the social, political, and religious questions which now everywhere agitate the public mind. There is no object too low for our author's notice, and none too high for his grasp. Whatever warms the heart of the philanthropist, or excites the zeal of the missionary, or perplexes the genius of the statesman, or exercises the intellect of the sage, calls forth all his powers of observation, and rouses all his energies of thought. The condition of the criminal and the slave,—the educational instruction of the ignorant,—the moral and religious training of the people,—the amelioration of the condition of the poor,—and the equalization of political rights, are all advocated with that earnestness and talent which seldom fail to advance the object at which they aim.

Even if the reader is no geologist he will follow Sir Charles Lyell with exciting interest in his various journeys by sea, by

river, or by rail, in which he has observed and expounded those singular conditions of the physical world of which America presents so many striking examples,—while the geologist himself will add to his store of knowledge, and entrench himself deeper in those magnificent generalizations which give dignity and grandeur to his science.

It is in any country fortunate for science, especially for geological science, which cannot be pursued in the watches of the night, or in the intervals of professional toil, when men in independent circumstances like our author, or in official positions of easy duty, zealously devote themselves to intellectual labour. It is peculiarly fortunate in ours, where the love of knowledge and its institutions never characterizes the statesman, and where experience never leads him to learn the duties which he owes to genius, or to unlearn the prejudices under which he oppresses it. It is more fortunate still, that the rich and noble of the land, and the poor philosophers themselves, are willing to contribute their money as well as their talents to the advancement of knowledge, in a country where our scientific and literary institutions are neglected by the State,—where, as in Scotland, our Universities are allowed to languish and decay,—and where the Government leaves the people untaught, lest they should hazard the sweets of office by giving offence to the bigots of the day.

Had the volumes which we have been analyzing referred to any other country than America, their geological details if equally new, would have been equally acceptable to the man of science; but the pictures which they draw of American life, and the account which they give of American institutions, and of the progress of civilisation in the West, have to us Englishmen, and indeed to every citizen of the world, an overpowering interest. Accustomed to look with wonder upon the civilisation of the past—upon the unblest glories of Greece and of Rome—upon mighty empires that have risen but to fall—the English eye has never fixed itself on the grand phenomenon of a Great Nation at School. Viewing America as a forward child that has deserted its home and abjured its parent, we have ever looked upon her with a callous heart, and with an evil eye judicially blind to her progress. In a region teeming with vegetable life—resting upon the subterranean treasures of civilisation—intersected with noble rivers, whose tributary and capillary streams carry food and life into every part of the land, the Anglo-Saxon race has established itself in mighty cities, the centres of manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural wealth; and has intrenched itself amid noble institutions—with temples enshrined in religious toleration,—with universities of private bequest and public organization,—with national and unshackled schools,—and with all the resources which science and literature and philanthropy demand from the citizen or from the

State. Supplied from the old world with its superabundant life, the Anglo-Saxon tide has been carrying its multiplied population to the West,—rushing onward through impervious forests,—levelling their lofty pines,—chasing before it the denizens of the jungle, and driving to an ocean frontier, where civilisation will at last find them, the savage hordes that still usurp the fairest portions of creation. Nor is this living flood the destroying scourge which Providence sometimes lets loose upon our species. It breathes in accents which are our own.—It is instinct with English life;—and it bears on its snowy crest the auroral light of the East to gild the darkness of the West with the purple radiance of salvation, of knowledge, and of peace.

But while the frontier of civilisation is thus advancing with giant strides, the fixed population of the American States has been vying with European communities in the cultivation of the arts which contribute to domestic comfort and national aggrandisement. Their railroads, with all their imperfections, supply the necessities of the traveller, and remunerate the public spirit of their projectors. Their steamboat establishments, whether on coast or on river, are unrivalled in European States; and their telegraphic lines, superior in cheapness and utility to ours, have been carried for thousands of miles into regions where the iron pathway has not been able to penetrate. Nor is their mineral wealth equalled by that of the most favoured quarters of the globe. Her empire of coal;—her kingdoms of cotton and of corn;—her regions of gold and of iron, mark out America as the centre of future civilisation;—as the emporium of the world's commerce;—as the granary and storehouse out of which the kingdoms of the East will be clothed and fed;—and we greatly fear, as the asylum in which our children will take refuge when the hordes of Asia and the semi-barbarians of Eastern Europe shall again darken and desolate the West.

In thus speaking of America, we have no desire to undervalue our own beloved country. We wish not to exchange for her republican institutions, a monarchy hallowed by time and rooted in the habits and affections of the people; and still less do we desire to replace our territorial aristocracy, with the aristocracy of wealth and talent which a democratic community can alone recognise. Our object is to persuade England to respect America—to love her as the first-born of her political family—and, with the affection of a parent, to rejoice in her progress, and pray for the prosperity and consolidation of her empire. Though dauntless in her mien, and colossal in her strength, she displays upon her banner the star of peace. Shedding its radiance upon us, let us reciprocate the celestial light; and strong and peaceful ourselves, we shall have nothing to fear from her power, but everything to learn from her example.

INDEX

FOURTEENTH VOLUME OF THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

- Agricultural Crisis**—Professor Low, 85—romance of statistics, 87—common sense, 88—free trade cannot injure us, 90—free trade in corn righteous, 91—political economists, 91—comparative effects of free trade and protection, 92—who are pedlars, 93—fruits of protection, 94—blessing of war, 99—the ideal of agriculture, 101—science and empiricism, 103—sewage manure, 103—results of sewage manure facts, 107—farmer's true right, 109—benefits of free trade, 110—other crops besides wheat profitable, 111—the culture of flax, 112—effects of the cultivation of flax in Trinningham, 114—cultivation of silk, maize, and lentiles, 114—actual effects of the Crisis, 115—tenant farmers not necessary, 117—peasant proprietors, 118—possible methods of cultivation, 119—probable futurity of the labouring classes, 120—distant ideal, 121.
- Arnold, Dr.**, effects of his lectures at Oxford, 186.
- Autobiography of Leigh Hunt**, 143—character of the work, 144—his father, tarring and feathering, 145—his father's occupation and habits, 146—Hunt's childhood, 147—at Christ Hospital, 148—recollections—confirmation, 150—dress at Christ Hospital—arrangements, 151—adventures, 152—school loves and friendship, 153—writes verses, 154—Raine, Franklin, Maurice, 155—introduction to prose writing, 156—cure for a sick horse—gets married, 157—Bell's Weekly Messenger—the Examiner, 158—Fuseli and Bonnycastle, 160—George the Third, 162—feast of the poets—Gifford, Scott, 163—imprisoned, 164—story of Rimini—exchanges visits with Byron, 165—Keat's account of Italy, 166—the laureateship—Caroline Bowles, 167—Coleridge, 168.
- Babbage, Mr.**, on the decline of science, 241.
- Boccaccio**, father of the language in which he wrote, 206.
- Boston**, educational arrangements of, 553.
- Brewster, Sir David**, on the decline of science, 241.
- British Association for the advancement of science**, 235—Joseph Fraunhofer—foreign patronage of science, 237—Sir H. Davy and Sir J. Herschel on the decline of science, 239—Mr. Babbage and Sir D. Brewster, 241—origin of the Association, 243—works on the decline of science, 245—preparations for the meeting, 246—proceedings of the last meeting at York, 248—Rev. Mr. Harcourt's speech, 250—objects of the Association, 251—persons who took an active part at the meetings, 252—principal members present, 253—views of Mr. Harcourt and Professor Johnston, 255—Mr. Huskisson's views, 257—Mr. Douglas of Cavers, 259—objects of, overlooked, 262—Cambridge meeting—Edinburgh meeting, 263—Edinburgh Review, 264—table of places of times of meeting, &c., since commencement, 266—ladies who attended—foreign members, 268—sums expended, 272—magnetic and physical observations, 275—great objects accomplished—greater neglected, 277—pecuniary and official rewards by the government, 279—officers in the museum of practical geology—arguments for a national institute, 283—liberalities of foreign states to science, 285—appeal to the legislature, 287.
- British and Continental ethics and Christianity**, 289—divorce of ethics and religion, 290—failure of ethics as a science and as an art, 293—twofold aim of ethics, 294—outline of a new scheme of ethics, 295—arguments for ethical reform, 296—influence of the rationalism of the eighteenth century, 299—decline of attractive power in the Church, 300—influence of the uni-

- versities—attempts to check false philosophy, 301—defects of Paley's system, 303—Chalmers and Wardlaw, 304—Jouffroy, 305—Schleiermacher, 306—balloon-philosophy of Dr. Rothe, 313—antagonism of Rothe and Müller, 315—future harmony of Ethics and Christianity, 317.
- California, probable produce of, 482.
- Carlyle's *Latter-day Pamphlets*—peculiarity of the author's career, 1—his qualities, 3—current criticisms, 4—crisis, 6—reception of the pamphlets, 7—their character, 8—the author braves the result—popularity how far valuable, 9—style of the pamphlet, 10—extracts, 12—doctrinal contents of the pamphlets, 14—classification, 15—views on pauperism, 16—criminal reform, 26—representative system of government, 30—the literary profession, 36—advice, 40.
- Chalmers, (Dr.), exposure of the aggressions of natural ethics, 303.
- Chelsen, Cobler's, (Carlyle,) 13.
- Church of France, the reformed, 122.
- Church, decline of attractive power in the, 300.
- Church, its subjection to Christ—the spiritual equality of its members, 438.
- Confession of la Rochelle, 123.
- Confessions, doctrinal, objections to, 132—vindicated, 135.
- Corn, free trade in, righteous, 90.
- Criminal reform, Carlyle on, 26.
- Crisis, the agricultural, 85.
- Dante, his multifarious learning, 201.
- Davy, Sir H., on the decline of science, 239.
- Decameron of Boccaccio, 220—court of Rome alarmed by, 222.
- Diary keeping, the value of, 72—use to be made of, 74.
- Doddridge, Philip, his birth-place, 350—his early history, 352—the Pictorial Bible, 353—the heritage of parental faith and piety, 354—his early ministry, 355—settles at Northampton Academy, 356—prosecuted by Dr. Reynolds, 358—library lectures, 359—attention to the pastorate, 360—versatility of talent—hymns, 361—Family Expositor, 362—Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, 363—his strength as a preacher and as a writer, 364—Doddridge and Foster, 365—his personal holiness, his prayerfulness, 366—his correspondence, 367—his catholicity, 368—his wife, 369—the family physician, 370—Colonel Gardiner, 371—James Harvey, 372—other friends, 373—lasting influence, 375—his pupils—Risdon Darra-cott, 376—Benjamin Fawcett, 378—his biographers, 379—Hugh Farmer, 381.
- Education, special & general, 197.
- El Dorado. By Bayard Taylor, 452.
- English Universities, 169—early history, 170—rise of the colleges, 172—increase of collegiate foundations, 174—decline of the halls and university system, 175—changes effected by Leicester, 177—Augustine age of the universities, 179—Lord Chancellor of Oxford, 180—hebdomadal board, 180—seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—academical legislation, 181—correct historical accounts difficult to be obtained, 182—monopoly of the collegiate interest, 183—nineteenth century, 184—bill for opening Oxford and Cambridge to Dissenters—signs of improvement, 185—Dr. Arnold, 186—government inquiry, reception of news of a commission, 187—Conservatives and Anglo-Catholics, 189—supporters of the commission, 190—distinction between the university and the colleges, 192—doubts about the future, 193—present theory of university education, 194—can the middle classes be retained, 195—special & general education, 197—position of the universities, 198—anticipations of Sir George Grey, 199—duty of those connected with universities, 200—hints as to the proper direction of reform, 201.
- Ethics and Christianity, British and continental, 289—twofold aim of ethics, 294—outline of a new scheme of, 295.
- Evangelical Churches of France, union of, 141.
- Farmer's true right, 109—tenant farmers not necessary, 117.
- Flax, the culture of, 113—effects of the cultivation of, in Trimmingham, 114.
- France, the Reformed Church of, 123—its early history, 123—sufferings of, 124—law of Germinal, 125—consistories, 126—secticism, latitudinarianism, 127—recent history, 128—relation to the civil power, 129—Assembly of May 1818, 130—Assembly of September 1819, 131—objections to doctrinal confessions, 132—confessions vindicated, 135—declaration of principles, 137—question of a confession reserved, secession, 139—union of the evangelical churches of France; results of the union, 141.
- Franckhofer, Joseph, Memoirs, by Sir D. Brewster, 236.
- Free trade in corn righteous, 90—benefits of, 110.
- George the Third, description of, by Leigh Hunt, 162.
- Gold Mines—the modern El Dorado, 452—early history of gold, 454—metallic wealth of the Hebrews and the Egyptians, 455—gold of the Ural Mountains, 456—animal remains in the Ural, 463—lumps of gold found in Russia, 464—supply of gold in ancient times, 465—

